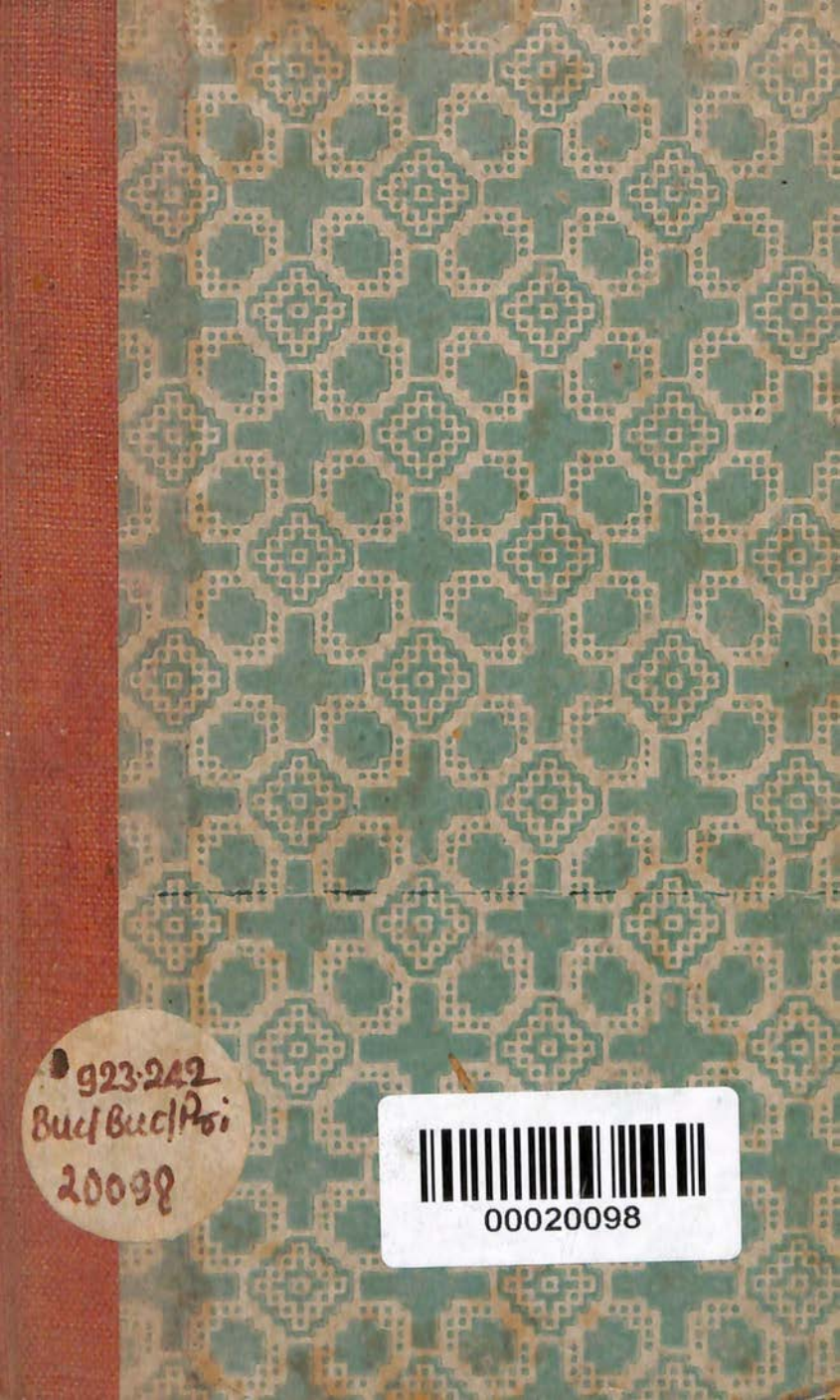

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THE PRIVATE DIARY

OF

RICHARD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

AND CHANDOS,

K.G.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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POEMS 1

DIARY

OF

RICHARD DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS, K.G.

CHAPTER I.

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NOVEMBER 3rd. Left Bolseno. The views on the lake very extensive, and the banks well wooded. Bolseno stands upon a rock of volcanic matter; and about two miles out of the town is a very fine rock, composed entirely of small basaltic prisms, arranged with an inclination to the S.W. They were usually six-sided prisms—some of them supposing columns of five or six feet in height, down to one foot. Generally speaking, the diameter of

the columns did not exceed six inches. The road led through magnificent forests of ancient oak, never, as it would appear, cut by the hand of man. These forests used to be the haunt of banditti; the Papal Government determined to destroy the forests to the right and left of the road to a considerable distance; and so, as there was no use for the timber—no houses to build, no roads to carry it along, no purchasers to buy it, thousands of trees, fit for shipbuilding, were burnt down, and their charred stumps now remain blackening the ground.

Just before we came to the first mountain torrent, over which a bridge is thrown, I am satisfied that I saw remains of a Cyclopean wall, part, probably, of the old Etruscan City. Rising up the hill, and leaving the lake, we came at last to the town of Montefiascone, famous for a muscat wine, of which, it is said, a German prelate drank until he died. If so, his stomach must have been very strong, as it is sweet and luscious, and the wine must have made him very sick before it made him ill.

4th. To Ronciglione. We passed through the magnificent forest, so celebrated in Roman days, where Fabius made his memorable passage. The Ciminian mountains retains the steepness, and the Ciminian forest the thickness, of ancient days, except that the wood has been burned down to clear the road, and frowns from underneath its brows of oak, at a distance from you, the intervening space being brushwood, broom, and fern. When at the top of the hill, you see to the right, embosomed in wood, the Lake of Vico, evidently the crater of an ancient volcano, and, as tradition tells, the site of a city, which lies buried beneath

its waters; but, except what ancient history tells us, is buried in obscurity and doubt. The want of communication, the difficulties thrown in the way by the Government, and the base inhospitality of the country, throw a cold blast over the spirits of even the most enthusiastic inquirer. With common protection, what treasures might be found, what interesting scenes of history might be elicited, by one summer's work.

Through Ronciglione, where are the picturesque remains of an ancient castle, we passed on to Monterosi.

Our fears of robbers were not over. Carriages had been even fired at the night before last; and I was very much entertained at seeing six priests, in shovel hats, crammed in a voiturino's carriage, taking especial care of themselves, with an escort of three gendarmes, on horseback, anxiously poking their pale faces out of the windows of their carriage, expecting every bush to produce the whiskered visage of a bandit. A carriage, containing two maids and a man-servant, of Lord Shrewsbury's,[1] going to Rome, had been shot at the night before. As usual, I trusted to our own arms and strength, and escaped, telling the postilions that so sure as they stopped, if we were attacked, so sure would I shoot them first; in fact, I found the postilions at Baccano, who had driven the carriage which had been robbed, had been taken up by the police as being parties to the outrage; and all the other postilions there had, in consequence, struck, and gone away—a plain proof that the suspicion was not groundless.

Mr. Fox had been robbed, about a month ago, at this very place. He betrayed so much fear that the robbers

[1] John [illegible]bot, seventeenth and last Earl.

desired him to be quiet, saying that they would not hurt him. They rifled the carriage and went away. They were taken in a few days, having foolishly offered some of the things for sale. They piteously pleaded to the police, that they were not banditti (which was true). They had only come, with many of their poor countrymen, from Apulia (as Irishmen come over to England in the hay season), to make some money of le Signore Inglese, who flocked in such numbers at this time of the year from Florence; and that if the police would but let them go, they would only rob a few English "senza fare male," and then quietly return home.

The whole country continues volcanic. Now, the history of this one can understand if confined within the limited distance of the effect of a volcanic district. But here the whole country from Sienna to Rome is volcanic; and although the lakes of Bolseno and Vico might have been, and probably were, craters; and although Rome itself is situated upon what probably was the crater of a volcanic collection of hills, there still are not appearances enough to account for all the results of fire that are visible upon an extent of ground double that which has been subject to Etna, without any mountain a tenth part the size of Etna to account for it.

On mounting the hill above Baccano the postilions stop, and with an awful cast of voice exclaim, "Ecco Roma!" and they look back at you and expect you to be sentimental and cry, or to be extatic and dance. I could not do the latter and I did not do the former, whereupon I was ill thought of by the postilions and my courier. In the first place, the view is nothing. The Apennine forms a fine background, but it is too distant.

The Campagna is a horrid ugly, wide, wasty, weltering plain, and of Rome you behold only the misty haze which overhangs what you see is a city, and the overtopping dome of St. Peter's.

As we advanced I cannot say that Rome improved. The background did a little by our approaching it, as Frascati, Tivoli, Mount Albano, &c., shewed themselves. Still there was nothing of the grandeur I expected to see in the pride of the Christian world, mixed up with the splendid remains of the Pagan. St. Peter's absorbed everything. But even its magnificence had produced its mischief. Because St. Peter's dome was admired, the taste of the Popes had fancied that all domes must be admired, although on a smaller scale; the consequence of this is, that when you see Rome at first it appears as if St. Peter had spawned domes all over the city. There are at least twenty little St. Peters bubbling up under the shadow of their great original, like St. Peters seen through the wrong end of a telescope and diminished.

In crossing the Tiber over the Milvian bridge, you recollect the vision of Constantine when he met the army of Mezentius; but when you pass under the excessive ugly arch which papal taste has thrown over the bridge, with a pepper-pot on the top of it, you—at least I did—curse the aforesaid taste, and pass on. At last, through a lane of ugly houses and dirty hovels, you come to La Porte del Popolo. Here formerly stood the Flaminian Gate, and for miles we had been jolted on the Flaminian way, but an ugly (although by Michael Angelo, I must and will say it) substitute for that gate did not recompense one for the real jumbling along the Republican highway. Here the dogana stares in your

face, to the right and to the left, but the lascia passare destroyed its terrors. The piazza is not noble. The two churches, with each a cupola, opposite, standing like two Brobdignag sentry-boxes, are frightful. The Egyptian obelisk of granite in the centre is very fine, but the houses round the piazza are plastery and white, and give one the idea of an English watering-place. The present pope is, however, improving this piazza by putting a great fountain round the obelisk, and another in each segment of the circle; whilst the two hills to the right and left, are being cut and formed into terraces and public walks, which will have a good effect.

5th. Smith, the English Consul, called. After breakfast my sister came, and with her I went to St. Peter's. I first went up the Pincian hill, and from thence took a survey of the outlines of the city. On the top we found a Papal sentry, sitting on a bench, with his handkerchief and snuff-box by his side, his musket leaning against a tree, and he enjoying a delicious doze in the sunshine. After examining the outline of the drawing, we proceeded through the city by the mausoleum of Hadrian, to St. Peter's. The city, *as a city*, disappoints me. There is a great deal of mean modern plaster work, and very little fine architecture.

On entering the great place, at the head of which St. Peter's stands, I stopped to view the whole. The vastness of the pile is to a certain degree lost in the immensity of the place; the length of the colonnades, the obelisk in the centre, and the fountains on each side, are pure and magnificent in taste, each throwing out a river of silver water. As you approach up the front

the size grows upon you, and the massiveness of the columns is astonishing to the eye. But I am decidedly of opinion that the exterior of the building is inferior to our St. Paul's. Another row of windows, and a mazzonine line of windows on a level with the tribune from which the Pope blesses the whole Catholic world, cut the simple beauty of the front into pieces, perforates it into too many parts, and makes it look too like a house. The vestibule begins to destroy that effect, and when you enter one of the side doors, the drapery of which is so heavy that I could scarcely support it, although Madame de Staël makes Corinna possess the strength of four porters, and hold it up in a graceful attitude for Lord Nelville — the view of the inside quite absorbs the senses. The first impression which it gave me was of the wonderful beauty of its chaste and plain design, although constructed in the most elaborate order of architecture, the composite. The next impression produced was that of the splendour and dazzling magnificence of its ornaments, so tremendously resplendant in themselves, and yet so well kept under by the imposing and awful gravity of its architecture.

The present Pope is working with a great deal of taste and perseverance, and upon one great plan—not here and there pitching upon a spot, and tempted by a column, but excavating large spaces, and showing, not a specimen, but all that remains of Roman grandeur.

At the end of the great nave at St. Peter's, under the column of the dome on the right hand, sits, under a canopy of crimson velvet, a seated statue in bronze, now made to represent St. Peter; but the statue is evidently antique, and the head is that of Jove. One

foot protrudes, and, as a profession of faith, many who enter the church kiss the foot, and press it to their forehead. I saw this done myself, and certainly felt that the Catholic religion was degraded by it. The foot is polished bright by the repetition of the ceremony. That the toe of the Pope is kissed is certainly true. Those who receive candles from him on Candlemas Day (Lord A—— was one) kiss his slipper. They will tell you that it is the cross embroidered on the slipper that they kiss. This is not really so. Why put the Cross of Redemption on that part of a mortal's person which it is deemed a degradation to salute ?

In the Chapel of La Pieta is the famous group by Michael Angelo, representing the dead Saviour on the Madonna's knees. No painter or sculptor that I have yet seen has represented the crucifixion as I like. They either represent our Saviour as a plump, healthy man, his muscles firm and elastic, suffering anatomically nothing from the suspension, or the manner of his death; or they represent him squalid, flaccid, and as a bad anatomical subject would exhibit itself. Michael Angelo has in this group fallen into the latter fault. No woman could support a body as she does the Saviour's, on her knees with one hand; and the flesh and muscles are as flaccid and attenuated as if he had died at the end of a long consumptive illness, and in extreme old age. The grief of the Madonna is very finely expressed, but the whole is too small for its situation. It is perched too high, and the immense candelabra and ornaments of the altar below kill it.

6th. Went a course of ruins with my sister. On

my return home found that Lady Westmoreland had called upon me, and left a letter desiring to see me, and that I should fix the hour. Answered it accordingly. Torlonia's son called upon me; full of civilities, and evidently with what object. I shall take care to keep clear of the whole set. I bank with Smith. Trebbi called in the evening: ecstatic in praise of Chandos. As for himself, he was "but a poor man, but an honest one, and had some few things to show my excellency," &c.

7th. I went with Trebbi a course of sight-seeing. The Coliseum: remained there an hour or two. I cannot make out how it could have been flooded with water, as history tells it was, for the amusement of naumachiæ; and yet I believe it certainly was so. When the French were here the arena was excavated, and walls were discovered, the use and object of which could never be understood. They were what we should call dwarf walls, formed in traverses, curved lines, &c., without any determinate object. Amongst them the water rose rapidly, nobody knew where from; and, from inability to carry it off, they filled in the arena again, which forced the water into its former channel, whatever it was. Now, this was evidently the water intended to flood the arena when it was destined to become a naumachia; and yet, if it ever rose two feet above the present arena, it would have flooded the lower range of boxes, the dens of the wild beasts, and the inclined-plane communication that now leads down from the corridors into the arena, which must have been shut with iron gates to exclude the wild beasts, but could not have excluded the water; and there must have been more than two feet of water

to have enabled the flat-bottomed galleys to dip their oars.

In the centre of the vast area stands the crucifix, whereby the place is rendered holy ground, to preserve it from further pillage. The kissing this cross, and the saying a prayer before it, gives, I think, six years' indulgence, and many people came and kissed it whilst I was there. Round the area are fourteen little chapels, representing the fourteen passions of our Saviour, from the time of his being delivered up by Judas to his death; and many common labourers, whilst I was there, went round to every one of the fourteen chapels, knelt before each, and said a prayer. This is frequently done as a penance.

Thence I went to Titus's Baths, so called from there being no baths at all, and the buildings not being Titus's palace. This was built over the passages and corridors of Nero's golden house. Titus's palace was destroyed, and the corridors of Nero's golden house remain. They constitute two long gloomy corridors, above which were gardens, and there now are vineyards, aired by vent-holes above, but pouring down with damp. These never could have been drier. No light of day could have ever entered them, except through the narrow air-holes; and yet their vaulted, stuccoed roofs are beautifully and minutely painted in miniatures and arabesques, so high that they can only be seen by the light of candles put at the end of canes twenty feet long, and held up by the guides. Here, on the highest vault, an English "G—— Mostyn" has had the John Bull ingenuity to — smoke his name!

Raphael must have seen these designs—not G. Mos-

tyn's name—for he has copied some of them in the Vatican. Here, in excavating, they have found mosaic pavements and marbles, which must be more ancient than Nero's house, as they form lines that traverse unequally the lines of building both of Nero's and Titus's palaces.

Here, they tell you, was found the Laocoon. If so, it could only have been in utter darkness. However, some great statue must have been in this place, where there is a large alcove raised a step from the floor, painted, as well as the room, in a beautiful rose-colour, still fresh. Immense spaces of this edifice still remain unexcavated, and immense riches buried.

From thence to St. John Lateran. In one of the courts of this establishment was found the splendid equestrian statue in bronze of Marcus Aurelius, and in the garden of the convent close by have been found, within the last six months, by mere accident, by the gardener, two beautiful statues — one of the Emperor Titus, the only one known, the other of his daughter Julia. They are in the first style. They are not much damaged, and can be easily restored. It is singular that, not a month before, Trebbi should have bought a head that was found at Tivoli, which head, there can be no doubt, is the counterpart of that on the statue.

The Baptistery. The church beautiful. Here they shewed me, as a relic, the table at which our Saviour sat at the last supper! It is under glass. It is a square piece of cedar, so small that *two* people could not have sat at it. I hinted this, and the answer was, "Excellenza, this is only half! It is a folding-table, and half of it is hid!"

The Pope is doing things in the best way possible. The charity of the see was eat up by a parcel of pensioners, who did nothing but receive their pensions. He forces all those who can work to do so for their money, or he withholds it; and every married man with a family, who proves that he can get no work elsewhere, is immediately employed on the excavations and public works, is paid *every evening*, and receives two paoli per day—one shilling.

8th. Went and left my cards with the ministers, ambassadors, &c. Also called upon Lady Westmoreland. She kept me two hours. Extraordinary woman, and sometimes mad. Very good-humoured and kind when she choses to be so, but a violent and bitter enemy. She has taken it into her head to take me up very eagerly just now. She engaged me to go with her to the opera to-morrow, which I agreed to, forgetting it was Sunday. I recollected it this evening, and wrote her a note merely saying that I had made a determination not to break through my English Sunday habits when abroad, and that she, therefore, must excuse me, and I was sure she would not be affronted.

9th. Staid at home all the morning. Got a very kind letter from Lady Westmoreland, but a very long one of four pages, giving *all* her reasons for "doing in Rome as those in Rome do." I am to go to the opera on Tuesday. This afternoon went to vespers at St. Peter's. The music not very fine, but very *operatical*. In fact, the whole service was so theatrical, that it was impossible to feel anything like religious sentiments, the singers running away as they finished their parts, in the midst of the service, to their other

engagements, as they do at concerts. There were many English present in the chapel, who behaved with great decorum. I was with Lord Arundel in one of the tribunes, where we were not seen.

10th. I went to the Capitol. The statues of Castor and Pollux decidedly ugly. The trophies of Marius fine. The equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius the finest thing in the world, especially the horse. Marcus Aurelius rides like a tailor. But the whole is magnificent. In the Museum the dying Gladiator. Studied it some time. Great doubts are entertained whether it be a Gladiator or not. The broken horn which is under him has never been explained. It is a long *hunting* horn, which lies broken on his shield. The rope round his neck denotes him a slave. I remarked what I never saw adverted to before—his hair is represented as newly cut, the locks with stubbed square ends; not a short head, nor curled, but just as a thick head of hair would look if newly under the shears. Now, Gladiators always had their hair cut previous to going on the arena. When minutiæ are so much attended to, especially in the deciding a doubtful question, this is not quite to be rejected from notice. The Venus of the Capitol very beautiful, but the criticism is quite right which states that it is the portrait of a beautiful woman, not of a goddess. There is nothing ætherial about her.

The busts are, many of them, named *à la* fantaisie. One of Titus, sufficiently like the new-found statue to establish its identity, but evidently much younger. The buildings of the Capitol do no honour to Michael Angelo's taste. The statue of Rome Triumphant,

over the fountain, is in itself fine, but ill placed, as contrasted too much with the colossal figures of the Tiber and Nile under it. In the court are the alto-relievos taken from Marcus Aurelius's Arch. In one of these is the figure of Marcus Aurelius on horse-back, exactly the same as in bronze. Numbers of colossal statues, of immense size. The great toe on the foot of one was as large round as Trebbi's body.

11th. Dined with Lady Westmoreland, and went to the opera—"Othello." I neither liked the opera nor the singers. David, once a fine tenor, has lost his voice, and is besides so conceited that he cannot sing. La prima donna good, but too weak in the chest, and spits blood. She is obliged to strain her voice so that she screams; and the Roman taste is quite as bad as ours! The more the singers scream the more they applaud.

12th. Antiquity hunting with my sister. Circus of Caracalla. For a long while doubted whether it was his; but the Duke of Brancaccio, to whom it belongs, has excavated, and has found the inscription dedicating the circus to Caracalla, and the place at the top for the cars to stand in and start from. All doubt is, therefore, removed. The Baths of Caracalla: So called because there is not the appearance of a bath in the whole place. The ruins are gigantic, and spread over many acres. It appears that this and other establishments amongst the ruins of Rome which go by the names of individuals, and to whom we have been in the habit of considering it as having been appropriated, were in fact erected by him for the use of the whole city. Here were libraries, baths, porticoes, theatres, &c., for the use of the

people of Rome; and when we consider the smallness of size of the Roman houses, the heat of the atmosphere, and the insalubrity of the air, much greater then than now, on account of the ground being neither cleared from wood nor water, it is plain that the Romans sought for society and amusement in those reunions, in which each pursued his own particular occupation and mode of passing the time.

Crossed the fields to the Temple of Bacchus. Very pretty, snug, brick temple, with Corinthian columns—now made a chapel. It stands on a brow of a small hill, at the foot of which starts the spring of Egeria, out of the side of the tufa rock, in a sort of cavern or opening in the hill, overgrown with brushwood and aquatic plants, and very delightful in summer. The water is very pure and limpid. At the further end is the mutilated statue of "The Nymph Egeria," which turns out to be that of a huge man. Coming home through the fields we passed by the little square temple dedicated "Al Dio Radicolo"—who was he?—very picturesque. Although this spot is close under the walls of Rome, it is as much deserted as if it was in the depths of the forests of Apulia. The whole ground was formerly the scene of gaiety, and glitter of Roman villas and gardens, lakes and fish ponds. They are gone! The tufted evergreens here and there cover eminences, and swelling lawns, which point out where the gardens lay; crumbling walls, with here and there a shattered arch or pier, denote the villas' position; and the sedgy brook creeps along the valleys that once formed the lakes; but where now the snipe and the water-hen are the only inhabitants.

13th. Went and saw the collection of statues of the Marchese Oldeschalchi and Duca Braschi, which are for sale. There are some good things in both. At the former a group of Silenus, drunk, supported by two satyrs, and riding on a third, is admirable. At the Braschi collection, a magnificent colossal statue of the Emperor Hadrian. The statue, in marble, was draped in bronze. Pope Braschi had the bronze taken off, and copied in marble, by Canova. It would have been much better to have left the thing as first found. It is one of the finest statues in the world. Two of the largest tazzi of Rosso Antico in the world; two tazzi in marble; a fine statue of a priestess, holding a sacrificing taper; a Roman consular statue — also very fine. They were valued at 650 scudi the two. As I want them for my portico at Stowe, I bought them through Trebbi, who had the selling of them. I offered 450 scudi for the two, but authorized him to go as far as 500 scudi. He got them both for 440 scudi—about eighty guineas—which is very cheap. They are known statues, and very fine.

In the evening I went to a ball, given by Torlonia, the banker—transmogrified into Il Duca di Bracciano. He was a porter, and his father a lacquais de place; his wife, a vulgar, old, red-faced, sadler's daughter, acted Duchess ridiculously. He had got some King of Naples, or some other petty sovereign, to make him Chambellan; and he went about with a huge gold key to his pocket-hole, which I told everybody was the key of the till. Heaps of English there. He invites everybody, hoping to get their custom, of which he is as jealous as if he had still his fortune to make. The old man is, however, sometimes good-natured. One of my

young friends was playing at some foolish game at Torlonia's, and was as foolishly losing his money; the old man tapped him on the shoulder, and said to him, in English, which he speaks a little, "Young man, it was not at that table I got my money."

14th. Went to the palace of the Cæsars; visited la Villa Spada, on the Palatine Hill, and forming part of those ruins. Augustus's palace stood on the spot; and part of the vaulted apartments below remain as in the Emperor's time. The house is pleasantly fitted up, and commands a beautiful prospect. The gardens are very beautiful; and the terrace, which overhangs the site of the Curius Maximus, with all Rome to the right hand, and the Apennines, with Albano, Frescati, &c., to the left, is the most enjoyable spot I have seen in Rome. It is the property of a Mr. Mills, famous for having come over at the head of the Queen's witnesses during her trial, and as having perjured himself more than most of them, and now so well known that he cannot come back to Rome; so the villa is let.

Dined at Lady Westmoreland's—Duc and Duchesse de Coigny, Sir Hew and Lady Dalrymple Hamilton, Mr. Barrington. A good story of Lord Blessington[1] last year, who hired a piano in some palazzo, where the proprietor, Princesse somebody, lived below him. Bless-

[1] Charles John Gardiner, second Viscount Mountjoy, created an Earl in 1816. His second wife—his companion in Italy—had been the widow of an Irish gentleman, St. Leger Farmer, Esq. The Earl died in May, 1829; his Countess long survived him as the well-known Lady Blessington, of the fashionable and literary world. The scandal respecting her and her son-in law, Comte D'Orsoy; her flight from London, to avoid her creditors, to Paris, where she died shortly afterwards; and the romantic death of the Count, can scarcely be unknown to the reader.

ington speaks no language—not even his own; but he wished to be civil in Italian; so, when he met il Principesse on the stairs, he thus addressed him, "Prinche, ego espero che non fai bruto sopra voi!"—which means, when interpreted, "Prince, I hope I make no noise over your head!"

15th. Met Il Cavaliere Marmora, who, having visited Sicily this summer after I left Sardinia, is now going home to Turin, and from thence again to Sardinia. He is now come from Naples. Poor Donati is in prison, and in great danger of his life. When he left me at Genoa he came here, where he passed some days, and then, returning to Naples, was arrested the moment he set foot on the Neapolitan territory. It now appears that he belonged to one of the Carbonari societies, and has been named by four or five of the people taken up during the late disturbances in the Neapolitan territory, as being connected with that plot. He is said to have gone into the Abruzzi before he embarked with me. At Malta, he is also said to have got into the society of some Piedmontese and Carbonari, by whom he must have been betrayed. They are now moving him to Naples, where they mean to try him. If he escapes with his life, he probably will spend the remainder of it in some prison. I was afraid of something of the kind. I am sorry for him, on account of his wife and family, who will be ruined.

16th. Drove about Rome. Ended by going on the Trinita del Monte, the fashionable drive on the Pincian Hill. Just after I left it, a man was stabbed on the drive. He was a coachman, and had a quarrel with another coachman. They both descended from their boxes to scold it out; and one drew his knife, plunged it into the other's side, and fled. Two soldiers ran after

the assassin, and, in the course of the evening, caught him. The other poor fellow was put into the carriage which he before was driving, and taken home; but he died as they were conveying him to the hospital. Assassinations are very rare now in Rome. The carrying of stilettoes and sharp-pointed knives is forbidden strictly. But this fellow will not be hanged, as the act was done in hot blood; he will probably have ten or fifteen years in the gallies.

17th. The Cardinal Spina having died, I this day attended the service of the dead over him in the church of his parish, where he is to be buried. All the Cardinals attended. One officiated at the altar. The Pope's throne was erected, but he did not attend. The service was chanted by the singers of the Pope's chapel; but I do not think the singers were good; there was no accompaniment of instruments or organ; and the music was fine. The whole church was draped with purple draperies and gold-lace; and on an inclined Estrude, surrounded by tapers of yellow wax, with his feet to the door, lay the poor Cardinal himself, exposed, dressed in his robes, with his Episcopal mitre on his head, and his hands joined as in prayer. The body had been previously embalmed; and he looked as if asleep. The Catholics have no service, as we have, over the grave. We left the body in the church; and, after the crowd was dispersed, the Friars to whom the church belonged locked the doors, and, putting the body into a coffin, buried him in the crypt. Cardinal Spina was seventy-two years old. There are twenty Cardinals on the list, his seniors. He was a very able man; was legate at Bologna, which he saved from revolution by his influence; and took, with Caprara, a great share in the

Concordat with Napoleon. Although he had a rich bishopric, he was so poor that, when he died, four louis-d'or was all the money that was found; all the rest went in charities.

18th. Went to the Church of St. Pietro in Vinculis. Here are kept as a relic the very chains St. Peter bore when sent from Jerusalem to Rome. But I went not to see them. The church constitutes a part of the baths of Titus, and the columns were found in the palace. A beautiful curule chair in marble, called Titus's chair, and found in the palace, stands in the church. But what I most wanted to see was Michael Angelo's magnificent statue of Moses holding the Book of the Law. He is supposed to have descended from Mount Sinai, and to have just discovered the Israelities in idolatry worshipping the Golden Calf. He is seated, and the expression of horror and indignation on his countenance is tremendously fine. But the statue is too near the eye, and is spoilt by being mixed up with other modern statues, constituting the tomb of Pope Julius.

This being the anniversary of the dedication of the church of St. Peter, there was a grand "Funzione" in St. Peter's, and I attended vespers. The choir was double. Two organs and several bass viols accompanied the singing. The music was very fine, certainly, but like an opera, not like church service. Piton, the tenor, sang very well, and when he had done the congregation all but applauded—they actually did cry out, Bravo! A cardinal officiated at the altar, and many cardinals attended. The service was fine, but long and tiresome.

In the evening drank tea with Lady Westmoreland

alone. Had the whole detail of the confusion about Lady Blessington and D'Orsay.

19th. Went to the baths of Dioclesian—so called because an immense establishment of buildings, walls, halls, porticos, and theatres existed here, of which it is supposed that baths must have formed a part. Here are immense walls, arches, and corridors, in which the antiquarian eye alone can detect a plan. The columns of the church of the Carthusian monastery, which stands upon the site of the baths, are of granite, and belonged to the original building: they are very fine. The cloister of the convent is also fine, and built upon a plan of Michael Angelo's. The square is immensely large, and but eight poor Carthusians, whose order forbids their speaking, exist in this monastic desert. In the church, which is very large, is a famous fresco of the martyrdom of St. Sebastian, by Domenichino. I cannot be the slave of fashion, and pretend to be in ecstacies at what I don't like. I dislike all fresco painting, which in my opinion is an excuse only for an immense daub. This is an illustration of it. The mosaic copy in St. Peter's is worth a dozen of it.

In the evening a ball at Lady Westmoreland's.

20th. My statues brought from the Braschi Palace, and put into the studio of the artist who is to repair them. There is scarcely anything to be done to them. The Consul is a beautiful statue. He holds a roll of paper in his hand, and by his side stands a triangular trunk, with a regular hasp and lock, as to a modern portmanteau, and on the top of it a sort of place let in, in which stand other rolls of paper similar to the one he holds in his hand. This, as well as the form

of the sleeve of his right arm, are new, and never have been observed before in any other statue. Both, as well as a lovely little bust which I have also bought out of the same collection, were found in Hadrian's Villa.

I examined some of the studii. Full of Tazzi, which the English buy, and meretricious skipping figures of nymphs standing on one leg. I cannot bear the taste which now prevails among the Roman sculptors. Instead of copying the beautiful models of antiquity before them, nothing will satisfy their bad taste but the French style of frippery and lubricity. We help to spoil them. The Duke of Devonshire has ordered a house-full of these marble concubines and dancing-girls. No Englishman now-a-days buys an antique statue, but gives four times as much as it would cost for a modern statue, which no modest woman can look at. I mean to have my bust taken by Trenta Nova, who is the best bust-sculptor in Rome.

CHAPTER II.

Reception at the Vatican—The Pope's Amiability—His Blessing—Royalties at Rome—Queen Hortense—Political News from England—The Duke of Wellington's Policy—The Vatican Statues—Visit to the Villa Borghese—The Bonapartes—St. Peter's by Night—The Saint's Eve and the Devotees—Lord Shrewsbury at Rome—Robbing an Artist—The Priest and the Bandits—The Scottish Chief at the French Ambassador's—Creation of Cardinals.

NOVEMBER 21st. Having previously applied for an audience of the Pope, through the Hanoverian minister, I proceeded this morning at eleven o'clock, full-dressed, to the Vatican. We passed through two or three halls and up interminable stairs to the papal apartments, which were all guarded by the Guarda Nobile, the privates of which are young men of the highest families in Rome. Their officers are all ducas and princes. It was curious to see the mixture of ecclesiastical and courtly dress worn by the Pope's attendants. Swords with ecclesiastical robes and cloaks appeared an odd jumble. Many ecclesiastics, however, of all degrees and colours filled the ante-room.

Having waited for half-an-hour, whilst a cardinal transacted business with the Pope, our attendant in waiting, after desiring me to leave my hat in the adjoining room, as he would my sword had I not been in uniform, preceded me, and falling down upon both knees in the middle of the room, announced my name and retired. The Pope, in his morning-dress of white camblet, with a white cap over the tonsure, advanced from the table, where he was writing, and received me most cordially. I bent my knee to kiss his hand, as to my own sovereign, which is the etiquette, but he stopped me. His appearance was singularly dignified, easy, pious, mild, unassuming, and gentle, and his manners quite those of a man of the world. Before he was Pope he had been sent on several foreign missions.

He kept me for full three-quarters of an hour. He plunged directly into politics—his sentiments are decidedly liberal. His view of the present state of things in Europe most just and sensible, and his opinions on the Catholic question full of good feeling—moderate, honest, and conciliatory. At the end of the time I have mentioned, during which he spoke openly but confidentially, he took leave of me. His manners pleased me so much, and his mildness and moderation made such an impression upon me, that in going I said to him in nearly these words:—

"Saint Père, mon cher père fut Protestant comme moi. Le Pape alors regnant quand mon père fut à Rome, l'honore de ses bontés et de ses egards. Quand il eut son audience d'adieu de Pape le benisse, lui disant, 'Jeune homme, le benediction d'un viellard ne peut pas vous faire du mal.' Saint Père, le benediction d'un pieux, vertueux, et auguste Souvrain a la

tête de la Religion Chretienne le plus ancienne du monde, ne peut pas faire du mal à celui que la reçoit. Benissez moi, Saint Père!"

The old man was affected, and the tears came into his eyes. He seized my two hands in his as I bent before him, and, with one hand making the sign of the cross over me, said, in evidently a tone of great feeling—

"Je le fais de tout mon cœur. Que le bon Dieu vous benisse, mon cher fils!"

Can I be blamed for saying that I retired from his presence as good a Protestant as I entered it, but warmly impressed with the kindness of his manner, and the sanctity of the act?[1]

After leaving him I went, as is the custom, to pay my visit of ceremony to the Cardinal-Secretary of State. He is a young man, of not fifty years of age, a layman, but a Cardinal. He was Legate at St. Petersburgh. He has the character of being an able, active Minister. Nothing particular passed at our interview, which, however, was very cordial on his part.

The Grand Duchess Helena of Russia arrived here to-day on her way to Naples, from whence she shortly returns, to pass the winter. The Prince Royal of Russia, also, is here for a few days.

I went to Trenta Nova's, and afterwards round the

[1] Leo XII. had succeeded to the Pontifical chair in 1823; but, short as was his possession, it was a long lease in comparison with that of his successor, Pius VIII., who made way in 1831 for Gregory XVI., who left the tiara in 1846 to Pio Nono, on whose head it totters, though for several years it has been strongly shored up by French bayonets.

walls of Rome, by La Porta di Belissario, to the gardens of the Villa Borghese, which are now a public drive. The gardens might be made very pretty, if all the buildings, dairy, manége, church, &c., were knocked down. The trees are very fine, the pines especially so. In coming out of them I met Hortense, formerly Reine d'Hollande,[1] and a whole party of Buonapartists. She has still an *eveillée*, pleasing air and manner.

23rd. I have bought the Braschi collection of gems, very cheap. I wrote to-day to Le Chevalier de Medicis at Naples, to intercede with the King for my poor friend Donati. I have received a heart-rending letter from his wretched wife. Dr. Nott promised to be the bearer of it.

December 2nd. On this day I get out and take my first sitting to Trenta Nova for my bust. During the week I have received pressing letters from my uncles to return home—so pressing, that I know not how to refuse. They are right. The great question

[1] Daughter of Viscount Alexandre Beauharnois and Josephine, subsequently the first wife of Napoleon I. In 1802 she married Louis Napoleon, who four years later became King of Holland. The support which the Queen gave the elder brother, in opposition to her husband, is well known. After the Emperor's abdication, by the interest of the Emperor of Russia, she procured the title of Duchess, with the domain of St. Leu; and, subsequently to the Hundred Days, travelled by that title. At the period indicated in the text, the ex-Queen was on a visit to her sister-in-law, Pauline, at the Villa Borghese. Two years afterwards her son commenced in Italy those insurrectionary movements, which finally secured him the vacant throne of King Louis Philippe; but this his mother did not live to see, as she died in Paris in 1837, when he was on his way to the United States, after his abortive attempt at Strasburg.

which is the feature of my political life is now coming to a crisis, and I owe a duty to my country and to myself to be present, when the decision will probably be to be made either for peace or war, tranquillity or rebellion, prosperity or national weakness. But, in my state of health, the idea of a winter journey of 1,400 miles across the Alps is more than I can face with philosophy, or execute, probably, with safety.

I have also letters from Sir Scrope Bernard, detailing conversations with my friends: from Sir George Nugent to the same effect. I write to my uncles, detailing my state of health, and saying that if, after all, they still summon me home, I will come; but I warn them of the consequences.

I have seen much during my confinement of Mr. Kestner, the Hanoverian Minister. I find that the diplomatic language here is violent against the system pursued by the Duke of Wellington. His conduct respecting the Catholics is the theme of astonishment and ridicule, and that, respecting his foreign politics, excites their opposition and dislike. The general impression is, that there will certainly be war next summer generally in Europe. Much attention is now excited by the too probable approach of a Regency in England, and the question is freely canvassed here—the Duchess of Kent, Prince Leopold, Duke of Cumberland, Duke of Sussex! My own fear is, the ambition of our present *Dictator*.

5th. I go to the Vatican to see the statues. The great staircase is very fine, and the first view of the court, with the loggias of Raphael running round in three stories, very imposing. But what upon

the whole is most striking is the court at the top of the building, with the fountain in it. The vastness of the place, the enormous porphyry basin, above forty feet in circumference, the magnificent statues, and the murmur of the falling water, make a great impression on the mind. In separate lozzias are the Laocoon, the Apollo Belvidere, and Canova's statues of Perseus and the Boxers. The Laocoon I cannot like. The reparations are so infamously ill done, and so distorted, that they literally destroy the effect of the principal figure, which *by itself* is very fine. I like my own bronze cast better, because the statues of the boys are in better keeping, the restorations of course don't appear, and the whole statue forms a much better *ensemble*. The Apollo Belvidere, which I now see again, having seen all these statues in Paris, I think now, as I thought then, the finest statue in the world. The Perseus of Canova is a splendid statue, but it ought not to be shown under the same roof or on the same day with the Apollo, as, although Canova has not copied the latter, it is yet plain that he had the idea of it in his head, and it has entirely occupied his mind and pervaded his work. The statues which after all pleased me the most here, as they did in Paris, were the two sitting statues, called here Greek Tragedians, but which, I have no doubt, were Roman Consuls administering justice. The Venus of the Capitol is superior to any Venus in the Vatican. I saw the statue half of which is at Stowe, the other half in the Vatican. The upper half original is mine. The copy in the Vatican is not exact, as a tiara has been added to the head, which makes it a Juno or an Empress instead of a Muse. The copy of the lower half in my possession is exact.

The lozzias called by Raphael are interesting and pretty, but certainly not worth the fuss which is made about them. The Curule Chair, in Rosso Antico, is very curious, particularly in the form of its seat, which is perforated like a chaire perçée, and is open before. I have no doubt but that it was intended for the *convenience* of the Emperor or judge during long sittings. The room of animals contains some beautiful sculpture. A goat *speaking* to its kid, which is sucking, is nature itself. The Torso I cannot admire. The two porphyry sarcophagi are magnificent. This is a scene which must be again and again visited. It was a most fatiguing visit to my poor legs, as there are no seats, and one gallery alone is a quarter of an English mile in length. I dined with Lady Westmoreland.

6th. I went to La Villa Borghese. The beautiful collection of statues formerly here, and in the Palazzo in Rome, were bought by Napoleon of Prince Borghese, who was paid in land. The statues are now in the Louvre, as they were *bonâ fide* purchases. In their places now are the sweepings and the cleanings up of the collections, drawn together from all parts and from all the Borghese villas and houses. Some of the statues are tolerable, and parts of them good, but they are so much and so ill *restauré* as to diminish very much of their value. Altogether, however, the villa has even now an imposing appearance. The apartments are splendidly ornamented, and nothing can exceed the *luxe* of marbles, &c. with which the walls are incrustrated, especially of one gallery. The ceilings are beautifully and splendidly painted and gilt, and the floors all of mosaic and rich marbles. The beautiful statue by Canova of the last Princess Borghese, as Venus, is shut up by the Prince, and not shewn to any one.

The Bonaparte family still linger round the scenes of their former greatness, and keep quite within and amongst themselves, received by and receiving no English society, and a few Roman artists whom they pay; and their old courts, who must share their fate, constitute their sole society. They affect to say that their time is coming round again, for that the people of the countries of Europe are getting tired of their sovereigns. Be it so—but what reason have they to hope that even in that case the said people, after the lesson which they have had, would apply to them alone out of all the rest of the world? The air, however, of the Borghese gardens is melancholy and lonely. You see that it is the deserted scene of revelry and royal doings, and the crowds of carriages and horsemen which now parade amongst them only serves to prove that the palace of princes and nobles is now changed into a guinguette.

7th. Went to St. Peter's. When I was there the different persons officiating were preparing for vespers, and choristers, singers,. deacons, priests, canons, &c., were all dressing together in public, just like a masquerade shop; and. sopranos, tenors, baritones, and bassos were all squeaking, and grumbling, and bawling, at the top of their voices, making a din like people at a fair.

From thence I went to the Church, and passed the evening rambling about amongst the tombs and chapels until the night closed in. It was a very fine scene. The different lights as the day declined streaming in at the different windows and filling the immense cupola, from whence struggling rays fell upon the pavement, and penetrated into the side chapels, were very impres-

sively fine. The organ and the chant of the choristers, performing vespers in the distant chapel, faintly but entirely filled the body of the cathedral with a light but uninterrupted cloud of harmony. As I retired from the sound it still filled the ear, but with a more transparent (if I may use the phrase) and thinner veil of music.

Still there it was, and there being no echo or vibration, but a complete fulness of melody, every note was perfect, only weakened and softened by distance. The fading light touched every mosaic picture as it rose into the cupola, as if withdrawing light from the earth. By degrees the glitter of the altars melted into sober grey. The gilding, and the bronze, and the marbles, all seemed to blend together into one mass of colouring below, whilst the roof and the cupola still glittered in the sunshine. The lamps trembled at distant intervals before the dim altars. The chapel in which vespers were going on was a blaze of light, that strongly illuminated the groups clustered within it and its gate. It being the eve of a festa the lights on the high altar were illuminated, and their rays flashed upon the wreathed pillars and gilded ornaments of the Baldaquino, and the sun withdrew from the cupola and the golden roof. The music ceased, the crowds dispersed, but the lights in the chapel, on the high altar, and round the confessional of St. Peter, remained, before which devotees were kneeling, performing their evening devotions, and completing the duties prescribed to them by their Church during the nine days of Advent. Some English like myself lingered amongst them, and at length I remained the last man in the vast edifice.

During the evening of certain Sundays in the year all the confessors attend at the Confessionals, one of which is appropriated to each language in Europe, and this was one of the Sundays. Each confessor sits with a long white wand protruded out of the confessional, and as the faithful pass before it they kneel, and the confessor touches their heads with the wand in token of his blessing. Many confessed themselves, and then went into their respective chapels and performed their devotions. The pavement was in many places dotted with kneeling groups, who, as they pass by the altars on which the holy sacrament is kept, kneel and say a prayer.

The statue, too, of Jupiter Tonans, converted into St. Peter, had its toe put into constant requisition, as all the lower orders, and many of the higher, kissed it, and pressed it against their foreheads; all, however, carefully wiping the toe first, to preserve their lips and foreheads from the spittle of the devout who had preceded them. A young urchin of a child was held up to kiss the toe, but he squalled, and kicked, and cried; and, notwithstanding the exertions and wrath of his mother, would not be persuaded to kiss the black statue's black toe. Two handsome girls, apparently the daughters of a substantial tradesman, were lugged about from shrine to shrine, by their pious father, kneeling and praying, and at last finishing the whole by kissing the holy foot. The father went doggedly on, but the girls followed, quizzing him and laughing to each other; and, when they knelt behind him, kept looking about at the passers-by, instead of saying their prayers. I was close by the statue, and the grimace which each made as the toe came near their

lips, and the care they took to make-believe and not touch the statue, formed a good comment on the duty and its object.

8th. King, just arrived from Florence, called upon me. Dined at Lord Shrewsbury's—a formal party. They are just come to their fortune; are very rich, and very proud of their riches withal. She[1] covers herself with diamonds, and silver foil, and spangles, and goes about like a chimney-sweeper on May-day, in a carriage drawn by four grey horses, driven in hand—somewhat remarkable anywhere; here particularly so. She is haughty and proud, and desirous of being considered as the head of English society here, but manages badly, and gets hated. After dinner he, who is a good, quiet sort of a body, came up to me and thanked me for the honour I had done him by dining with him!—and he the first earl of England!

To-day, in the Villa Borghese, I saw the four coach-horses, one coachman, two footmen, carriage, and Lady Shrewsbury and sisters, all in the middle of the road. A fly had bit one of the horses, and this set the ladies screaming. So I put them into my carriage; and, notwithstanding her objection to driving with a pair in a job, she condescended to be taken home.

They have got Monsieur Chatillon, an artist, in the house with them to direct their taste, and he purchases pictures, &c., for them by the lump. He was the painter in Lucien Bonaparte's family, who was ran away with by

[1] The Countess was Maria Theresa, eldest daughter of William Talbot, Esq., of Castle Talbot, Wexford, and niece to the first Earl of Mountmorris. She had two daughters. The eldest married Prince Doria Pamphili—the youngest the Prince Borghese.

the banditti, who took him for Prince Lucien. He saved his life by declaring he was only a painter, with no ransom, and not worth killing. The chief of the robbers said that if he was a painter he should prove it by drawing his picture, which the man did, with perfect coolness, on the spot. They robbed him of what little he had about him, and let him go, after keeping him three days: but, previously to doing so, they asked his advice how they best could dispose of the things they had taken from him! He declared that they were worth nothing, except at Rome, where le Signore Inglesi bought everything! The moment he got to Rome he sent police-officers to every gate, with a description of his friend who had got his trinkets, watch, &c. They seized him coming in to the Porte del Popolo, with the things upon him; the painter recovered all his goods; and the poor robber, caught in his own snare, was put into prison.

The banditti now no longer exist. The wives of two of them came into Rome, and, confessing to a priest, declared the uneasiness of their consciences at the lives they were leading, and asked his advice. The old man got out from them where their husbands and their band were, and then insisted on going with them to the band. The women remonstrated, and said he would be murdered for going amongst them, and they for betraying the secrets of their gang. He said he was an old man, and not worth murdering, and that he would not let any harm happen to them in which he did not share. So at last he went with them. The band were going to murder him; he opened his breast, and told them to do their worst; that he was an old man, and a priest in execution of his duty, and they would

gain nothing, either in this world or the next, by putting him to death. He preached to them, gained them over, engaged for their lives but not their liberties, and took them all into Rome, marching himself at their head, and surrendered them up to the Pope, engaging his promises that their lives should be spared. This forms the subject of an engraving of Pinelli's.

In the evening I went to the Austrian ambassador's. Great crowd, and the house extremely hot. Lord Wriothesly Russell[1] desired Lord Arundel to present him to me! Very odd, as I know of no claim that I have to his acquaintance, except that I have shot at his father!

9th. Finished my sitting for my bust. I am to pay forty louis-d'ors for it. It is said to be a strong likeness.

In the evening was the French Ambassador's *receivemente*, or first reception on commencing his embassy.[2] It is supposed to be the court-day of his sovereign, and the right thing is to go full dressed. I went, and there could not be less than 1,000 people there. The assembly was a very handsome one, as all the Roman principesse, who never go out on other occasions, appear on these, with all their diamonds and finery. There were some good John Bull figures; and, amongst others, a young Highlander, a Mr. Farquharson, of some unpronounceable name, chieftain, &c., &c., who came in

[1] He was educated for the Church, and became Rector of Chenies, Canon of Windsor, and Chaplain to his late R.H. the Prince Consort. He was the eldest son of the Duke of Bedford, by his second wife.

[2] This was the celebrated Chateaubriand, the most distinguished of the representatives of the restored Bourbon sovereign.

his tartans, kilt, &c., to the great wonderment of the Cardinals and Roman ladies, who followed him about, staring at him, and crowding around him like a flock of sheep at a strange dog. The young Scotchman, proud of his three eagle's feathers, as chieftain, thought it right to wear his cap in the apartments, which added to their astonishment. Bad taste!

10th I went to-day to Il Palazzo Borghese to see the pictures. The Prince is one of the few Roman princes who still is rich enough to keep his collection, and even to increase it, as he still buys. There are a vast many pictures, and some very fine ones. Here is a Domenichino Sybil, the companion to mine; very fine, but mine is superior. A magnificent Domenichino Landscape, with Diana and her nymphs contending for a prize with bows and arrows. Some beautiful Raphael portraits of Cardinal Ximenes, and others. In the evening I went to the Austrian Ambassador's.

11th. I went to the Doria Palace to see the famous collection of pictures and the gallery. The rooms dismally cold and damp; the stuccoed floors regularly washed and never dried, and no fires in them, as is proved by the state of the pictures, which are all perishing with chill and misery. The first room is full of Gaspar Poussin—immense large landscapes, so ill repaired that they appear to have been botched by some sign-painter. I don't think them good. But if they were ever so much so, they are many of them put up so high as to be quite invisible. Indeed, the rooms are so enormously high and large, and the windows so small, that the pictures cannot be seen. There are too beautiful Claudes, the Molino and the Temple of Apollo, which are very fine, but put up so high that I suspect

they are repaired. There are some good Domenichino landscapes. The gallery is altogether a fine apartment, running quite round the quadrangle. One side, therefore, must be cool or warm as either one or the other is wanted.

I forgot to say that in the Borghese collection is a Danaë, by Correggio, which the present Prince bought, the other day, for £4,000, at a sale in Paris, for which the proprietor had given £300 in England, and it was so repaired and painted over that no one would buy it in England. There is also the porphyry sarcophagus which held Hadrian's body, and was found in the Mausoleum.

Went to Torlonia's in the evening. Everybody in Rome there crammed into a room up a mile of stairs; very hot and disagreeable.

12th. All Rome divided upon the question, whether Lord and Lady Dudley Stuart are to be received or not. He is Lady Bute's son; she the niece of Jerome Bonaparte, who was married to an Italian, whom she divorced for impotency—intriguing with Lord Dudley all the while, whom she afterwards married. Somehow or another she gets received everywhere, except by Lady Shrewsbury, my sister[1], and one or two proper persons. The wrath of the Bonapartes very great.[2]

15th. To-day eight new Cardinals are made; and

[1] Mary. She married James Everard, tenth Baron Arundel, of Wardour, who died in 1834.

[2] Lord Dudley Coutts Stuart, eldest son of John, fourth Earl of Bute, by his second marriage (with the daughter of Mr. Coutts, the banker). Lord Dudley Coutts Stuart, who died in 1854, was connected with the Bonaparte family by his marriage with Christina Clementina Egypta, daughter of Lucien, Prince of Canino.

they have their receivamenti, to which all the Roman principi and principesse go in full dress. On these occasions all the old point-lace, and silver-plate, and tinsel, the remains or the representatives of ancient grandeur, made their appearance. The most astonishing figures of lacqueys, picked up out of the streets, and stuffed into tawdry worsted-laced liveries, which have seen the days of the Braschi and Odeschalchi Popes, are stuck behind red coaches of the most antique cut, drawn by horses, and driven by coachmen to match. All Rome is agog—the Church feels it a day of glory; and there is not a shovel hat, a long cloak or a short one, or a violet stocking or a red one, that is not to be seen bustling about under, or over, important personages. Even the Pope's Guards feel the dignity of the hour. In the evening the city is illuminated. The only people who are melancholy are the new Cardinals, for they are ruined by the expense of their dignity. The Cardinal's hat costs each new made Cardinal something about 11,000 scudi—above £2,000 sterling; and there is not one of these poor priests who has 200 pence. The consequence is, that they beg and borrow all through Rome, and mortgage their dignities for years to pay all these fees. The man who attends a Cardinal, to put on his red calotti, instead of the black one, which, until his new dignity he has worn, receives twenty-five scudi from each. The Pope's cameriere, who are gentlemen, and of noble families, receive 600 scudi from each; and thus the money is squandered in fees.

I had long been in negotiation with the Odeschalchi family for a group, by Michael Angelo, of Silenus, borne on a satyr's back, and supported by two Bacchantes. The Cardinal Odeschalchi had asked 900 scudi for this;

and I had offered 500 scudi, and the bargain was off. To my astonishment my agent, Trebbi, came to me to-day, and said that Odeschalchi's agent had been hunting him about Rome all day, and at last, having found him, told him in breathless haste to set off and find me, and to say that the group was mine, at my own price, provided I paid the money to-day. I immediately closed, and upon inquiry found that this hasty surrender was owing to the whole sacred college scouring Rome to pick up the smallest sums, to make up a purse to lend their new brethren, for the purpose of enabling them to pay their fees. Not only should I thus get the group for £100, which was richly worth £200; but I stipulated that if I do take a statue, for which they asked 300 scudi, I am to pay only 100 for it.

Besides this, the Cardinals have also to receive their hats, for which fresh fees are to be paid; and some days hence they are to have "their mouths opened by the Pope," until which ceremony they cannot officiate as Cardinals; and then other fees are to be paid.

16th. I go to Trenta Nova's. My bust is to be cast off in plaister; and the last touch was given it to-day. It is now to be cut in marble. All the world is coming to see it. The likeness is said to be wonderful; and certainly, as a bust, it is a very fine one. Trenta Nova is very proud of it; and it has already got him several new ones ordered. I go to see my statues and group at the Atelier, where they are placed to be cleaned, restored, and packed up. I go to the Jesuits' Church, the richest in Rome. The ceiling is painted from end to end by Porta, a Jesuit; and is a wonderful performance. I never saw such a wonder of perspective and colouring. The ceiling is richly worked and gilt; and, intermixed

with this ceiling, and as if opening into the church, the heavenly host appears — consisting of innumerable figures in adoration of Jesus Christ; the text upon which the painting is done being, "At the name of Jesus every knee should bow." Below are the bad spirits flying from the scene and tumbling down in despair. The effect is magical. To the left, as you enter, is the altar and chapel of St. Ignatius, in which he (the founder of the order) lies buried. Nothing can be richer in marbles and pietro dura of all sorts than this chapel. The columns are of lapis lazuli; and above it is a globe of lapis lazuli, the largest piece known in the world. An ordinary picture is over the altar; but this removes with a counterpoise, and discovers a statue of the saint, which was of silver, richly adorned with precious stones of great value; but the French stole the statue, melted it down, and took the jewels also and sold them to Torlonia, who also bought the diamonds that adorned the Lady of Loretto; and by that name the Duchess of Bracciano, Torlonia's wife, who wears these diamonds, goes. The statue is now only of wood, silvered over; and the jewels are false.

17th. Cardinal Fesch's pictures. The Italian school has been, for the most part, sold; and what remains are not good. But his Flemish collection is very fine. A Wouvermans; another—the famous white horse shod; some Teniers, especially one, the Crowning with Thorns —a very extraordinary picture, beautifully painted in his best silvery tints; but he has treated the subject, in spite of himself, like a Flemish ale-house picture. All his Jew guards are Dutch boors, with armour on. One, who is crowning our Saviour with thorns, has a short tobacco-pipe stuck in his cap. Caricatures drawn on

the walls of the guard-house, and, as usual, a disgusting figure in the corner. It strikes me that the picture originally was one of his ordinary productions, and that in a whim or freak he altered it into a sacred subject. The interior of Teniers' Kitchen; some beautiful Vandykes, one the same as mine at Avington, but smaller, and only the half-figures of the Virgin and our Saviour; some Rembrandts, but some called so that are not his; a landscape, by Titian; some fine Hondthorsts, especially one in the Cardinal's bedroom; a large one, which is engraved, of the Denial by St. Peter of Christ. The effect of the light proceeding from the candles, which are hid by the figures of the soldiers playing at cards, is wonderful. A beautiful Paul Potter; a good Cuyp or two. These pictures have been collected, as may easily be conceived, by Cardinal Fesch, at different times, when he had great power, and many of them probably cost him but little. But he wants to sell them all dear. Great luxe of Sevres China, representing ancient imperial scenes, &c.; busts of Madame Mere, Napoleon, &c. The pictures being to be sold, are in better preservation than any others in Rome. In the evening at Sir Gordon Drummond's ball.

CHAPTER III.

Collections at the Villa Albano—The Cardinal at Lady Meath's Ball—Dreadful Shipwreck—The Duke of Sussex's Daughter and the Hanoverian Minister—Church of St. Maria Maggiore and the Pontifical High Mass—Canova's Studio—Thorwaldsen—Queen Hortense—Ghost Stories—Excavations—Confraternité della Bona Morté—The Colonna Palace—The Roman Princesses at Torlonia's Parties.

DECEMBER 18th. Went to the Villa Albano. Although cold, deserted, and forlorn, this looks more like a nobleman's house than any I have yet seen; but it has no appearance of comfort, and is not a habitable room. I in vain looked for a bedroom, or a room one could sit in. You walk up to the house through cut hedges, fountains and formalities, which, to be sure, one should not make oneself, but which are pretty when made, and look cool, refreshing, and pure.

Some very fine statues in basalt. One gallery beautifully painted in fresco and in arabesques. In each panel was a magnificent cameo, all cut in pietro dura, and the whole of immense value. This palace, during

the occupation by the French, of Rome, was occupied by a French general, and every one of the cameos disappeared. Some of them have since been seen at St. Petersburg.

From this house you are conducted to a summer-house, also beautifully fitted up with marbles, and from thence again to another semi-circular building, opposite to the house, where there is another room painted in fresco like that in the villa, like it also once adorned with precious cameos, all of which disappeared at the same propitious moment of Roman liberty. There are some good fountains still remaining, but all in which the Romans took the greatest pride are destroyed—and no loss. This villa stands outside the gates of Rome, and the views are delightful over the Campagna and the Apennines. But the Prince and the Cardinal Albano only come here occasionally in the summer evenings to drink tea! The Roman principi affect to despise everything out of Rome; and in the hottest weather if they go out in the mornings to their villas they are never happy until they get back into their horrid close streets and gloomy palazzi in Rome, where they sit in formal circles, with a canopy and chair of state at the extremity of the room.

19th. Went to see my statues and the Braschi Tazzi at the studio to which they have been conveyed. The connoisseurs are decided that the group of Silenus and the Bacchantes is by Michael Angelo. The prices which I have paid for them are the wonder of all Rome. In the same manner I have stumbled over six oriental granite columns of beautiful polish and workmanship—above nine feet high, without capital or base. They were ordered by the Duke of Wellington when at Verona, forgotten by his Grace, and never taken or

paid for! The man is ruined, his house sold over his head, and the things must be sold for nothing. I give £25 a-piece for what is certainly worth £100. They are worth but few people's money.

In the evening I went to Lady Meath's[1] ball. The Catholics deem balls on Fridays in Advent improper, or at least not strict. I was surprised at seeing Cardinal Caccia Piatte there. He came up to me, and said that he had been beguiled there—that he had heard it was to be music only, and not a dance! I told him that his Eminence had nothing for it but to shut his eyes and not to see the dancing, and open his ears and hear the music. A more obvious way would have been to have gone home; but the old man remained and sat out the enormity. The best of it was, that when I mentioned this to my sister she assured me that that very morning the old boy had come to her and asked her whether it was only music that was to be at Lady Meath's? She assured him that it was to be a ball, and that he ought not to go. The Catholics are all outrageous at the old gentleman.

20th. In the evening went to Princess Massimo's, a left-handed daughter of the King of Saxony. Dead dull. A formal party in deep mourning, private and court, sitting in circle. She is a pleasant old lady, and wishes to be good-humoured. A Comtesse de Kilmansegge, a Bavarian old lady of great family, pleasant and clever, ugly, but very conversible—has seen much of the world—had a good deal of talk with her.

21st. Dined with Comte de Funchal, Portuguese

[1] Melusina Adelaide, daughter of John, first Earl of Clanwilliam, married in 1801 to the Earl of Meath, created Baron Chaworth in the English Peerage in 1831.

Minister. Mistook his card. Came at six—dinner hour five! A great diplomatic dinner. All waiting, and very embarrassing for me. In the evening, Mrs. Anderson's — Lady Belmore,[1] Miss, commonly called Jack Caldwell—excellent!

Dreadful shipwreck in the Adriatic. My poor friend Minshull of the Royal Bucks, Captain Cummings, son of General Cummings, another Englishman, and an Italian, set out in a sparonaro from Corfu to come to Ancona, meaning to pass the Christmas here. On the 2nd of December, in a tremendous gale, all perished. Bodies washed on shore, but mutilated. Cummings' passport and leave of absence found in the pocket of one of them. Cummings' family here; his father painfully confined with the gout, his mother and sisters momentarily expecting to see him come to Rome. At Sir Gordon Drummond's ball I saw them all dancing and happy, and heard the mother talking of her son's visit to her. Not half an hour before the ball Sir Gordon Drummond, a near friend of the Cummings family, had received the dreadful news from General Woodford at Corfu, and had to break it to the wretched family. He could not bear to do it that evening, and let them enjoy their ball. The next morning he performed the sad task. Poor Minshull! I am very sorry for him. I sent over the melancholy intelligence to his family in England.

22nd. Went with my sister to the Villa Pamphili Doria, on the Janiculum Hill, on which is the Fontane

[1] Juliana, second daughter of Henry Thomas, second Earl of Carrick. Her husband, Lord Belmore, had been Governor-General of Jamaica, and was afterwards one of the representative peers of Ireland. He died in 1841.

Paulina, formed by the water brought by an aqueduct built by Trajan. The fountain is supported by six Ionic columns, and bursts out in three immense sheets of water, falling into a basin, from whence it supplies the immense fountains in St. Peter's. The view from the road up the hill, of Rome and St. Peter's, is the finest existing. It is only from hence that you see the whole cupola, and the immense mass and world of building which forms that edifice, to advantage.

About two miles from the walls, on the summit of the hill, after passing a huge ruined villa of Torlonia's, you come to the Villa Pamphili Doria, commanding a beautiful view of Frascati, Tivoli, the Campagna, and the Apennines. The villa is a handsome edifice, and the grounds very extensive and enjoyable. It stands on a high terrace. Below the house is a beautiful series of flower-gardens, which in English hands would be made delicious, full of water, fountains, sun, and shade. The fountains are supplied from Trajan's Aqueduct. In the house are some good marbles. But the great beauty of the place consists in the continuity of shade, given by endless bosquets, and covered walls of ilex, and by enormous masses of gigantic stone pines. The ground slopes down prettily and easily to a piece of water, not very unnatural and formal, and a beautiful bank of evergreens. Of course these endless fountains do not suit every English taste, yet these masses of pure, silvery water gushing and flowing all round, and of deep shade, are very pleasing. There is a large deep pool and grotto, forming a bath, partly in sunshine and partly in deep rock, which gives one the *beau-idéal* of all that is luxurious in the way of fresh-water bathing.

I dined with my sister, and in the evening went to the Austrian Ambassador's, where there was some very good music. Madame Lutzen sings with great taste, and has a sweet voice. The performers were all dilletanti. There was a great Russian woman who sent to beg that she might sing—and sang like a Calmuck. Madame della Torte sang beautifully.

Monsieur Kestner, our Hanoverian Minister, is delightful. He prides himself upon his English, and is very much enamoured with Miss d'Este, the Duke of Sussex's daughter, who is a very fine girl, full of royal blood and high spirits. So Kestner expressed his delight—"I so laike that Maes d'Este—she is so *spirituelle* and *abandon!*" He meant that she had so much easy *abandon* of manner.

25th. This morning, at half-past eight o'clock, I proceeded to the Church of St. Maria Maggiore, and, by the kindness of Bishop Baynes, I was placed within the rails of the high altar, where a chair was provided for me, and a carpet to put my feet upon, as the church was very cold.

The whole of this magnificent basilica was adorned and hung with draperies, which, making it look more like a stupendous drawing-room than a church, took off, I think, from its beauty. From its roof hung down immense crystal lustres, full of lights, and the whole church, from end to end, was a glare of illumination.

Before the altar stood, in a beautiful silver reliquary, with a covering of magnificent plates of rock-crystal, part of the crib in which our Saviour was laid. I was allowed to inspect it very close through its crystal screen. All I could see was a piece of wood, one part of which

was embedded in a piece of rock, forming, as we are told, part of the rock against which the stable was built wherein our Saviour was born. The relic was sent by St. Helena from Jerusalem to Constantinople, and from thence here. So far its pedigree is ascertained. But whether it was, in fact, a part of the identical rock, might, if one was allowed to look at it, be ascertained, to a certain extent at least, as the geology of Bethlehem is known. All one can say is, that if this relic be false, great pains have been taken to falsify it, as the junction of the rock and wood appear, at least, to be extremely ancient. This relic is only shown during the octave of Christmas.

On the high altar, under the baldaquin, stood seven enormous silver candlesticks. On a table to the left of the atlar stood all the plate to be used during the ceremonial of the Mass. At the end of the sanctuary was placed the Pope's throne, which, as well as the canopy over it, was formed of silver tissue and damask. This sanctuary is gilt with the first gold brought from New Spain, and it was sent for that purpose by Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. To the right of the altar was a covered tribune, in which were the singers of the choir. No instruments of any kind are allowed in a mass at which the Pope either officiates or assists. Opposite to this tribune was a grated one, behind which some ladies were allowed to sit. Nearer the Pope's throne was a balcony for ambassadors, and in the organ-lofts and galleries above were ladies, who were not *supposed* to be present.

At half-past nine o'clock the faint sound of a distant choir was heard, which was the reception of the Pope at the door of the church by the canons and other eclesias-

tics immediately belonging to it. The choir sung the hymn, "Tu es Petrus," whilst the noise of the bells and of a battalion of grenadiers within the aisle of the church saluting, formed a singular collection of sounds. Presently, in the midst of a long procession, the Pope appeared in his chair of state, covered with red velvet, under a canopy of silver tissue, the chair borne upon their shoulders by men, and the large ostrich-feather fans, the remains of the Oriental splendour of the Popes, carried behind or on each side of him.

When the procession came opposite to the chapel of the Holy Sacrament it stopped, and the Pope, descending from his chair, knelt on a cushion and pliant provided for him, and said his private devotions. He then ascended his chair again, and was borne into the splendid Borghese Chapel, where he was to be divested of his robes of temporal sovereignty, and made to put on those of a bishop, to say Mass. He was borne over our heads, giving the Papal benediction as he went along, all kneeling as he approached. All Protestants paid him the same respect which we pay our own Sovereign; at the same time, it was impossible not to feel towards his venerable and mildly pious presence the additional respect due to the head of the oldest Christian religion on earth. He looked depressed and feeble—and well he might, for this was the third Mass he had performed since twelve o'clock on the preceding night, and, when he had finished this, he had strictly and literally fasted for thirty-six hours.

Every priest must on Christmas-day in the Catholic Church perform three Masses; and every priest must, at all times before each performance, fast from the twelve o'clock at night preceding the Mass he says. Conse-

quently, the Pope, performing Mass in the Sistine Chapel on the vigil of Christmas-day (the 24th) at ten o'clock at night, must fast from twelve o'clock of the night before. That was not over until Christmas-day; still, he must not let anything pass his lips, because at daybreak he has to go to another church and perform a Pontifical Mass there, and then he had to come on to St. Mary Maggiore, and celebrate that, at which we now were to be present. In addition, therefore, to this privation of food from twelve o'clock of the night of the 23rd, he had passed the whole night in the duties of his Church. This would be severe discipline for a young and hearty man.

Before the Pope were borne the sword and ducal cap, which, according to annual custom, he had blessed in the morning. The sword has a hilt of gold, and is in a crimson scabbard, like our sword of state. The cap is a large, full-brimmed, round hat of crimson velvet, lined with ermine, with a band of pearls and a deep gold fringe round it. Behind hangs a long scarf of ermine and gold fringe. In the front of the hat is fixed a silver dove, as an emblem of the Holy Ghost. This is in remembrance of the sword given by the prophet Jeremiah to Judas Maccabeus, wherewith he was to destroy the enemies of the people of Israel. This sword and cap the Pope used in olden time to send, after the Mass of to-day, to some Christian Crusader Prince. It is now sometimes sent to some Catholic monarch as a mark of the Pope's especial favour. The first instance of this benediction is read in the Councils of Constance, when Pope John XXII. sent it to the Emperor Sigismond. In 1385, Urban VI. gave it at Lucca to Forteguerra Forteguerri, the Gonfaloniere of that Republic. If any

Sovereign Prince was present at the Mass, he wore his surcoat, and the Pope buckled this sword round him. Prince Eugene received it from Clement II. in 1715.

The Pope wore the tiara, or triple crown, until he was vested for Mass, when it was replaced by a mitre of cloth of gold. All the Cardinals were in their robes of white satin embroidered with gold, their mitres of silver tissue on their heads, and their hats borne before them.

When the Pope entered the sanctuary he commenced the Mass, which was like other high masses, only he was assisted by Cardinals, and received the communion kneeling at the foot of his throne. The Epistle and Gospel were sung first in Latin, and then by Greek priests in Greek, manifesting thereby the union of the Greek and Latin Churches at the Council of Florence. Several old ceremonies are kept up at the Pontifical Mass which used to be common to the whole Catholic religion, but are now abolished. For instance, the Pope communicates through a golden reed which is inserted in the chalice, and through which he sucks up the sacred element. Believing, as the Catholics do, in the real presence, this precaution was taken, especially in times when all wore beards, to prevent any drop from being wasted or leaving the mouth. The moment when the Pope elevated the host, when the whole church was silent and all upon their knees, was one of great awe and religious feeling; and the pious, mild manner of the old Pope, absorbed evidently in the devotion of the moment, was very expressive. At this instant all the bells of the city rang out to give notice of the holy act.

After the Mass was over the Pope was again invested

with the tiara, and left the church with the same procession with which he entered it. The ceremony was over by five minutes before twelve o'clock, after which hour in the Romish Church no mass can be performed. Amongst the ambassadors was Monsieur de Funchal, for Portugal. Near me was Don Miguel's ambassador, who is not received, but remains here as a private individual. He had his decorations on, and evidently put himself forward, in order to shew himself to Funchal. The latter saw him, and immediately looked at him with the air of a pug dog out of a window seeing a cat, and he kept barking at him in this entertaining manner all the morning. The other man equally saw Funchal, and, being a tall man with a hooked nose, looked most superciliously over his little antagonist, as if the latter smelt unpleasantly. Returned home tired.

27th. Went to the villa of the Prince of the Peace on the Cœlian Hill. A beautiful view of the Alban Hills, Rome, &c., and the garden full of violets, which filled the air with fragrance. Close to it is the church of St. Maria della Navecilla, so called on account of an ancient model in marble of an antique galley, which has been placed in front of the church, and is a very curious relic.

January 1st, 1829. I went to Canova's studio, which is still shewn, the scholars of that great man since his death finishing and copying his models and statues. The engravings are, however, forbidden to be sold in the chaste city of Rome, because they are considered too naked. I apprehend that statues usually are so, and the superior decency of the representatives of the statues of the Capitol and Vatican over those of Canova does not strike me. I fear that Canova and his

patrons have done much to spoil the taste and school of sculpture. Beautiful as his designs are, they don't partake of the solid posé beauty of the antiques, of which they have so many and such splendid models here. All the females are sprawling Venuses and skipping Bacchantes, or drunken nymphs. These have been ordered in all directions by our opulent English, and the consequence is that the studii here are filled with nothing else, as nothing else sells. Canova's finish and models are beautiful, but his models are not noble, but finikin and frittery. His dancing girls are all meretricious. Surely Canova ought to have known that a girl might dance with decency. His Venus Triumphant is the best of that class. It was taken from Princess Borghese; Canova used to say that he saw what he copied, but it did not necessarily follow that he copied what he saw. A seated figure of Concord, originally a statue of Maria Louisa, is very good.

Went on to Thorwaldsen's studio. He received me himself, and went through them with me. I think him decidedly superior to Canova, although his finish is not so perfect. His imagination is finer, his figures better posé, more majestic—his drapery in deeper and finer folds, and no false glitter deceives the eye. His colossal statue of Jesus Christ, which is to serve as the altar-piece of St. John's Church at Copenhagen, is magnificent. I saw the marble working at Carrara. The idea is a very fine one. On a portion of the pediment of the church is a statue of St. John preaching. The figures on each side of him, forming the triangular group filling up the pediment, is composed of St. John's audience of listening figures, whilst he foretells the coming of the Messiah. Nothing can exceed the

beauty of some of these listening figures. On entering the church colossal statues of the four prophets, the Apostles, and the Evangelists, stand in niches on each side of the aisle, and conduct you to the great altar, behind which stands Jesus Christ, receiving the sacramental guests. The idea is a splendid one.

Amongst all these statues, of subjects so often treated, some, of course, must be more commonplace than others. Certain attributes are, as of old, attached to the persons of some of the Apostles and the Evangelists, the effects of which it is very difficult to vary or render good subjects for painting or statuary. The greatest merit attaches to him who can best overcome these difficulties, and Thorwaldsen has certainly done this with great effect. The doubting, but at the same time reverential figure of St. Thomas, is very fine. Besides these is his famous basso-relievo of the triumph of Alexander, meant for the palace of the Capitol to have been built by Napoleon, and other bassi-relievi.

A baptistery presented by Thorwaldsen to his native church in Iceland, is a very pretty idea. It is an altar, and a wreath of foliage and flowers, typical of youth and innocence, forms on its summit the receptacle for the baptismal water. On the four sides are an inscription: the baptism of Christ, Christ receiving little children, and another baptismal subject which I forget. It is very simple, and beautifully executed. A statue of Eugene Beauharnois—Venus having just received the apple—an Angel holding a shell, for a font—a colossal statue of the late Pope, for his monument in St. Peter's (very fine but heavy; the drapery, however, perfect)—a Lion, but not equal to Canova's lions. This was, however, copied from the life.

Skating in the Borghese Gardens. Snow and ice in Naples. One man kills two and wounds four others in a drunken quarrel. Another having been seven years in the gallies for having violently extorted money from a poor market woman, returns to Rome, his time expired; finds her still in her shop, stabs and kills her.

The Buonaparte family are assembling in Rome in great force. They are all collecting round Madame Mere, who is old and rich, and whose old shoes they are squabbling about, although the poor woman has no idea of dying.

One of the charges against Donati runs as follows:—"3. Per essere stato mandato a subornan S. E. il Duca de Buckingham!" I write a long letter to Lushington, remonstrating against the impertinence, &c.

Dr. Peebles and a Dr. Robson quarrelling. Smith, the Consul here, takes it up indiscreetly against Peebles, who is Scotch. All the Scotch here take it up, and carry the war on against Smith, whom they are trying to get turned out of his consulate. Torlonia, of course, fans the flame against Smith, of whom he is jealous as a banker. This is a vile gossiping place.

Hortense Beauharnois, ex-Queen of Holland, is the only one of the Buonaparte family here that opens her house and makes it pleasant. That worthy family are very wroth against Lady Shrewsbury for refusing to receive Lady Dudley Stuart, &c.; and threatens to give balls and parties on every night on which Lady Shrewsbury gives them, in order to spoil them. In this rivalry the public-dancing interests must benefit.

9th. This evening my sister and Lord Arundel, and Lady Westmoreland, sat with me. The latter wonder-

fully clever and entertaining. She cleverly maintained the conversation until past twelve o'clock, and never let it pause a moment. Lady Westmoreland was at Cadiz during the time of General Moore's campaign, and fully confirms the strong story which *we* were abused for maintaining and asserting against our Government at that day, and in justification of Moore's character. He was completely sacrificed to party feeling, and Lord Wellington, at the same moment, as completely saved by party feeling. Vide Cintra.

Ghost-stories.—Lord Kinnaird's ghost appeared to the Duchesse Bassano. He made love to her. She rejected him, and said he was not sincere. He declared if he died he would let her know that he was sincere. He did die. Duchesse Bassano was walking by a church door in Paris not long after, and entering the church, turning round in the doorway, saw Lord K.! "Ah! Caroline" (or whatever was her Christian name,) "N'etois je pas sincere!" said the shadow. She described his face to be so shocking that she could not bear to look at it. She went home, told the story, and died!

Lord Bute[1] (the present one) has the second sight. Told Lady Westmoreland that, in the Isle of Bute, he and Lady B. took shelter in a highland hut, the owner of which requested them to go into the inner apartment, which was warmer. Lord Bute steadily refused. Lady B., after they went away, asked him why he did so. "I did not like to go in, for there was a man there with his finger cut off!" The door was closed, so that he could not see into the room. It appeared afterwards that a

[1] John Crichton Stuart succeeded his grandfather as Marquis of Bute, in 1814—his father, John, Lord Mountstuart, having died in 1797.

body had been washed on shore, and was put, under a covering of clothes and bedding, until an order came to bury it, into that inner room, and its fingers had been either torn off by the rocks or by fish! Lord Hastings' ghost appearing to Lady W. Russel; Lord Grey's ghost; Lady Lansdowne's, and Miss Murray's!

10th. I am going to purchase of my sister my father's cameo of Tiberius, which he found in Hadrian's Villa, round the neck of the statue of Tiberius, now at Stowe. Gavin Hamilton found it with him. My father gave it to my sister. It should not leave the family.

12th. I begin a small excavation opposite the tomb of Cecilia Metella, where my son found the sarcophagus. Torlonia excavating in Roma Vecchia. They have found some leaden pipes, with an inscription upon them, which proves them to have belonged to the house of those two young men mentioned by Gibbon as having been put to death by the Emperor Commodus after the attack made upon his life, and whose property was confiscated. Here, probably, was their villa.

14th. I went to my excavation. We have found two sepulchral chambers, on the walls of which are fresco paintings. Also a large fragment of Greek marble cornice, finely worked, proving that the tomb was built above the chambers, from which this fragment has evidently fallen, and that it was a noble sepulchre of fine architecture. I expect to discover more chambers, and probably sepulchral remains. I have found a beautiful bronze medal, in fine preservation, of "Julia Augusta;" on the reverse a figure with a palm branch and cornocopia, and the legend "Hilaritas."

15th. I am in the midst of sepulchral chambers, and

find skeletons in them all. So they have not been touched. They are not persons of note, as they are buried without anything to cover them; except one, who has been covered with large tiles, on which are the stamps of the maker. How near printing, without discovering the art! In one of the skulls we found Charon's money. As far as I can yet judge of it, the coin is of Caracalla's reign. The bodies are probably those of slaves; that of the master and members of the family are yet to be discovered. We have found a staircase conducting to lower chambers. We bury the bones again religiously.

16th. We came to a beautiful mosaic pavement, at the upper end of the vineyard, exactly opposite Cecilia Metella's tomb, and under the walls of the Frangipani fortress. It is within five yards of the spot where Chandos found the sarcophagus. This must be, from the ornaments, a sepolcro nobile, probably thrown down when the fortress was built, in order not to afford shelter to the enemy. We turn our whole strength in following this discovery up.

A wretched man is to be guillotined to-morrow, for having murdered a woman premeditatedly. I saw the Confraternité della Bona Morté going along the streets to-day collecting money for masses for his soul. They are dressed in sack-cloth, with hoods of the same covering their faces, having holes only for their eyes. This Confraternity is composed wholly of nobles and gentry, who perform this duty as a religious function. They never wear the dress except when a criminal is to be executed. They then, twenty-four hours before his execution, take possession of him, conduct him to a chapel near the place of execution, where they attend upon the prisoner, serve him with his meat and drink, of which

he is allowed what he likes, and prepare him for death and for the last Sacraments, which he cannot receive until he confesses his crime. They will not execute him until he does receive the Sacraments; so, if a prisoner is obstinate, he keeps them waiting all day. When he is absolved, and has received the Sacraments, the Confraternity conduct him to the foot of the scaffold, and deliver him up to the officers of justice; and, after his execution, they take the body and bury it in a church dedicated to St. Joanno Decollato. The present Pope almost forbids capital punishments, and wishes to abolish them.

17th. Went on to my excavation. The whole of a mosaic floor is discovered. The border is rich, with a handsome representation of an Etruscan urn at the further end. We are following the lines of the party walls, in hope of finding further mosaic and funereal remains. The ruins must be those of a splendid tomb; and, from the sarcophagus having been found so near this pavement by my son, I am inclined to think that this is the columbarium which originally contained the sarcophagus. If so, we shall find more, as the sarcophagus was that of a child, and its parents' cannot be far off.

19th. The Comte de Chatillon called to tell me Lady Shrewsbury was making up an album, in which she was inserting portraits of all her friends done by himself, and requested me to sit. I consented, of course—but it is a great bore.

Received the news of Lord Anglesey's return from Ireland, and that the Irish Chancellor is to be recalled. The sword is drawn, and the scabbard thrown away. I see great calamities hanging over my country, and

personally affecting me in my family. I write to Lord Grenville, putting my House of Commons strength entirely into his hands. I can no longer support a government thus persisting blindly in increasing the weakness of its country both at home and abroad.

In the evening I went to the ball given by Count Lutzow, the Austrian Ambassador. There was such a crowd that I did not attempt to enter the dancing-room, but took my chair in the next room, and held a circle of my own. All the Diplomacie are in despair at the news from England, except the Russian Ambassador and, I think, the French; but the former very decidedly rejoicing at it, as proof of our weakness. Heard of La Ferronay's disaster, and the change of Ministry consequently in France. Was complimented on all hands, in consequence of O'Connell's foolish speech, with being the English Ambassador here.

21st. Went to the Colonna Palace, and sat to Chatillon for my drawing, to be inserted in Lady Shrewsbury's album. Lady Shrewsbury and her sister sat by me during my sitting to keep me awake. After my sitting was over I went over the Colonna Palace. The gallery is certainly the finest private room I have yet seen anywhere. It is paved with beautiful marbles, and supported by columns of giallo antico and verd antico. There is a sort of vestibule at one end, and another to correspond at the other end, but raised upon a flight of marble steps. Two rows of chandeliers are hung down the whole length of this splendid apartment. It is hung with pictures, of which some few are good. A Nicolas Poussin, particularly; one or two good Vandyke portraits of the Colonna family; a curious picture by the father of Pietro Perugino—of a woman scolding her

child, and wishing the devil might take it! The devil appears, and takes her at her word. The old woman screams, and calls upon La Madonna for aid, who comes, armed with an immense stick, and drives away the devil by honest hard thumps. The ridiculous part of all this is the demure Madonna face of the Virgin, painted in all Pietro Perugino's stiffest style, looking so meek whilst employed in the pugnacious exercise. But the finest pictures were all sold at the death of the last Principe, to be divided amongst three co-heiresses.

Lady Shrewsbury surprised me by a message from Hortense Beauharnois, ex-Queen of Holland, expressing a great wish to know me, many compliments, &c., and inviting me to her next party. Her house is the pleasantest in Rome. I told Lady Shrewsbury that, on condition I was not obliged to address her as Queen, or to call her anything but Madame, and that I was not called upon to perform Ko Tow to any of her family, I would go. This is acquiesced in; so on Saturday I am to go, conducted by Lady Shrewsbury.

I find out that the statue which I bought out of the Braschi collection, and which is called "Una Sacerdotessa," is one of Julia Augusta, daughter of Drusus.

22nd. I found in "Gibbon's Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire" a strong confirmation of my discovery of the ancient crucifix in the island of Ponza, and of my idea being a correct one. He says, chap. xvi., page 583, 4th edition, that "the Confessors who were condemned to work in the mines were permitted, by the humanity or the negligence of their keepers, to build chapels, and freely to profess their religion in the midst of those dreary habitations." He is speaking of Dioclesian's

persecutions, and he quotes "Euseb. De Martyr.: Palestine," chap. xiii., to prove it. The Christians condemned to work at Ponza were sent by Dioclesian, and the chapel which I found was a Roman work.

In the evening I went to Torlonia's ball. An immense mob of English — he told me 1,500 people in all. The Roman Princesses, seated in arm-chairs, whilst the meaner sort sit on tabourets, hold their august circles on these occasions, disdaining all the English, except the select. Princess Massimo held one, at which I, unfortunately, assisted; and Princess Doria the other. They are both *en haute* devotion; and whenever anything notoriously paw! paw! enters the room, they turn away their faces as if they smelt something disagreeable; and if the nuisance increases, they get up and stalk away. So they retire very early from all the Roman balls.

I sat some time at Torlonia's, viewing the colossal statue, by Canova, of Hercules in the poisoned shirt, hurling Lichas over the rocks. It is a wonderful production. The attitude is an immense effort of study of anatomy and of genius; but still, I think, the manner he holds the boy faulty. With his right hand he holds the hair, by which he means to hurl him over his head; but with the left he holds the small of the boy's foot between the joint of the great toe and the curl of the foot. The boy, with anything like the convulsive effort of such a moment would, without difficulty, draw the foot out of the hand of Hercules. All the rooms of Torlonia's palace are paved in imitation of ancient mosaic, and one room with one really ancient. Some of the statues are fine.

CHAPTER IV.

Visit the Duchesse St. Leu; her Appearance and Conduct—Discovery of a Sarcophagus—Lady Shrewsbury's Proposed Costume Ball—Death of the Pope—His Antecedents and Character—Chateaubriand—Intrigues respecting the Papal Succession—An English Duel—Pope Leo XII. Lying in State—Funeral Ceremonies—Election of a New Pope.

JANUARY 23rd. I went to the Colonna Palace again, to sit for my picture to Chatillon, in Lady Shrewsbury's album. He has given me a long face, and made me squint. To amuse me whilst I sat, Lady Shrewsbury was good enough to read out loud the proceedings of the Catholic Association, O'Connel's and Shiel's speeches, &c. So it is not much to be wondered at that I very nearly disgraced myself, and went to sleep.

24th. In the evening I went first to Madame Kilmansegg's, and afterwards to La Duchesse de St. Leu (Hortense). The party was small, chiefly English. Not one of the family of Napoleon, except Louis,[1] the son of Hortense, by Louis Napoleon. Her first son, supposed

[1] The present Emperor of France.

to have been by Napoleon, died. It is suspected that, had that son lived, Napoleon would have made him his heir, and would not have divorced Josephine. Hortense immediately came up to me, and was extremely civil; seated me next to her, &c., &c. She then took me into another room, where was a beautiful picture, in gobeline tapestry, of Josephine, as large as nature. She then took me into another room (a small gallery, hung with some very pretty modern pictures), talked much of the privacy in which she lived, her little apartments, how her endeavour was to make them comfortable, &c., &c. Indeed, they were most comfortably furnished, and with deep luxurious sofas, quite the reverse of all Italian houses. On the chimney stood a bust, in white marble, of a child. I knew it to be of young Napoleon;[1] but was not supposed to know it. In fact, it was that which had been sent out to St. Helena, and is mentioned in the different books of the time. I wished to see what Hortense would say about it, so, when I came opposite, I pointed to it, and said, "Quel bel enfant?" She merely answered, "Oui," and turned my attention off to the picture over it. She did not speak one word referring to past times, or her former situation. She endeavoured to be very civil, and was so to the extreme, speaking to everybody, and sitting first by one woman and then by another. But she was not at ease herself, and, in fact, no one else was so. We were all dans une fausse position. It was impossible not to see that the civility was all condescension, and the endeavour to please was royalty incognito.

[1] Son of Napoleon I., and the Empress Maria Louise. During the Empire known as King of Rome, afterwards created Duke of Reichstadt. He died in 1832.

There was this difference in my feelings towards her, at least from those which I experienced in the presence of legitimate monarchs dethroned, that in her case the dignity from which she fell was usurped, and not her own; whereas in that of the latter, their dignity had been their own, according to the known, acknowledged laws and constitutions of their country, and whatever might have been their faults, their errors, or their weaknesses, they were at least the legal representatives of royalty. In Hortense's case, we felt for her situation; but one could not pity her. She had been the instrument, wielded by another's hands, of tyranny and usurpation. One rejoiced at the fall of the principle, although one felt for the situation of the woman.

We had alternate music and dancing; a French lady, apparently one of Hortense's former court, sang, and very beautifully. So also did her brother—a fine, tall, handsome young man, with much whisker, &c., who also lived in the house. All the ladies were presented to Hortense by a wretched-looking dame d'honneur, without a name. Late in the evening a boudoir opened, and tea in all its formality of apparatus appeared. All the ladies were invited in to this celestial banquet; but no gentlemen, except myself, for which happy distinction I had to thank my rank; and Hortense made me sit by her—a dreadful bore; and most delighted was I when she turned the women out to dance again. I called her "Madame," and "Madame La Duchesse," all the time. Others did the same, except a few who called her, foolishly enough, "Altesse." Hortense never could have been handsome, or even pretty. She wears a great deal of rouge. Her figure is petite and well formed. She is, of course, a little increased in size; but

still her little foot and neat leg are very conspicuous; and she dances very gracefully.

27th. The newspapers full of my appointment to Ireland. The thing impossible. I could not accept it, if offered, without Catholic emancipation; and with it, Lord Anglesey would not have come away. The Irish college here, and the Irish Archbishop, who is here for his health, are desirous of knowing whether it be true? All visit me. I decidedly contradict it, wherever I go, and publicly.

Go to my scavo with a party. Uncover my sarcophagus; it is of full size, fluted, and handsomely worked on one side with a tablet. As appears by the inscription, the bones were those of quite a young, tall man. The sarcophagus was covered by a slab of white marble, one side raised with a sort of a ledge about three inches high, along which ran an ivy-leaf wreath, springing out of a vase, prettily sculptured. The lid was not fastened by any cramps or cement, but was very heavy. The body had probably been buried 1,300 years at least, and yet, when the lid was removed, such a gush of azote and ammoniacal gas rushed out, that the workmen and assistants were obliged to draw back until the air was purified. The body lay just as it had been buried; no ornaments or anything in the sarcophagus, but the bones and the evident decomposition of the human frame. No earth or water had got in. With great labour we raised the sarcophagus out of its vault, which was twenty-five palms deep. The side next to the sculptured side of the sarcophagus was lined with white marble. A vault seems to lead from this under the mosaic pavement. We now determine to clear this tomb, which promises well. We open the ground

towards the Via Appia and the fortress opposite to the tomb of Cecilia Metella.

A ball at the French Ambassador's in the evening; tremendously crowded and hot; supper very well served, on little tables run in as if by magic into all the apartments. Everybody who came were supposed to have been regularly asked by cards; but I regret to say that some English had the impudence to come without being invited. This is too bad, as it compromises the whole English society here.

28th. Lady Shrewsbury[1] has announced a costume ball in honour of the King of Bavaria, who is coming here after a lady, wishes to be *incognito*, and dreads nothing so much as to be shown up to the world. But Lady Shrewsbury wishes for the opportunity of showing off her fine clothes, and insists upon making up all the quadrilles, and upon arranging everybody's dresses; so she is making endless confusion, by dressing people in all sorts of colours and dresses which they dislike, and endless quarrels by interfering in all the young ladies' quadrille arrangements. The consequence is that all is confusion, quarrelling, bickering, and caballing, in the Eternal City. Dined at the Dutch Ambassador's.

29th. Went to my scavo. Find many skeletons, but all either buried promiscuously, or in terra cotta sarcophagi, or under broad bricks, placed triangularly like a drain. These I take to have been servi and liberti belonging to the family who lie in the tomb about the mosaic pavement. Many of the skeletons have "Charon's fee" in their mouths. I have in this way got some

[1] Maria Theresa, wife of John Talbot, the last Earl. Her royal guest was that liberal patron of art and *artistes* who created Lola Montes Countess of Mansfeldt.

well-preserved coins:—1, Julia Augusta, wife of Septimus Severus; 2, Septimus Severus; 3, Gordianus, junior; 4, Augustus; 5, Constantius; 6, his brother; remains of glass and bits of bronze. Work at the vault under the mosaic pavement. It evidently is the communication from some place below the pavement to the vault where the young man lay. In the evening, Lady Dalrymple Hamilton's.

30th. Dutch Ambassador's mother-in-law (his wife is dead) is Madame Valence, Madame de Genlis's daughter. Very clever and shrewd. Went in the evening to Funchal's concert, the Portuguese Ambassador. A bore: obliged to hand in and make the agreeable to a Roman Principessa all the evening.

31st. Went to my scavo. Begin to find another mosaic pavement. Have left the part where none but the servi and liberti are buried, and mean to clear all about the mosaic, where is evidently the nobler sepulchre.

Urged by the kindest motives towards me, but ignonorant of my views and feelings, Chandos and Sir Edward East have been asking the Duke of Wellington for Ireland for me—the very thing which I must have refused had he offered it to me. The Duke, of course, saw that the request was made without my knowledge, and gave Sir Edward a very short answer—it was disposed of! Lord Verulam will probably have it.[1]

Now, when I can least afford it, Cauty, the auctio-

[1] The progress and result of the Duke's negotiations with the Duke of Wellington are told in the letters of Lord Grenville and the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville, written from England in the spring of this year (1829). See "Memoirs of the Court of George IV.," vol. ii., p. 391.

neer, becomes bankrupt, and I lose £1,100 which he had of mine, deposits of estates which he had sold for me.

February 1st to 12th. Plagued with gout in my right hand—I, however, contrived to write to Sir Scrope Bernard, desiring him to go to the Duke of Wellington, and explain my friends having made the application for Ireland ignorant of what had occurred.

During this melancholy interval my poor friend, and almost daughter, Emma Wilson, is taken away from us. She died with scarcely a struggle. I saw her before I was confined by gout to the house. She was stronger on that day. The day before she died she was stronger still, and sat up in her chair. In the night, poor Wilson, who was lying by her, thought he heard some movement. She threw herself up in bed, raised her arms over her head, flung them round his neck, and expired. He would not believe that she was dead, sent for Peebles, and kept rubbing the body and trying to recover her until Peebles came. Thus died in her youth this sweet, amiable, pure-hearted girl. God's will be done! We now find that Wilson understood and knew from the first her danger, communicated it to her, and prepared her regularly for death. His conduct has raised him very high in my estimation. His grief is excessive. He was at first stunned; and, when Peebles came in, he only said, "What makes her stare so?" The eyes of the corpse were still open. He then cried bitterly, and has done so ever since. Her poor brother came to me the day after. They determined on burying her at Leghorn, where the English burying-ground is quieter than here, and, being the property of the Consulate, is less likely to be violated or disturbed. The body set

out, enclosed in lead, by land on the night of the 9th; on the 11th poor Wilson and Grenville set out to follow her. I got them couriers' passports. They proceed from thence home by way of Padua and the Tyrol, in hopes of meeting old Pigot and Mrs. Pigot at Manheim, where John Pigot is, and where we hope, in consequence of letters which Grenville wrote, old Pigot will have been stopped. I saw poor Wilson before he set out: it was a heart-breaking scene. I am now alone. Wilson gave me a lock of her hair, and a little snuff-box thermometer and compass, which the poor thing desired me to keep for her sake. This has weighed me down very much, and affected me severely. My sister came to me directly, and sits with me most evenings.

I have stopped my scavo. The frost broke my mosaic pavement in pieces, to the great mortification and despair of the proprietor of the ground, who had insisted on asking me an immense sum for it. I have got the sarcophagus and all the marbles for 40 scudi. Purchase, at last, the statue of Apollo for 500 scudi. The fellow at first asked a thousand louis-d'or. The statue is a splendid one, of Greek marble and workmanship.

On the 8th a rumour got about that the Pope was ill, and some of us sent to inquire at the Vatican. The answer was, that it was nothing but his "ordinary complaint." This was the bloody piles. But still having suspicions, I sent again on the 9th; and the answer was, that the malady of S. S. "non é determinato," and a whisper got about that inflammation in the bladder was the real complaint. In the evening everybody knew that he was dangerously ill. In the course of that night he asked for and received the last Sacraments, and on

the morning of the 10th, about nine o'clock, he died. He suffered much, the inflammation in the bladder never giving way, and he never was relieved. The confusion in Rome is very great, as his dying just before the Carnival threatens the ruin of all the tradesmen in Rome, whose harvest the Carnival is. The Ambassador's ball, masquerades, &c., are all revoked, and even dinners are not given. Probably, after the funeral, which must be on the tenth day after the decease, the Carnival in the Corso will be allowed to go on, not wholly to shut up every shop in Rome. But the Festas will not take place.

The Camerlingo goes into the deceased Pope's room, and, standing at the foot of the bed, calls him three times; firstly, by his Christian—secondly, by his family —and thirdly, by his Papal name. He then takes off the Fisher's Ring, which is of metal, and is destroyed. It represents St. Peter in a boat drawing a net. As soon as ever the Pope is dead, the Swiss Guard load their baggage, and, with their knapsacks and arms, wait upon the Camerlingo, and take leave of him as returning to their native country. The following dialogue of form ensues:—

"What pay did the late Pope give you?"

So much.

"Will you continue in the service of the next Pope if the same pay is given you?"

"Yes."

"It shall be given you."

"We will stay."

This is in compliance with the old adage, "Point d'argent, point de Suisse."

The Ambassadors have stopped their balls. The

English, half-and-half, keep on theirs. The late Pope was not popular. He began at the head of the bigoted party, and supported the Jesuits; but, finding the times would not suit bigoted principles, he became liberal. He was destined for the Church, but was a *roué* in his youth. He was very fond of shooting and sporting, and was cavaliere servente to Principesse Doria, now alive. At length he went to Pius VI., and asked his advice about entering into the Church, for which he thought his life had unfitted him. The Pope, who knew him well, and thought highly even in those days of his talents, told him he advised him to retire for a year to his convent, and at the end of that time to consult his feelings and disposition as to entering the Church. At the same time, he said to him, "If you do take orders, my prediction is, that it will be your own fault if, some time or another, you do not sit in my chair."

Luckily for him, he took the Pope's advice. He was very strict with his clergy, sending them to their convents on the slightest fault. He repressed great abuses in the public offices. He discharged an immensity of sinecures, and abolished them. He was very strict in the application of the public money; he found the treasury empty, and he has left it full. He found the state overwhelmed with debt, great part of which he has paid off. He did much to reform the state of the city. He forced the people to be cleanly, to whitewash their houses, and to remove the accumulated filth every night. He caused all the wine-houses to be shut up at a certain hour of the afternoon. He kept up a very strict street-police, for all which he was very unpopular, and his memory is abused and pasquinaded. I annex the copy of a pasquinade taken the morning after his

death from off the statue as a specimen.[1] He did so little for his own relations that he would let none of them come to Rome. The Romans may have a much worse Pope—and they deserve it, for their ingratitude.

To-day a friend of mine heard one fellow say to another, in the Piazza del St. Pietro, "Buon corraggio that man"—the late Pope—"will have, if he presents himself at the gate of Paradise. What does he expect St. Peter will say to him?"

"Say to him?" said the other. "He will say, 'Oh, bravo! una bella figura avete futto qua!'"

All Rome is now agog about his successor. The conclave will be shut up in the Quirinal in ten days from the demise. At present an immensity of intrigue is going on. The three parties amongst the Cardinals—the bigots, the moderate liberals, and the ultra liberals—are moving heaven and earth, and much interest is felt for the result, as the question of the power of the Jesuits is supposed to be involved in it. The general of the Jesuits is dead; which of course cripples the exertions of that party. The late Pope was chosen on the condition, and for the purpose, of removing Gonsalvi from the secretaryship, who had become too powerful and was too clever.

The Ambassadors of the three powers—France, Austria, and Spain—have each a veto in the election. Chateaubriand tried to send off a courier before the

[1] "Tre dispiacer ci festi, O Padre Santo
Il Papato accettar, tener lo tanto,
Morir di Carnaval, per esser pianto.
Il Conclavé rel Carnivalé—
Oh che bello!!
Avremo per il Papa,
Polcinello!!!"

Pope was dead, but orders had already been given to refuse all post-horses, and stop all travellers; and the courier was brought back when he had proceeded one post from Rome. The orders to keep the gates shut were very strict. Chateaubriand's religious politics are much too liberal for the court of France. It is not likely that he was sending off for the five French Cardinals from Paris, as they belong to the bigot party, and would have voted against Chateaubriand's wishes. It is much more likely that his communication was a private one to some of his own friends to contrive matters so as to keep the French Cardinals from coming. He could not send his messenger off until eight o'clock in the evening after the demise, and the Austrian did not set off until midnight. Several names are mentioned as being likely to succeed to the tiara, but no one can form even a reasonable guess. The conclave is expected to be a long one. Two-thirds of the number in the conclave are necessary to elect a Pope. The late Pope was embalmed, and lay in state to-day in the Sistine Chapel. To-morrow he will be removed to St. Peter's.

The Government is now in the hands of Cardinals Somaglia, Cacci Piatti, Fesch, and the Camerlingo. Fesch was originally a commissary in Napoleon's army. A person told me that he had seen him in that capacity, with a long military pigtail down his back. When Buonaparte became consul, Fesch became priest.

Two foolish English boys—a Captain Gill, of the Life Guards, and a Mr. Jervoise, both lodging in this hôtel with me—had a drunken quarrel, and went out the day before the Pope died to fight a duel. They put themselves into the hands of two boys as foolish as themselves—Captain Airy and Captain Trotter—who per-

mitted them to fight upon so foolish an affair. All the couriers in Rome knew of the duel, so the gendarmes followed Captain Gill and his second, who were in a hackney-coach, and, arresting them, took them to the Castello di St. Angelo. The others, who were on horseback, seeing their companions' fate, rode off. The two unlucky prisoners could speak no language but English, the gendarmes and the governor of the Castle nothing but Italian. They fancied they had got the two combatants; so they put them into separate cold rooms, lest the two dear friends should cut each other's throats. In this way they passed a wretched cold night. The next morning the Pope died, and all functions ceased. So they must have remained another day, until the Camerlingo let them out; but Kestner went to the Cardinal Secretary of State, who, although he was out of office, took upon himself the responsibility of letting them out, on their promising not to fight in the Roman States.

The weather continues colder than was ever known in Rome. The thermometer to-day was 2° below freezing point.

13th. I went to see the Pope lying in state in the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament in St. Peter's. This morning it was moved in procession from the Sistine Chapel, and delivered over by the Penitentiaries, in whose hands it was, to the Canons of St. Peter's. The body, dressed in the pontifical robes, with the golden mitre on its head, is placed on an inclined plane in the Chapel, with the iron gate in front. The feet are placed close to the iron gate, or rather between the bars, so that the faithful may kiss them—which all the lower orders do, and press their foreheads to them. Two officers of Le Guarde Nobile stand on each side of the corpse day

and night, and large wax tapers surround it. A Cardinal's hat is placed on each side of him, to mark his temporal and spiritual power. The body is changing every hour. I should not have recognized any one feature, so sunk are they in death. In embalming him they do not content themselves with doing as they do in England—taking out the contents of the stomach, belly, chest, and head—they here dissect the whole body, taking away the muscle, &c., and then, filling up the space with linen and cotton, lay down the skin over the bones; so that nothing but the skeleton and skin remain. The flesh, intestines, heart, &c., are all put into an urn, and buried in the church close by the Fountain of Trevi. This is a strange practice, and does away with all the feelings which alone recommend embalming, as the body, instead of being preserved from putridity, is in fact dispersed by the surgeon's knife, and the Pope is as much dissected and anatomized as the subject produced for lecture on the surgeon's table. Every part of this poor man was found in the highest state of disease. His heart, liver, spleen, and bladder all in a dreadful state. The wonder is how he survived so long. He has long had an idea of his approaching death, and during the last month has been in every respect preparing himself for it. But the impression now is very strong that he was very ill treated by his medical men, who, as is usual with Italian practitioners, suffered the disease to take its course too long, and gain a head, before they attempted to break it down. This, in cases of inflammatory disorders, must be fatal, especially in this climate, where inflammation makes much more rapid progress than in colder countries.

High Mass for the dead is said every day in St.

Peter's, and will be so until the last day of the obsequies, the tenth after the demise. Intrigue is going on very busily; but nothing yet has taken the least shape. All the theatres are to continue shut, and the consequences are the starvation of many miserable wretches belonging to these establishments, who, expecting the usual payments of salaries during the Carnival, have made their expenditures in that confidence, and are now obliged to leave Rome to seek for bread.

Epitaph written by Leo XII. on himself, and found on his writing-table after his decease, together with his request to be buried in St. Peter's at the feet of St. Leo, whom he made his patron saint:—

S. Leoni Magno
Patrono Cœlesti
Me supplex commendans
Huic apud sacros essus cineres
Locum sepulture delegi
Leo XII. humilis Cliens
Heredum tanti Nominis
Minimus.

14th. The merchants and shopkeepers have petitioned the Camerlingo and the three Cardinals—Somaglia, Fesch, and Cacci Piatti, who are the senior bishop, priest, and deacon Cardinals—to have the Carnival opened after the obsequies. There have been many and long debates upon it. Cardinals Fesch and Cacci Piatti, the two most *worldly* men in the Sacred College, have vehemently opposed it, and at length have succeeded in their opposition. It would, I think, have tended much to conciliate the people had the concession been made, and the interests of religion would probably not have suffered.

15th. Went to St. Peter's. Saw the Pope again. Still more altered than he was. His face quite shrunk and black. They are preparing the state catafalque into which the body is supposed to be moved after lying in state. They work at it in the church. It will be an immense edifice, but the preparations for it quite spoil St. Peter's, and the whole effect of the solemnity, as the entire church is a great workshop, carpenters framing and hammering in all quarters. In one corner a man is daubing a fresco, in another gilding, in a third painting in imitation of marble, in a fourth tailors are stitching draperies. It is quite like the preparation for a great masquerade; and, independent of the strange ideas which this use of a church give one, the being thus let behind the scenes quite destroys the illusion. At five o'clock, P.M., the immense crowd, which literally had filled St. Peter's from the morning, was slowly walked out by a line of soldiers, that, coming in at the upper side doors, near the high altar, formed across the church, and then, very slowly and very quietly, walked out the people through the great doors. About 200 people, besides the soldiers and the assistants, priests, &c., remained. The doors were closed and locked. A few torches, on lofty tripod stands, cast a flickering light over the pavement and the mosaics near which they were placed. At a distance, the chapel in which the body lay was a glare of light. The Gregorian Chapel, opposite to it, was also illuminated. All else was dark, save the 100 lamps which glimmered round the confessional of St. Peter, and which twinkled, amongst the vast mass of gloom, like distant stars; and here and there a solitary lamp glimmered opposite an altar where the Holy Sacrament was deposited, and to the bronze statue of St. Peter.

The troops formed a double line across the church, and the body of the Pope was moved, upon the bed on which it lay in state, from the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament to the Gregorian Chapel, where the Camerlingo and the Cardinals who had been created by the late Pope waited to deposit it in its three coffins. The music of the Chapel preceded the corpse singing a requiem, without instruments. The cross preceded the bier, and the Guarde Nobile followed; the soldiers standing with reversed arms. As the body passed all Catholics kneeled, and we bowed our heads. The effect of this simple procession—no voice, save those of the choir, heard; no lights, save those which I have described, and the torches borne by the assistants round the corpse, the glare of which was thrown in strange lustre across the blackened face and glittering ornaments—was very striking. "Sic transit gloria mundi."

Arrived in the chapel, the choir, still without instrumental music, sung a dirge. The Camerlingo then advanced to the bed, and took off the mitre from the head of the deceased, smoothed down his hair, and replaced the mitre. All the assistant Cardinals then taking the cloth of gold tissue upon which the body lay by the corners and the edges, raised the body from the bed, that was removed from under it. The Cardinal Camerlingo then placed a linen or white silk cloth over the face of the deceased, and the Cardinals, still holding the cloth, placed it, and the body in it, into the first coffin of cedar, quite plain, and wrapped the cloth of gold round him. The late Pope, dressed in his pontifical robes, with his golden mitre on his head, was thus hid for ever from mortal eyes. Bags of coin, forming specimens in number equal to the years of his age,

struck during his reign, were placed in his coffin. The lid was then screwed down, and sealed up in wax by the six senior Cardinals affixing the seal of their arms. The coffin was then put into a leaden one, which was soldered up before us, and finally both into an outside coffin of cedar, covered with crimson velvet.

During all this ceremony psalms were sung by the choir. A *proces verbal* was then drawn up, and signed by all the Cardinals assisting, the senator, major-domo, &c. The coffin was now put upon a truck, and moved out of the chapel into one of the side aisles; here it was put under the place where it was to be deposited, but not finally. By custom, the body of the Pope must remain so deposited during a year, and then it is removed to be buried finally wherever the deceased shall have expressed his desire, or, in want of it, the Sacred College may determine. In the present instance the late Pope has desired to be buried at the foot of the tomb of St. Leo, who was his patron saint, and whose example he professed to imitate. The place of his deposit is a sarcophagus, where Pius VII. lay until three days ago, when he was removed into the crypt to make room for his successor—the tomb for Pius VII., by Thorwaldsen, not yet being finished to receive him. This sarcophagus stands over a great door, and his name is painted upon it. Tackle was placed round the coffin, and by a windlass it was hoisted into its place, the choir singing the "Benedictus," until it was deposited, and the marble cover of the sarcophagus lowered upon it. The whole then separated.

This scene was very impressive. It is supposed to be quite private. The obsequies continue a week longer, and then the mass of the Holy Ghost is said, and the

Cardinals proceed from thence in procession to the conclave, and are immediately shut up to perform the duty of choosing a successor.

16th to 23rd. During this week the obsequies of the late Pope have been carrying on, and preparations are making for the conclave.

An immense catafalque is constructing in St. Peter's. It is in the whole higher than the Baldaquin, which is ninety-five English feet high. It is in my mind an ugly construction. It is an immense truncated pyramid, painted to imitate porphyry, on the summit of which stands a colossal statue of Religion. This pyramid stands on a square base, at each corner of which is a truncated column. The whole base and columns painted to imitate marbles. On the base in front of the pyramid stands the sarcophagus supposed to contain the body of the Pope; on each side is a statue—one of Justice, the other of Liberality. These statues being draped, are ingeniously made. The heads, hands, and feet are of plaster of Paris; the drapery of white flannel or light cloth is hung round them, and the artist drapes them in full folds according to his fancy. The whole drapery is then thickly painted marble-colour: thus the statues appear to be of marble, with the drapery beautifully chiselled, and falling in a delicacy of folds which scarcely could be imitated in stone. On each truncated column stood a gilt girandole of lights, each girandole holding 250 candles, and on its summit a pot au feu. There were also lights on the alto-relievos that adorned two sides of the base of the pyramid, and the medallion of the Pope and the coat of arms which appeared on the other sides. There were also four Latin inscriptions. The whole of this immense fabric stood upon an estrade

of four steps. There was no drapery about it, and had it not been for the sarcophagus, it would have answered as well for a symbol of triumph as a monument of mourning. It certainly had on the whole a fine glittering effect, but spoilt the noble, beautiful simplicity of parts which strike the eye so much in St. Peter's.

Every morning High Mass for the dead was celebrated in the Gregorian chapel, close to the catafalque, all the Cardinals attending, and a Cardinal saying the Mass; and prayers for the dead were said after each Mass at the four corners of the catafalque by four Cardinals, each in his turn going twice round the catafalque, once aspersing it with holy water, afterwards incensing it with the censer. This latter ceremony, which was very tedious, put me in mind of the ancient funereal games, on which it evidently is founded, where the the priests and relations ran round the funereal pyre of the deceased. The resemblance was very near being more perfect still, as on the last day (Sunday), of the obsequies, after the service was over and the candles were putting out, the catafalque, by some accident, caught fire. I believe one of the pots au feu boiled over, and the workmen imprudently threw water upon it, which increased the flame, that blazed up to the summit of the dome, but sank again immediately. This it did twice, when the flame subsiding expended itself. The last time, however, it set fire to one of the girandoles, which, by the exertions of the workmen, was immediately put out and torn down. At first, and for a moment, the alarm was very great, and the crowd rushed to the doors. Fortunately great part of the crowd had dispersed, otherwise many persons would have been crushed to death. There was not less than 10,000

persons at one time in the church, and yet it was not full.

I attended one day. The music, unaccompanied by any organ or instruments, was very fine.

During the week I visited many churches in Rome, which I had not before seen. I visited the Quirinal, and saw the preparations for the conclave. Servants, secretaries, attendants and all, there will not be less than 200 persons shut up on this occasion. All windows commanding the street are blocked up—all windows looking upon that part of the Quirinal are also shut up, to prevent communication by telegraph. The meals of all conclavisti are conveyed to them through turning-machines, like those used in convents, and each turning-machine is watched day and night by persons appointed both within and without, who take the duty by turns; and everything, even the dishes, are carefully examined, to prevent notes, &c., from being conveyed to the Cardinals. Their meals are brought to them ready dressed, in heated dishes. Their rooms are in a long corridor, very like a debtor's ward in England. There is a long slip of a courtyard, in which they may walk, the walls being as high as those of a prison, and the end carefully closed and guarded. Here they remain until two-thirds of them agree in choosing a Pope. No man can vote for himself. They have a scrutiny twice a-day. They insert their votes on slips of paper printed for the purpose. Each vote is received and put into a basin. These papers are not then opened, but the numbers are counted, to see if they correspond with the number of Cardinals present; if not they are all burnt in a stove provided for the purpose, and the scrutiny begins again;

if yes, then the papers are half-opened, so as to shew the name of the person voted for, but not the name of the voter—each vote is written down. If two-thirds agree for one person, part of the wall communicating with the exterior is broken down and proclamation is made in Latin of the person chosen, and all the papers are unrolled and the names of the voters known. If not, the papers, which are no further examined, are put together into a stove and burnt.

The pipes of the stove communicate through the wall of the Piazza del Quirinale, and, as it is not used for anything else, it is carefully watched by the curious on the outside of the walls at the hours of the scrutiny, as, if a smoke issues from the pipe, it proves that the votes are burnt, and therefore that no Pope is chosen. Carpenters, masons, barbers, surgeons, and physicians, are enclosed with the Cardinals, as, until a Pope is chosen, no one who enters the walls can leave them. The courts of Austria, Spain, and France can each affix a veto on one Cardinal each, to prevent that one from being chosen. France is supposed now to have fixed its veto on Justiniani, who has been talked of. The veto must be given when the conclave begins, and before the first voting commences. It is therefore a usual trick to talk loudly of a Cardinal's being Pope who, in fact, the Cardinals don't mean should be Pope, and who they know will be obnoxious to one or other of the powers, in order to make the ambassadors exhaust their veto, and then the election begins. Each of the ambassadors, at a solemn audience of the sacred college, makes an harangue to the Cardinals, exhorting them well and duly to do their duty.

This morning (Monday) the mass of the Holy Ghost

was said before the Cardinals, calling upon the Holy Spirit to assist the deliberations. At three o'clock, P.M., they went to prayers, dined, and at five walked in procession to the Quirinal, when they were locked up. Some from infirmity could not walk; only thirty-two were in the procession: above fifty, it is said, will be inclosed. Any coming during the conclave from foreign countries, or from their bishoprics, are let into the conclave by the only door not walled up, of which three keys are in the possession of three different persons. An immense mob of people, perhaps forty or fifty thousand, assembled to see the procession. The streets were lined with soldiery and the National Guard, which during the "sede vacante" are called out to keep the peace of the city.

A conspiracy has been detected during the week, composed chiefly of Neapolitan Carbonari, three abbés, some soldiers, and an agent of the Roman police. One of the conspirators betrayed the secret, pointed out the house where they met, and even gave an impression of the key of the room in which the committee assembled. They were therefore swept up together, with all their papers, &c., to the number of forty-seven. Eighteen more were taken last night. The conspiracy had considerable ramifications, chiefly in Naples. The plan was to have attacked the procession to-day, which usually is not protected by a strong military force, and to have murdered as many Cardinals as they could. Their hope was to have destroyed so many that enough would not have been left (twenty-five) to have chosen a Pope. The bishops must then have met in council, and the conspirators were in hopes, during the confusion which this event would have occasioned, to have been able to

overthrow the existing Government. Providentially, however, this diabolical plan was frustrated.

Much intrigue is going on. Great exertions are making by the Powers to ensure the choice of a moderate Pope. The fanatic party, of course, is equally active on its side, and Odeschalchi, the youngest and the greatest hypocrite amongst them, is working to oppose whomsoever the Powers support. Fifteen different persons are named as aspirants for the tiara. Odeschalchi, who is an archbishop, is very clever and cunning, but shocking stories are current against him. He was interdicted by the late Pope from confessing women in his or their private apartments. He was very fond of endeavouring to make converts, and is supposed to have turned his exertions that way, to the account of his own pleasures. This is the story. How true or not, God only knows! Capellari is the Cardinal wished for by the moderate party, and Gregorio by the High Church. Perhaps neither will be the man, but some old man too old to last long, too weak to act without advice or against his brother Cardinals' orders.

During the week I saw the famous Aurora by Guido, and was much disappointed. In the same casino is a fine Domenichino of the Creation. But the painter has fallen into the ridiculous error of painting in the garden of Eden trees scathed and killed by age, and pollarded trees. Now it is not to be supposed that God created pollards.

Yesterday (Sunday) a charity sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Burgess, at the English Chapel, for the Roman poor, and above £120 sterling was collected. What with the profits of this annual sermon and the communion money, about £600 per annum is distri-

buted in charity out of this chapel. The Romans raise their hands and eyes in astonishment.

This week we hear of the King's speech, recommending the removal of the Catholic disabilities. God be praised that I have lived to see this day! The Foreign Ministers already shew, by their altered tone, the opinion they entertain of the effect which this event will have upon British interests.

CHAPTER V.

Rosa Taddéa, the Improvvisatrice—Death of Torlonia—Princess Canino—Duke of Wellington and the Catholic Question—Tableau—Deliberations of the Conclave—Opinions of the Austrian Ambassador—Cardinal Albano—Princesse Gabrielli—A Miracle—Infamous Traffic at Rome—Treasures of the Vatican Library—Etruscan Relics found by Lucien Buonaparte—King of Bavaria—The Campagna—Temple of Vesta—Tivoli.

FEBRUARY 24th. Yesterday evening the Cardinals in conclave had a recevimento previous to their being locked up. Persons went in full dress. To-day many people attended on the outside of the Quirinal, anxiously watching at the appointed hour for the smoke out of the sacred funnel which was to denote that a Pope was not chosen. The expected smoke appeared. Poor Funchal is in a piteous taking. The Sacred College unanimously refused to receive him as ambassador when the others were presented and gave in their credentials. From whom, they asked, is he ambassador? From Don Pedro? He is no longer King of Portugal. From

the Queen? She is a minor, and no regency exists. So poor Funchal is here in no acknowledged situation, and as he bore his faculties the least meekly of all the ministers here, everybody laughs at him.

This evening I went to Lady Campbell's, and heard the famous improvvisatrice, Rosa Taddéa. It certainly was a very extraordinary performance. She is a woman about thirty years old, and has had this talent from her infancy, which she has improved by reading and study. Before she came into the house the company were asked to give subjects for her to compose upon, and as soon as she came in she went and seated herself near a pianoforte. She is a plain woman, and was plainly and even under-dressed. Presently the paper containing the subjects was given to her, and she immediately rose and read them aloud. The company by their plaudits expressed their desire that one in particular should be the subject of her verse. It was the hacknied subject of "Love, wet through by the rain, knocking at Anacreon's door." The lady at the pianoforte began playing a sort of recitative of no particular tune, but as if to modulate her ideas upon. Rosa stood thoughtful about two minutes, and then at once, in a measured cadence and chant resembling some of those which Dignium used to apply to his pathetic extempore songs, broke out into a flow of poetry that continued for ten minutes or more without the slightest hesitation, or the recal even of a word. The verses were all perfect in feet and rhythm. As far as I could judge she followed closely the well-known subject, but the turns she gave it were ingeniously varied and pretty, and the Italian of the purest kind. She appeared to be inspired as she went on; the features of her face strongly marked her feelings, she

addressed no one in particular, was absorbed in her poetry, used action as she proceeded, but it was subdued, chaste, and quiet.

The next subject was "The Shade of Shakespeare," and the words were given her by which she was to finish the verses. The words rhymed together. This is called "rime determinati." The difficulty of this is obviously very great—but she conquered it as easily as the former, never hesitating after she once began, which was after about two minutes' thought. She alluded to many of Shakespeare's plays, principally to "Romeo and Juliet," and her allusions seemed pretty and well turned. The next subject was "Love and Folly," the old fable, which she treated ingeniously and beautifully, as far as I could judge. The fourth subject was a hacknied one, given her at the moment by a lady to try her powers. It was "Flowers Strewn on the Tomb of a Friend." This, I think, she treated less well than any other subject. It was commonplace, and she evidently was endeavouring to give new turns to an old subject. Once she recalled a word, and twice she hesitated. But even this was wonderful. She could not occupy less than ten or fifteen minutes in each recital, and it appeared to me that she liked new and difficult subjects best, as old hacknied ideas did not intrude upon her genius. At times she seemed inspired and carried away by the excess of her feelings.

There is a Capuchin friar in Rome who has the extraordinary power, after hearing an improvvisatrice, of repeating the whole, without missing a line or a word, in Latin hexameter verse. There is also another man in Rome who improvises whole tragedies. But none but Italians can understand the beauties of this, or follow him.

25th. The report is that Cardinal Pacca, the Camerlingo, had twenty votes in conclave yesterday, and twenty-two to-day, out of thirty-seven. It does not, however, at all follow that he will be Pope. Out of courtesy, the Cardinals in conclave usually give time to their outlying brethren to come in, and, in the meanwhile, vote for those (taking care not to elect them Pope) to whom they wish to pay a cheap compliment. One Cardinal lost his dinner to-day, the basket, locked up, being sent in, but the dinner, by mistake, left out.

26th. Princess Massimo gave a breakfast at the Villa Negroni. The house very cold and miserable, although the spaces very fine, but no carpet and no fire, and the house had not, evidently, been opened since the last summer. After breakfast we went to walk, up staring alleys, through vines and cabbage gardens, the space containing the garden being let, and the vines will not, of course, ripen under trees; the latter, therefore, were all cut down. The villa stands upon part of the ground of Dioclesian's Baths. The gardens are, part of them, within the Prætorian Camp, and the villa commands a beautiful view of the Campagna, the Alban Hills, Tivoli, Frescati, &c.

Poor Torlonia, Duc de Bracciano, died last night. He was quite well on Sunday, and dined at his own table with a large party. He died of what is called here a suffusion of blood, owing to a severe pulmonary complaint. He was, I believe, a great rogue; but still he will be a severe loss to Rome, as he had magnificent pecuniary ideas, and, although very money-getting, was still liberal. In Rome he spent a great deal of money.

27th. Met two more Cardinals going into conclave.

Was introduced to Madame Lucien (Princesse de Canino). She was the widow of General Joubert, killed at the battle of Novi. She always has been considered a very respectable woman. She has the remains of great beauty. She hardly ever goes out, and does not usually live in Rome. It is very odd that the Buonapartists seem to court me, whom they know to be the bitter enemy of their family.

28th. Hear, to my astonishment, from Charles Wynn[1]—the first time since our quarrel. He writes very shortly, but kindly, enclosing me the extract of a letter which he had received from a relation of his wife in Jamaica, giving a lamentable account of my estate there, which he describes as going to ruin. I send the letter to Chandos to act upon. Wynn writes in kindness, but evidently, I think, for the purpose of knowing how the land lies. I cannot be reconciled to him, because I cannot esteem or trust him again. I answer him very shortly, but in the same style of kindness in which his letter is written.

I dine at Lord Meath's. Cardinal Albano, from Milan, is expected in daily. He is the bearer of the Austrian veto—supposed against Gregorio, but not known. I had a great deal of conversation with Mons. de Selles, the Dutch Ambassador, the ablest diplomatist here. He entirely agrees with me in all my views of

[1] Right Hon. Charles Watkin Williams Wynn, President of the Board of Control, &c. &c. He was the second son of the fourth Baronet of Wynnstay, whose second wife was Charlotte, daughter of the Right Hon. George Grenville, second son of the first Earl Temple. To the influence of his kinsman, Richard, first Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, he owed his political position and influence. Soon after that was withdrawn, his official career was at an end.

political events. He augurs ill of France, expects the Coté Gauche will force the Ministry, and then be forced in its turn; thinks well of the Dauphin; expects, as I do, that the Turks will be beat next campaign; has no idea that Austria will or can stir, and considers Greece as a hopeless and a weak cause.

The French Cardinals being all ultra-High Church, great pains are taking to keep them away from the conclave. They are told that they are very old, that the season is very cold, and the roads bad, and the journey long; and Chateaubriand is constantly urging his alarms for their sacred healths should they undertake the journey.

A King's messenger came to-day from England, charged by the Duke of Wellington and Lord Roslyn[1] to collect all the Peers' proxies he can find scattered about Italy. He goes on to Naples. Lord Warwick[2] came here three days ago, having left his proxy against the Catholics. He has now sent back to order it to be given for. Bolingbroke[3] also sends his proxy for. The Duke swears that he will turn out those who are in any place under Government and who vote against the measure. Strange times!

March 1st. Service and Sacrament—the latter the first time I have been able to take it since I left home. Shall I ever receive it at home again? I am very melancholy. Received a letter from Grenville Pigot at Leghorn. They found an English vessel there ready to

[1] General Sir James St. Clair Erskine, second Earl, K.G.B. He died in 1837.

[2] Henry Richard Greville, third Earl of Warwick, and Baron Brooke.

[3] Henry St. John, fourth Viscount.

sail direct for England, and decided upon sending Emma's body home by her. I fear this will sadly overcome the poor father and mother.

Torlonia has been lying in state, as it is the fashion for all Roman dukes and princes to do, dressed in a full court dress, his hair well powdered, white gloves on his hands, his chapeau or plumes upon his head, his sword by his side and the hand grasping the hilt, the body being laid upon the carpet of the floor of the room, with a cushion under the head. This is the invariable custom in Italy. To-night he will be removed into the church, and buried. All Rome went to see him, but I did not.

2nd. I went to Mrs. Stark's this evening to see a tableau represented. It was very ingeniously done. The subject was the celebrated Parnasso. Apollo was a modello; the rest were all gentlefolk, sporting beauty. The lights were very well thrown on the figures. A curtain fell before it, and the illusion was very well kept up, except that Sappho would persevere in wearing diamond rings, which, sparkling in the light, spoilt the delusion. The great difficulty in all these exhibitions is to keep the colour of nature down to the tints of painting. Thus, no satin, silks, or glistening articles of dress must be worn. Flannel or Indian crape make the best folds. Afterwards, we had the same Improvvisatrice that we had before. Not so good as then. The heat of the room oppressed her, and the subject was commonplace—still it was a wonderful exhibition. I talked to her a good deal about her art. She deemed the first impulse a poetic inspiration, yet acknowledges great improvement by reading, and getting by heart historical facts. But she told me that, to accustom herself to a

ready delivery, she made it a rule never to think even on the most ordinary subjects except in rhyme and verse. Lady Westmoreland arranged the tableau entirely herself.

3rd. Went through the crypt of St. Peter's—the pavement of the old church, the level of Nero's Amphitheatre, watered with the blood of Christian martyrs. You descend about twenty steps into it. The sides and top are lined with tombs, inscriptions, and mosaics, belonging to the old church, curious from their being in honour of names well known and read of in history. The mosaics are those of the old style of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Here lies Christina of Sweden, our Pretender's family, the late Queen of Spain, many Popes, and, as we are told, St. Peter. The crypt is right to see; but only, for the association of ideas—there is not, in fact, a great deal to see.

In the evening I went to the French Ambassador's, who gave a stupid concert, a hot assembly, and a hot supper, at which the Italians ate tremendously and pocketed more. I watched an Abbé who literally crammed his pockets not only with sweetmeats, but with more substantial fare. This lasted until twelve o'clock, when Lent began, and we all returned home sorrowful to fast.

The French Cardinals are upon the road, notwithstanding Chateaubriand's exertions to prevent them by assuring them how bad are the roads, how cold the weather, how deep the snow, and how dangerous it is for their Eminences' health. The fact is, that he wants to keep them away, but they are determined to come and aid the cause of Jesuitism.

On Friday last Lord Barrington[1] was with me in my room, merry and well. On Saturday he was taken ill, and he is to-day on his death-bed. His attack is on his chest, of which Torlonia died, and which is killing many now in Rome.

4th. I went up to Monte Maria above Rome to the northward. The view is beautiful, commanding the whole city of Rome, the Campagna, &c. There is a villa on the top of it belonging to an Italian principe, but he keeps the key in his miserable dog-hole in Rome, never comes up to the villa but two days in the summer, and lets it fall into decay.

The conclave still crawls on—in fact, the real voting is not begun, as the French Cardinals are not arrived, neither is Cardinal Albani, who is supposed to be entrusted with the Emperor of Austria's secret instructions. It is ascertained that there are three parties in conclave. One for Cardinal Gregorio, who at present is the high church, or Jesuit candidate; one for Cardinal Pacca, who is past all sense, but is a bigot; and one called the Creatura, at the head of which is Cardinal Bernetti, the late secretary-of-state. This last is composed of the Cardinals created by the late Pope—their candidate is not yet known.

Chateaubriand sent in the other day, through one of the turn-about machines, a note. On opening it by the searchers it seemed nothing but a piece of blank paper. Suspicions were excited, and it was held to the fire, when writing in sympathetic ink appeared. It was a piece of nonsense, and passed off as a joke, but some think that Chateaubriand was trying the ground, and

[1] George, fifth Viscount, Prebendary of Durham, and Rector of Sedgfield.

ascertaining how vigilant, in fact, the examiners were. A miracle is now performing.

6th. Visited La Farnesina, belonging to the King of Naples, where are the celebrated frescoes by Raphael of the Loves of Cupid and Psyche, in one room—in the other the Triumph of Amphitrite. The latter decidedly the best, but still frescoes do not please me. The shocking state in which these are kept is quite lamentable. No fires ever warm the walls, and the tiled floors are slippery with damp. When the green damps moulder the walls a common artist repairs, as he calls it, and makes a splatch in the middle of the tints of Raphael!

In the evening I went to the Austrian ambassador's prima sera. I had much political conversation with Mons. de Lutzow. His ideas and mine entirely agree. As to the conclave, his manner of talking was that the Austrian court was at ease about the choice—that there were so many Cardinals connected with his court, that they were certain of the interests of Austria being protected and preserved—for that their Cardinals never lost sight of their Austrian connexions, &c. Much of this was moonshine. We, however, totally agreed upon European politics. He thinks, however, better of the prospects of the next campaign than I do. It is plain that the Russian line upon Varna is too strong for the Turks to attack and force. Lutzow, however, does not agree with me that the Russians will have the ascendancy in the Black Sea, where he thinks the Turks will at least be equal to them. This may be, and yet the Russians will have the ascendancy there. His language was as anti-Jesuit as I could wish. He lamented the weakness of Charles X., who, pretending not to be

Jesuit, was so in his heart—allowed them free access to him at all times, and was guided by them; at the same time, he feels himself forced by the Liberals, and flatters them. Both parties know his weakness, and how false he is, and both despise him: Chateaubriand is here in a false position—not confided in by the King or the royalist part of his government; and the French cardinals coming, notwithstanding all his intrigues to prevent them, and their infirmities, for the avowed purpose of counteracting the objects of their own Government in conclave.

7th. Saw Cardinal Albani—a fine upright old man of sixty-four, very tall and sturdy, with fine features, looking like an old oak, untouched by the tempest of time—enter the conclave. The way into the Quirinal was lined on all sides by troops, and a great crowd assembled. He waited to see whether the smoke issued from the funnel, which would be the signal that there was no Pope; he then advanced on foot through the lane formed by the soldiers. He walked with his red hat in his hand, returning the bows of the people. He walked upright and firm, and so stout and fast as to distance his train. He is a Roman by family, and the people, charmed with his appearance, almost cheered him as he passed on.

Yesterday Cardinal Gregorio had twenty-four votes—twenty-seven would have made him Pope. He is the natural son, as is said, of Charles of Spain—for that reason he is unpopular here. He is the object of the Jesuit party, and the struggle is now making for him. He would be very unpopular, owing to the crowd of poor relations whom he has—whom he will provide for—as well as for his Jesuitical propensities.

Albani was very anxious to get into conclave before the new Pope is chosen, as he is fond of money; and being the senior deacon-cardinal, he will have to break the wall of the conclave down, and, advancing out of the breach, proclaim to the people the election of the new Pope, for which he gains 4,000 scudi, about £1,000 sterling.

A miracle is now performing. The late Pope's confessor, when the Pope was ill four days ago, and not expected to live, went into the Sistine Chapel, and prostrating himself before the altar, offered himself up in the Pope's place, and prayed that his life might be taken first. He had a vision in the chapel, which assured him that the Pope should recover, and that his prayer should be heard. He went into the Pope's bedroom, and told the sick man his vision. The Pope recovered—the old confessor sickened and died. When the late Pope died, the confessor's body was found pure, unchanged, and uncorrupted. He died thus in the odour of sanctity, and is to be made a saint of if they can make him one. But that will not be the case if Cardinal Gregorio is made Pope, as Gregorio always opposed Leo XII.—opposed and thwarted everything he did, and certainly will not aid in the beatification of anyone who even for an hour prolonged Leo's life.

In the evening I went to the Princess Gabrielli's party. She is the daughter of Madame Lucien Buonaparte. She married Prince Gabrielli. She is a very pleasing woman—not the least pretty, and, they say, a very well-behaved woman. The party was pleasant and unconstrained. I was introduced to Madame Buonaparte Wyse,[1] the daughter of Lucien, a beautiful woman,

[1] William Thomas Wyse, Esq., of the Manor of St. John, in

who married an Englishman, and was unfortunate in her marriage—she is separated from him; Le Princesse d'Ercolani, of Bologna, another daughter of Madame Joubert's, also a very fine woman. Madame Lucien has left Rome, and Lucien hardly ever comes there. It is quite ridiculous to see the court which the whole Buonaparte family pay to me—all except Jerome, who retains his barren royalty, and will see nobody who does not consent to treat him as sovereign—this I have refused to do.

8th. Yesterday Gregorio fell off in the conclave, and his chance is supposed to be gone by. They now talk of Benvenuti. He is put forward by Bernetti and the Creatura. In the evening I went to Monsieur de Selles's house, the ambassador of Les Pays Bas, a very clever; able man. He negociated the late concordat between the See of Rome and the Netherlands, when he perfectly outwitted the Church, and by these means has got the complete nomination of the Catholic bishops of the Netherlands into the hands of his king. His wife's sister (the wife dead), Madame de Valence, was Madame de Genlis's daughter, a very clever, shrewd, sensible woman. She has the care of the education of Selles's daughters, handsome girls but blue to a degree, and very brusque and haughty. Selles and I had much conversation. I like him much.

9th. Comte Lutzon, the Austrian ambassador, having received his new credentials to the conclave, made his

the County of Waterford, and of Cuddagh, in the Queen's County, was married in 1821 to Letitia, daughter of Lucien Buonaparte, Prince of Canino. He was appointed one of the Lords of the Treasury by Lord Melbourne, and subsequently became joint-secretary to the Board of Control.

public entrée in state to present them. The procession handsome. When introduced with a fixed number of attendants into the Quirinal, the doors were locked behind him, and he was brought into a small room which communicated with the salon where the conclave were, by a grated window like the parloir of a convent. The grate was opened to receive his letters of credence, and he withdrew. The Cardinals looked very cold and miserable, and some of them much thinner than they had been. Each sat under a canopy. When the new Pope is chosen, and before he is proclaimed, all the canopies are thrown down except that of the new Pope, who remains under his, and the Cardinals, all prostrating themselves, kiss his slipper. Three sets of pope's vestments of three sizes are kept ready for the new Pope to be dressed in immediately on being chosen.

In the evening went to a full dress grand recevimento at the Austrian ambassador's, which is supposed to be the Emperor's court for the day. To-morrow the French ambassador goes with his new credentials, and the next day the ambassador of the Netherlands.

10th. Lord and Lady Belhaven went home to England yesterday, and carried with them Neri's cameo of me for my wife. Lord Hertford[1] is come here, with Lady Strahan travelling with him, in a doubtful and double capacity.

11th. This evening I went to the ambassador of the Netherland's reception in full dress. Very hot. The Hanoverian Minister fully convinced that the great sprawling Apollo in the tableau at Mrs. Stark's was Lady Westmoreland. He only wondered miladi should put on so few clothes. To show what animals foreign

[1] Francis Charles, third Marquis. He died in 1842.

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servants are, and what sort of people are admitted into houses here, I will tell a story precisely as it happened to me. It is no secret that throughout Italy a parcel of wretches ply about and beset foreigners offering to conduct them to *ladies*. One evening I was sauntering about St. Peter's alone, looking at the church and mosaics, when I saw a fellow hovering about me, who at length came up and whispered, "Voleré una bella signora?" I repulsed him vehemently and indignantly. Three days ago I called à la prima sera of a Roman lady of high rank, of unblemished character, and advanced in years. No one had come but myself, and shortly she rang the bell for some wood for the fire, when in came, as her *valet de pied*, my friend at St. Peter's! I doubted my eyes at first and stared at him, when the rascal caught my eye, and, throwing his eyes to the ground, took care never to look me in the face after. In the course of the evening I turned the conversation on the difficulty of finding good servants in general, when my hostess elicited that she was in that particular, to be sure, very fortunate—for that although she had but two, they were of undoubted honesty and good character, and had been many years in her service! To this, of course, I made no reply. But I really believe that in this traffic between foreigners and maids in the house, or even their own sisters and wives, these people and this class of people make a good deal of money, especially amongst the English.

12th. I went to the Vatican Library. Monsignor Mattei kindly showed me the celebrated Livy, two copies—Terence, ditto—the Julio Clovis and the Book of Natural History, believed to be of the fifth or sixth century—Henry VIII.'s letters to Anne Boleyn, and his

book dedicated to the Pope, and signed with his own hand in three places. A book purporting to be this was sold for a very high price in London some few years ago. But as the original is still here, that must have been a forgery. The Vatican library has undergone two spoliations, one from the French and the other from the Neapolitan troops. The former plundered systematically, but everything has been recovered from their hands except the collection of medals, for which Canova had no taste. Canova was sent to Paris to take away what had been plundered, and he did not leave the French a statue or a bust, but he considerately said that as they must leave the French something they might as well leave them the medals—thus giving a thief one's hat because he has stolen one's coat. Thus the Vatican lost one of the finest collections of medals in the world. All the MSS. were recovered.

The Neapolitans plundered barbarously. Their soldiers got into the Vatican and tore away the bronzes from the tables and did wanton mischief. Some of the MSS. were recovered as by miracle, the Neapolitans having taken from them their embossed gilt bindings, which they took for gold, and leaving the MSS. in the streets. Monsignor Mattei recovered some by hunting them from place to place and cottage to cottage, and paying at last a few pauls for them, as their owners knew not their value. Mattei is publishing newly-discovered classical treatises on old vellum MSS., on which treatises on different subjects, chiefly divinity, have been subsequently written, and the old writing imperfectly obliterated. Passed the whole morning there.

In the evening at Lady Dalrymple Hamilton's,[1] where charades were beautifully acted. Miss Villiers, the principal performer, acted surprizingly well. Lord Newark[2] a great quiz. He was meant to act a quiz, but he could not bear even to show as a quiz of a pair of spindleshanks which God had given him, so he secretly, as he thought, employed one of Lady D. Hamilton's maids to make him a pair of calves of linen. This, like all other secrets, became generally known, so that the moment he appeared a general laugh and applause succeeded his entrée, to his immense surprise.

13th. Wrote letters for England. Sad! sad! sad! I really begin to feel no wish to return home. Very low. Felt it necessary to write a letter to the Hundreds of Buckingham, Ashenden, and which my son called together, and where he gave breakfast to my own tenants, to go and vilify my father's memory and my character. Forbearance must have its limits, and I have reached them. I must not be afraid of maintaining my own principles because my son forgets what he owes to me and to my family. I thank God that I have forborne so long. I remained at home all day and all the evening.

14th. Went to the villa of the priory of Malta. The view beautiful. Here is one of the three original date-palm trees, supposed to have been brought by Titus to Rome. Whether of that age or not is, of course, questionable, but it is doubtless very old, and is still flourishing. In the evening at Princess Gabrielli's.

[1] Sir Hew died in 1834. His lady was the daughter of Admiral first Viscount Duncan.

[2] Eldest son of the second Earl Manners, whom he succeeded in 1860.

What is extraordinary is, that on the Friday week, when Gregorio had twenty-five votes in conclave, it was publicly asserted, both in Florence and Naples, that he was Pope, and they even named the title which he had assumed! This shews how secrets are kept in conclave.

A ridiculous thing has happened, which probably is only a hoax on their eminences. Private information was conveyed to the police that a hat containing papers of importance was to be turned into conclave by one of the turn-abouts, on a night which was named. The guard which patrols about the conclave all night was reinforced and ordered to be on the alert. All day the turn-abouts are guarded, and all night patrols pass them every minute. But sure enough in the morning a hat was found in one of the boxes. It was immediately seized and conveyed to Prince Gighi, who is Conservatore of the conclave—examined, ripped up, and spied over in every possible way, but nothing was found. Whether this was a hoax, or whether the hat itself was a signal, remains to be seen.

15th. Took a drive round part of the walls of Rome which I had not seen. In the evening went to La Princesse de Canino, Lucien Buonaparte's wife, who showed me the beautiful gold ornaments lately found by Lucien in the Etruscan tombs which he is opening near Cometo. He has found a royal tomb, the skeleton lying in a coronet or fillet of gold, with two long silver wires hanging down from it, with a beautifully worked ram's head, in gold, appended to each wire. The corpse evidently had been buried in a royal robe embroidered with gold vine-leaves, quantities of vine-leaves being

found. Ladies necklaces, ear-rings, rings, and ornaments of all sorts, in gold; a beautiful bulla, in gold, containing a ball of wood, either to prevent the gold from flattening, or a perfume—I suspect the former. A magnificent plate of gold for the front of a robe, or a gorget, with bunches of grapes hanging down from it, of beautiful workmanship. I should judge that the king buried there must, by his emblems, have been a high priest of Bacchus. Vases of singular beauty, with Greek and Etruscan inscriptions. Utensils, such as spoons of ivory, dice, hilts of swords in ivory, beautifully worked; bodkins for the hair, and stylets for writing. He is continuing to find fresh treasures every day.

16th. Went to the Capitol and surveyed the pictures. The Discovery of Sta. Petronilla, by Guercino, copied in mosaic in St. Peter's. Two Sybils, by Domenichino. I don't like them so well as mine.

Dine at Lord Shrewsbury's, to meet the King of Bavaria; his Majesty, meaning to be very gracious, insisting on speaking English, which he does worse than any foreigner whom I ever heard attempt it. He forgot all our names, and all about us, and is as deaf as a post. When he came in the ladies were presented to him, and he asked them all, married and single, how many children they had—and how old they were! He asked Lord Arundel whether he was married—to whom?—any children? What fine whiskers you have got! Lord Shrewsbury all the while prompting him in a voice loud enough to be heard in the street, and the King, like all other deaf people, talking as loud. After a long, bad, formal dinner, formal music—dead bore!

17th. Go to the Villa Farnese, opposite to the Villa Spada. Pass the morning there; then to the Villa Poniatouski, with Mary and Mademoiselle d'Este. In the evening to Madame Lucien Buonaparte's.

18th. Went about seeing pictures. Then to Villa Borghese, my regular drive. In the evening at Lady Hamilton's. Miss Villiers, and others, singing English music, made me melancholy.

19th. Drove out sketching. In the evening went to my sister's, who is retiring for a week to a convent to perform her Lent duties. She is entirely absorbed in her devotions, and I fear is in the hands exclusively of the Jesuits. From my sister's to the Duchess of St. Leu's.

20th. Young Lord and Lady Barrington returned from Naples. Mr. Farquharson, the young Scotch chieftain who went about here in the winter in the Highland garb, has had a paralytic stroke at Naples, owing to a chill which he got in crossing the Pontine marshes; and, if he escape with life, will be a cripple. Lord and Lady Burghersh arrive from Florence. He is instructed to come here and look after the conclave!—the first time an English minister has ever received such a mission. The conclave still locked up, and no chance of release. Fresh Cardinals are going in every day; and should Clermont Tonnere, the French Cardinal, come in, every Cardinal will be present, except the one at Madrid and the Primate of Hungary. Cardinal Gregorio now, they say, has no chance; but his friends stick by him. Sixteen, who always vote for him, have affixed a St. Andrew's cross across the doors of their cells. This is meant to say that they wish for no intercourse with the rest of the conclave, have made up their minds, and de-

sire not to be disturbed. It is not a little curious to trace from this token of St. Andrew's cross, and for this purpose, the origin of the custom adverted to in "Rob Roy," by Sir Walter Scott, who makes Major Galbraith and the Highlanders affix St. Andrew's cross to the door of the Scotch whiskey house, as a sign that they wish to be private, and to have no intercourse with those without. Princess of Canino.

21st. My birthday, and a wretched one! May God bless my wife, son, daughter, and grand-children. I have no further happiness in this world left for me to look forward to. In the morning called upon Lord Burghersh. They had gone to Lady Westmoreland's from their hôtel, Lady Westmoreland having provided apartments for them; but the secretary, preceptor, governess, men, and maids, found there were no conveniences for them; so they persuaded the Burghershes again to remove, after one night's lodging, from Lady Westmoreland's to the hôtel, where they have lost the first apartments which they had, and have got worse. I suspect some jealousies and bad blood. In the evening Princess Gabrielli's. Dined with Mr. and Mrs. Vernon.

22nd. Drove with my sister. She goes into a convent to-morrow for a week's devotion. This is a common custom with Catholics at this season. Lord Arundel goes into a monastery, I suspect shrewdly against his will. In the evening to the Ambassador of the Netherlands. The Spanish ambassador has received his credentials to the conclave, and addresses them on Tuesday. This is extraordinary, as although that court has the right to do so, it never has of late years exercised the right at all. It is impossible not already to perceive the

good effects of what is passing in England. It is evident that much attention is now paid in conclave to the feelings of England; and if a moderate Pope is chosen, it will be mainly owing, as I believe, to that feeling. This, of course, makes the other powers jealous of us, and Russia very angry. En revanche, the latter talks loudly and largely of her preparations for the next campaign.

23rd. Went to the Farnesian Gardens. Paul III., of the house of Farnese, made these Gardens. They were sold to the King of Naples, who destroyed them, and conveyed all the beautiful marbles which he found there to Naples. They are now, therefore, the ruins of a ruin, as the Casino, of which the outward wall still exists, was on the site of part of Augustus's palace. The amphitheatre of Caligula stood here. The whole place is hollowed out into vast subterranean halls, on the arches of which stood the buildings that belonged to the immense mass called the Palace of the Cæsars. As a new building was wanted, immense arches were raised in the valley to the height of the ground already built upon; and thus building was added on to building on the same apparent level. The result of all this, however, is, that there are many of these passages that have names and uses attached to them which in reality were never thought of. This applies, for instance, to the subterranean chambers called the Baths of Livia. It is more than doubtful whether they were baths at all; and no reason whatever exists for believing them to have been Livia's. There is a beautiful knot of evergreen oaks to the right of the Casino, from whence the view of the Coliseum, &c., is beautiful. From thence to the Villa Pamphili Doria, where I passed the day.

24th. Made a party to Tivòli with Madame Wyse, Mr. and the two Misses Taaffe, Marchesa de Cabuccini (a Venetian), Mr. Sydenham, Mrs. Stenhouse and her brother, name unknown. We met Lord Meath and Lady Georgiana Brabazon and her sister, the Barringtons, the Gordon Drummonds, and others. On quitting St. Lawrence's Gate, the ancient Via Tiburtina takes you over the Campagna, which, although interesting in itself, calls up recollections that overpower the mind. The sight of the Sabine Hills to the left made one remember the first establishment of the Roman power; whilst Tibur, opposite to you, recalls Horace's and Mecænus' Villas, and Hadrian's Villa illustrated the decay of the empire, as from that time the arts gradually declined in beauty of execution and chastity of design. The Anio—now the Teverene—which forms the aquatic beauty of Tivoli, falls into the Tiber about three miles from Rome, near Ponte Salaro. It rises on the borders of the kingdom of Naples. About four miles from Rome you cross it by a bridge called Mammeulo. It is said to have been built by the Princess Mammea, mother of Alexander Severus. The whole Campagna is dotted over with watch-towers, erected by the contending factions in the lower ages; whilst, on each side of the road appears every now and then a crumbling and ruined tomb. Most of them have been rifled. In some, however, the nameless dead yet slumber.

We passed, about six miles from Rome, a bivouac of shepherds. Many hundreds of them, at the beginning of spring, bring their flocks and herds down from the high ground into the pastures of the Campagna, and, bivouacking in straw huts, turn their horses loose to feed with their herds, until the spring pasture is eaten

up, and the heats force them into the recesses of the mountains. They always build one hut larger than the rest for a chapel, where Mass is regularly said by a priest whom they send for out of Rome.

The appearance of the soil denotes an approach to our ancient volcanic friends, and we soon came to sulphate of lime and beds of gypsum. About thirteen miles from Rome we came to the Lake of Tartaro, a small pool of water on level ground, evidently the focus of an early volcano, where probably some fiery element is still at work. The pool is filling itself up by gradual and slow degrees, covering all the vegetable substances round it and in it with a tartareous substance, that hardens by exposure, and with which the roads are mended and division walls are made. The whole lake is a basin of incrustation.

Shortly after, the road diverges into two branches—one to the Villa Hadriana, the other up the mountain to Tivoli. Where the road divides you cross a stream of a milky blue colour, and so full of sulphur that the air is horribly tainted with it. The sulphur deposited by this water is a great article of commerce in Rome. About a mile from the road it forms a little lake, where Father Kuchen tells the wonderful story of the floating islands in it. In fact, this is the same formation as the Lake of Tartaro; when the banks are incrusted with sulphureous matter, the piece breaks off, and, until the water makes it heavy enough to sink, it for a little while floats about, and becomes a floating island.

Virgil is quoted to prove this to be the oracle of Faunus consulted by Latinus. Here are ruins of ancient baths built by M. Agrippa, and frequented by Augustus. At a small distance from the Solfatara, the

tomb of the Plautian family rivals that of Cecilia Metella, which it imitates in form. M. Plautius Lucanus is the name of the head of the family. From hence the road winds up the hill, amongst olive grounds and vines, to Tivoli. The view of the Campagna from the Belvedere, close to the gate of the town, is uncommonly fine. The gate where you enter is on the site of Sallust's Villa.

As soon as we got to the town, and secured apartments, &c., we proceeded to the Temple of Vesta. Before we arrived at it, our first feeling was that of disappointment. Three years ago a tremendous flood of the Anio washed away two streets and a church. It was necessary to repair the bank which constituted the great fall, in order to regulate the supply of water to the mills, &c.; and, accordingly, the extremity of Italian suburban taste has been had recourse to, to spoil the natural beauties of the place. A very fine pool of placid water is now dammed up, which, when the trees grow, will have a pretty effect; but it disgorges itself, not by a fine tumbling cascade, but through two regular piers of masonry and over an inclined plane, precisely like the waste of a canal reservoir in England—and this is just above the Temple of Vesta! Fortunately, when you do get to the Temple of Vesta you lose sight of this horrid piece of masonry, and you see the fall of the Anio only, in its rocky channel, flowing into an abyss full of spray, water, and uproar far below you, the bottom invisible, and the sides rough and horrid.

The beauty of the Temple of Vesta is above all praise, both as to its situation and its own intrinsic merits as a piece of architecture; and one cannot too much wonder

at the bold idea of our Lord Bishop, who would buy such a thing and remove it to an English park, and to a situation to which it neither belonged by right of history, nor would have fitted in point of beauty. From thence to Neptune's Grotto, where the river, forcing itself from above through the cavern, and the other arm of it forming the fall, half-way down which you stand, makes a very sublime scene. We visited it again in the night, when the *cicerone* tried to spoil it by lighting it up with torches, and sending blazing straw down the cataract, like the last scene of a pantomime. Further down again, and in the narrow gorge of the stream at the bottom of the fall, where the sun never penetrates and the spray never ceases, the effect is very fine, and the Syren's Cave cannot be spoilt by *cicerones*.

25th. Rode round the gorge of the valley, on an abutment jutting forth from the side of which stands the town of Tivoli, through beautiful olive woods, visiting the site of the villas of Horace and Lucullus, whose names are attached, without any authority save that they had villas in Tivoli; to modern villas, the Cascatelle, and the fine remains of the Villa of Mecænas, now turned into an iron-foundry. Nothing can be finer than the view of the numberless sheets of liquid silver which form the Cascatelle, or the dark corridor under the chambers of Mecænas's Villa, along which the Via Tiburtina runs as it did of old, and through which the torrent roars which turns the machinery of the iron works.

The Villa d'Este is a sad trumpery cake-house, full of squirting fountains, and gioccha d'agua, and water-organs, which certainly do not appear to advantage

after Le Cascatelle. But there is a wooden dragon that spouts out water from every practicable aperture, and which, through a water-organ, makes a roaring very like a dragon, that delights all the Tiburtini of the present day much more than all the natural beauties of Tivoli, or the classical recollections which they call up.

CHAPTER VI.

The King of Bavaria's Question—Lord Burghersh's Good Taste—Secret Intrigues—Private and Confidential—Adoration of the New Pope—His Coronation—The Pope's Cobbler—An Ancient Family—The Grand Duchess Helena—Palm Sunday—Lord Hertford's Purchases—The Sistine Chapel and the Pope—Ceremonies of the Catholic Church—Illuminations.

MARCH 26th. Visited Hadrian's Villa, but saw it most imperfectly, owing to our party being so large, and thinking more of rolling upon the grass and gathering violets than studying the place.

Two men were murdered upon the road last night close to us. This was "seulement une rixe! une querelle! une bagatelle!"—so nobody minded it. The fact was, that a butcher was bringing a quantity of unwholesome meat to market. Two gardes champetres met him, and were taking him and his meat before "Le Tribunal" to fine him, and destroy the latter, when the butcher coolly murdered with his hatchet one of the gardes champetres, and the other instantly shot the butcher. The bodies were carrying to be buried whilst

we were at the Villa Hadriana. No sympathy was created, no surprise was excited—"l'affaire etait fini," but "le boucher fut un mauvais sujet et a bien merité son sort!"

On my return to Rome I met the Governor in the evening, and, talking the matter over, asked him whether any notice would be taken of it. A shrug of the shoulders, and a "mais que voulez vous?" was the only answer I could get.

Dined with Count Lutzow to meet the King of Bavaria, who, very deaf, and in very bad but very loud English, could find no better subject of conversation with me—Lord Burghersh sitting on the other side of him—than putting questions to me which I could not stop—"For vy Lord Vestmorland he separate from Lady Vestmorland?" At the same time mixing up the questions with sundry scandalous stories about his lordship.

In the evening a tableau and a dance at Lady Westmoreland's, the former extremely well done, representing one of the Sybils in Raphael's fresco in St. Maria della Pace. The latter very hot.

28th. Kestner came and sat with me. Talked the conclave over. Things not going on so well. The moderate party losing ground, and Gregorio again advancing. Burghersh sent here to watch the conclave; brings his pack of hounds here; goes out hunting over all the wheat and amongst all the flocks; gets the shepherds after him. Comes home and makes the Hanoverian Minister request the Governor of Rome to go officially to the conclave to ask formal leave of the Cardinals for the English Minister to hunt over the corn, and sheep, and oxen, the laws having stopped

all hunting since the beginning of February. The Minister goes, and comes back with a very civil, but a very plump refusal. Good taste this of John, Lord Burghersh, who might, with just as much tact, have asked the Government's leave to bring a seraglio with him.

29th. My sister and Lord Arundel called upon me, having come out of their retirement—she in a convent, he in the Jesuit's college. I asked Bishop Baines whether these observances were prescribed by the Catholic Church. He said no; they were recommended, but by no means enforced. When devout persons go in they subscribe to all their monastic rules, except their dinner, which is sent in to them. They have a certain number of meditations per diem given them to study, and they see no society.

31st. This morning 100 guns from St. Angelo announced the election of the Pope. Castiglione, the infirm and useless, after all! Cardinal Albani is made Secretary of State—a good Austrian anti-Gallican appointment. Bernetti sent legate to Bologna, *vice* Albani. Capellari appointed to the Propaganda. Gregorio Grand Penitentiary. France would have given her veto against this appointment had she dared; but she is obliged to reserve her veto against Cardinal Fesch. The rain poured in torrents all day; but the crowd on the Quirinal Hill was immense. They deferred the proclamation as long as they could, in hopes of fine weather. But the heavens shone not on the new Pope. The wall of the balcony of the conclave was broken down by the masons shut up in conclave for that purpose. At half-past two o'clock, P.M., Cardinal Albani advanced through the breach, and, with a loud voice, addressed the populace.

Cries of "Viva il Papa!" followed; but there was much water mixed with the wine. The people were wet through; and of all misfortunes that is the greatest to an Italian. For some hours Castiglione refused to accept the tiara. He pleaded his infirmities, and asked them why they wished so soon to get into conclave again. He said that they did not know him; that he was of a violent temper, subject to fits of passion, &c., &c. But the Cardinals were bored to death by their stay in conclave; and having come to this conclusion in order to avoid the choosing Gregorio, they were determined not to run the risk of being kept all the summer shut up. So they clamoured down the old Cardinal's objurgations and objections; and Somaglia took him into his room, and, after a short private discussion, brought him out Pope Pius VIII.

Went to the French Ambassador's, where I learned the particulars of the conclave. Cardinal Albani was sent in by Austria to carry Capellari's election, he being very hostile to the Jesuits, &c. The votes ran equal between Gregorio and Castiglione, until Capellari gradually crept in. On Thursday night he had thirty-five promises for the next day, which would have made him Pope. Albani found that Capellari would not make him Secretary of State, whereupon he turns short round upon Austria and Capellari, and employs the whole night in undoing his majesty. He first gains over the French Cardinals by giving them to understand that Capellari was in the Austrian interest! By these means he drew off Capellari's majority. He then went to Castiglioni, and gave him to understand that he would ensure his election if he would promise to make him Secretary of State! Thus the bargain was struck!

Bernetti is furious; Austria is equally so. But the ridiculous part of the story is this :—

This morning Lutzow wrote a "private, secret, and confidential" note to Albani, reproaching him with his misconduct, and assuring him of the Emperor's displeasure. This was sent. In the evening he gave it to one of his attachés to copy out. Whilst the Austrian was doing this, a friend came in.

"Have you heard the news?"

"No."

"Your Ambassador has sent a very strong note to Cardinal Albani, reproaching him," &c.

"Ah! who told you this?"

"Oh, your porter!"

The porter was summoned.

"Who told you the story you told M. —— of a letter being written to our embassy?"

"Cardinal Fesch's porter."

"Go and find out where he learned it from."

The man returned.

"From his master's cook!"

"And who did he get it from?"

"From the Cardinal himself!"

Thus confidences are kept, and in such breasts reposed. Can anybody wonder at the profligacy of this Government?

April 1st. Went this morning to St. Peter's. At ten o'clock the firing of cannon announced the Pope's arrival. The procession was a very long one, of all sorts of carriages, of all ages and all epochs, from the Pope's state carriage of the oldest pattern of the time of Louis XIV., down to the present day. He was received, as usual, by the Chapel singing, "Tu es Petrus," &c.

The crowd in the Place of St. Peter's was immense, and cheered him loudly. He moved on giving his blessing; but when a great burst of "Viva nostro Santa Padre" came, the poor old man burst out crying. From his carriage he was put into the chair, and hoisted upon men's shoulders. He was dressed in the golden mitre, &c. In this way he was carried to the Baldaquino of St. Peter's. The effect of this vast edifice thus filled was very fine. The Cardinals, fifty in number, were seated down the nave. The Pope, first of all, knelt before the altar, prostrated himself, and prayed. He then rose up and was seated on the high altar—not in a chair, but on the altar itself—where each Cardinal went up to him, kissed his foot and his hand, and the Pope embraced him. It was curious and interesting to reflect and watch the countenances of the Cardinals when they performed that function—how few of them appeared to feel even charity towards the sovereign they embraced; how many felt disgust!

The Pope prostrated himself before the altar, thus acknowledging it to be a holy place. We know what veneration Catholics affix to the altar. Nothing but the figure of the crucified Saviour and the vessels consecrated to the Holy Elements, which, according to them, are the visible body and blood of Christ, are allowed to be upon this altar; and yet upon it, not on a throne by it, or before it, but on it, the new Pope sits, and is worshipped! I confess I never felt, before to-day, the strong impression that the religion is idolatrous. But I believe it now. It is impossible that any other interpretation can be put upon this adoration of a man seated on the altar of God! After this was gone through, the Pope retired into a covered place set apart for him to change his vestments

in, and retired—all the bells of Rome chiming, and the cannon firing, as he entered. In this manner the Pope goes round to all the basilicæ, taking possession of them, as it is called; and at each of them he is seated on the altar and "adored" by the clergy of the basilica.

2nd. In the evening I went to Mrs. Canning's, and again heard the Improvvisatrice, Thaddéa. She was given as a subject the tears which the Pope shed yesterday on being cheered very much by the people on his way to the Vatican and in St. Peter's. The subject was an easy one, but she treated it prettily. I gave her the following subject: "Was it the loss of Antony or the fear of Cæsar that occasioned the death of Cleopatra?" She treated this well, leaving the question much where it was—there being, as Sir Roger de Coverley said, much to be said on both sides. The third subject she did not manage so well.

4th. I wrote to the Pope's Maggior Duomo for the means of seeing the coronation without being squeezed by the crowd, and he positively refused me, saying that there were seats only for the ladies, not for the gentlemen; but he sent me a ticket for the roof of the colonnade, which, he said, was "destiné tant pour les hommes que pour les femmes," and from which I might see the Benediction. So I went in a plain coat, determined to obtain from the civility of others what I could not obtain from the Pope's minister.

5th. Coronation of the Pope. I went at seven o'clock, A.M., to St. Peter's, Giovanni carrying my travelling folding-stool. I soon received civilities there which I had been refused by the Pope's minister, and the officer commanding the Swiss Guards placed me in front of the line of military, from whence I saw every-

thing that passed. The view of St. Peter's, dressed entirely from roof to pavement, along the lines of its architecture, in crimson damask, had on the whole a fine effect. At the further end, before the high altar, was a throne of white brocade and gold, and on each side were seats of crimson damask for the cardinals, &c. Two tribunes were erected—one for the King of Bavaria, the other for the Grand Duchess Helena; and two tribunes, one on each side of the Baldaquino, were erected for the corps diplomatique, princesses, and ladies. The altar under the Baldaquino was the high altar used on this occasion.

About eight o'clock the Pope left the Quirinal, where he had slept, in procession, with all his dignitaries and Cardinals, and amidst the firing of the guns from St. Angelo; he reached St. Peter's, where he was placed in his chair and carried into the church, the choir singing the "Tu es Petrus," &c. This, unaccompanied by any instrumental performance, was very fine. The Pope first went to the chapel of the Holy Sacrament, when he descended from his chair, knelt down, and performed his devotions. This over, he was carried into the Gregorian chapel, where he again received the *adoration* of the Cardinals, whom he severally embraced. As yet, not being crowned with the tiara, he wore his golden mitre and robes of white and gold, as Bishop of Rome. This ceremony over, he was again placed in his chair, and, under a canopy of white damask and gold, accompanied by the Cardinals, dignitaries, &c., was brought up the great aisle of St. Peter's to the furthest end, where his throne was placed. Three times in the course of this procession an officer appointed for the

purpose put a quantity of flax upon a sort of fork, and holding it up before the Pope, set fire to it, and as the flame expired, exclaimed in a loud voice, "Sancta Pater, sic transit gloria mundi!" This was the only interesting part of the ceremony within the church. The rest was only a repetition of the adoration by the Cardinals and the Pontifical High Mass, which I had seen before on Christmas-day.

After this we had to struggle, and scramble, and squeeze—men and women altogether as they could into stands and booths formed over one of the colonnades of St. Peter's. Here those who were lucky got seats—those less fortunate were obliged to stand. The heat of the sun directly bearing on our heads was tremendous; and, in addition to all the other neglects that were heaped upon foreigners, we were placed, as if on purpose, on the sunny side of the piazza, whereas had we been placed on the other side the sun would have been at our backs.

The scene was here very interesting. At the extremity the furthest distant from St. Peter's the carriages were all drawn up in a great mass—thick, dense, and regular. Nearer St. Peter's was a square, formed by all the troops in Rome, about 3,000, both cavalry and infantry. Then the remainder of the square, quite up to the gates of St. Peter's, was an immense mass of people, thickly set, immovable, not capable of motion, so dense was the crowd. In this square there could not be less than 35,000 or 40,000 people assembled.

Over the great portal of St. Peter's is the balcony from which the Pope blesses the people on Easter Sunday. Here a high throne was erected, and the real coronation took place here. The Pope ascended the throne, with his golden mitre on his head. Two assistant

Cardinals take it off, and the third, or senior deacon Cardinal, placed the tiara on his head in its place. In an instant the whole multitude dropped on their knees, the troops knelt and presented arms, the colours trailed on the ground, and so perfect a silence followed the tumult of the mob, that it seemed as if a sudden spell had been cast over the noisy multitude. Every bell was hushed, and nothing but the occasional neigh of a horse interrupted the silence. The Pope rose, and, elevating his arm, blessed the whole Christian world. The effect certainly was for the moment sublime. The moment the Benediction was given the cannon from St. Angelo fired 100 rounds, and the ceremony of the coronation was over. Two Cardinals then put on their mitres, and, advancing to the front of the balcony, each held up in his hand a Plenary Indulgence, and dropped it amongst the crowd, which scrambled for the precious paper. The Pope then withdrew, and the crowd slowly dispersed, without acclammation or any sound of joy or appearance of congratulation. Every Catholic assisting at the ceremony, and having previously confessed, receives a plenary indulgence, or pardon, for all sins committed up to this day!

After the Pope withdrew he had to undergo a long Latin oration from Cardinal Somaglio, the senior Cardinal priest, to whom he had to return an answer.

Thus have finished the labours of the conclave, in which great intrigue has taken place, and by the result of which no party's political views have been answered except Cardinal Albani's, who, by base bargain, has bought the place of secretary of state, and has overcome Bernetti, his political adversary. In order to prove his opposition to the late Pope's measures, the present Pope,

this very evening, has promulgated an edict repealing that issued by his predecessor, for the preventing the people from drinking in the wine-houses. His object was to prevent the scenes of assassination which took place there, by directing that wine should be sold only in the wine-houses, but should be drunk at home. The motive was an excellent one, and the effect of the law was very good, but it rendered the late Pope unpopular, and the new Pope could not resist the little-minded vanity that tempted him, as the first act of his government, to cast loose the inebriety of his metropolis, merely to gain the applause of his drunken people. It is fair, however, to add, that he has accompanied this act by splendid acts of charity. He has redeemed in the Monte del Pieta, with his own money, every pledge of the value of five pauls, and has given back the article pledged to the owner; he has clothed 1,000 poor people, and has given dowers to fifty young women; he has directed all the furniture of his palazzo as cardinal to be sold, and the proceeds given to the poor, and has pensioned at his own expense his old servants, whom his new rank prevented his taking with him to the Vatican.

According to usage, three pairs of embroidered shoes were presented to him in conclave when he was first chosen. They were all too small and pinched him. His attendants were going with an obedient start to the Court shoemaker, but he forbad them. He desired them to go to his own palazzo, under the arcades of which they would find a poor cobbler, who had worked there late and early for years. "Go and tell him only that the Pope wants him, without mentioning any name." The poor man first thought it a hoax, then

fell into a fright, and then set out without his coat, wondering what the Pope could want with him, sorely suspecting some unknown misfortune. They brought his coat after him. When conducted into the presence of Il Santa Padre he scarcely recognized the Cardinal for whom and for whose establishment he had cobbled all his life.

"What, you don't recollect your old friend!" exclaimed the Pope. "Well, to show you that I don't forget mine, measure me for my papal shoes. These people cannot fit me. Here are fifty scudi to buy materials, and if you fit me well you shall have two hundred scudi more."

The cobbler retired, blest of all cobblers, and amongst the richest instead of the poorest in Rome. This and one or two other anecdotes of the same sort, show a humane and good-tempered spirit.

6th. Last night, and all the preceding nights since the nomination of the Pope, there have been illuminations. Although more general, they are not so brilliant as ours. Last night, however, in addition to other lights, the wine-houses burnt before their doors the wood composing the barriers which the late Pope put up and the present one has put down. To the Austrian Ambassador's, as usual, in the evening. A great many Cardinals there, and dull music.

7th. Dined with the French Ambassador, to meet the Cardinals. The dinner composed exclusively of the Ambassadors, Cardinals, Roman princes, and myself. We were seventy-five at table. No lady but Madame Chateaubriand. I never saw a finer or better arranged feast. The Cardinals are like schoolboys who have just broke up. Was presented to the French Cardinal, La

Sylle, whom I remember chaplain to Monsieur the present King, at Stowe. He was very anxious to talk over old times with me. Equally so was La Farre, another French Cardinal, under similar circumstances. I was presented to Cardinal La Prince de Croze, the representative of the oldest family in the world—the joke says established before the Deluge. When the beasts were moving into the ark, God saw Noah with a sack filled with something at his back.

"Aha! l'ami Noé que faites tu la?"

"Seigneur," replied Noah, "je sauve Monsieur la Prince de Croze."

"C'est bon," was the reply, and Noah tumbled him into the ark.

I find great complaints made of the want of accommodation at the Coronation, in consequence of which persons having no claims seized the first place vacant, and the Ambassadors had not room for their embassies. Labrador, the Spanish ambassador, refused to enter the tribune thus filled, and returned home in a passion, swearing and blaspheming in pure Castilian.

8th. In the evening a grand party at the French Ambassador's, to Helena, daughter of Prince Paul of Wurtemberg, and Grand Duchess of Russia. I was presented to her. She is young—about twenty-one—pretty, although, like her father who is ugly, blonde—with remarkably pleasing manners—lively and agreeable. She was sent to travel, under the guidance of an old Russian duenna, by the Russian Empress mother, and to leave her husband and children. I believe some suspicion of an attachment. Music. Tremendously hot.

9th. The Pope went through the streets on a visit to

the King of Bavaria. He went in the same old-fashioned glass coach which he used at his coronation, and was exceedingly cheered as he passed, bestowing his benediction. In the evening great party given by the Austrian ambassador to the Grand Duchess. The Cardinals had dined with him, but as he had no room to receive a large party, no one was invited to meet the Cardinals. Music, and dreadfully hot.

11th. This evening grand party at the Russian ambassador's, to receive the Grand Duchess Helena. The palace is a remarkably fine one—Palazzo Pamphili, in the Piazza Navona. I never saw, except in the Colonna Palace, a finer gallery. We had music and tableaux, under the management of Lady Westmoreland. The latter surprizingly good. The first was Raphael's "Sybil Foretelling the Coming of our Saviour"—the second "Domenichino's Sybil in the Capitol"—the third Camuccini's "Cornelia, Mother of the Gracchi" —the fourth, and last, "Judith Carrying the Head of St. John." This last was done by Miss Parkinson, a very pretty girl.

12th. Palm Sunday. To-day the Pope blesses quantities of palm-branches, brought in great quantity from Naples, Genoa, &c., for the day. Then, after High Mass in the Sistine Chapel, all the Cardinals kiss his foot and knee, and receive at his hands a palm branch. Then Roman princes and foreign Catholics do the same, and, holding their branches up in their hands, a procession is formed of them round the Sistine Chapel into the Sala Regia, round it, and then back again into the chapel—nobody knows why—a very foolish, uninteresting ceremony.

13th. The result of the opening the wine-houses was,

that nine people were stabbed the first night in drunken quarrels. Lord Hertford, under the idea of purchasing antiquities, has got into the hands of Vescovale, General Ramsay, and Monsignor Duomo del Drago, who are inducing him to lay out his money very idly. He is about to buy, for £250 sterling, the Meta on the Villa ——, the property of the last-mentioned person, which is curious only from its locality. In England it will be only a shapeless block of marble. He is also to give the same man £500 for the mosaic pavement at the Villa. This explains the reason why del Drago would not let me see his things. I should think that the Government would not allow the Meta to leave Rome.

14th. The Pope has ordered the officers of the Swiss Guards to be spoken to, to direct their men to be more civil to strangers. To-day the old devotees in Rome, some of them at this moment mistresses to Cardinals—Doria, for instance, mistress to Cardinal Bernetti—go to a convent here, and, for the next three days, take each of them the exclusive charge of washing the feet, attending to the beds and morning toilettes, of two female pilgrims. Gentlemen take two of the male sex. I fear that the Arundels are included in those who practise this very foolish mockery.

John Bull is beginning to flock back to Rome from Naples. Giovanni Gandolfi, my courier, having, at Naples, fifteen months ago, made his own contract with me, came to me this morning, in a very free manner, and wants to break it, making me pay for his lodging—a thing no courier is ever paid for, as the inn-keepers always lodge the couriers gratis. I was determined to resist this imposition, and told him that he might either go or stay as he chose, but I would not alter my bargain. He

fancied I would not take him at his word, and said he would go. I immediately turned him out of the room, paid him his wages, and dismissed him, to his great amazement. I gave him a fair but honest recommendation; but he will find it difficult, at this time of the year, to get a place, and will regret the losing one where he had so little to do. I shall not take another, but trust to my coachman to act as courier, and take a lacquey de place at the towns where I stop. Couriers are, in general, very useless, and very imposing and expensive servants.

15th. At two o'clock, P.M., I went in uniform to the Sistine Chapel; was immediately let in, and got a seat. Those out of uniform are put into a place where they are obliged to stand all the while. The ladies are not admitted into the body of the chapel, but are placed behind a grating. They must be in mourning, and veiled. Notwithstanding the newly-issued orders of the Pope, I saw a Swiss Guard, most insolently and violently, give a great shove with his elbow right in the bosom of an Italian Princess whom I knew. I rescued her from the fellow, in right of my uniform and star, and took her into the chapel.

Whilst waiting for the Pope to arrive, I amused myself well with considering and surveying the wonderful work of Michael Angelo. The Last Judgment is dreadfully disfigured by the tawdry canopy over the altar set right against it, breaking in upon a great piece in the centre, and, by its colours, destroying the effect of the remainder. In fact, great part of that wonderful work is now invisible. But even in its present state it shows the magnificence of the design of this immense work, covering the whole extremity of the

chapel—being the altar-piece to the high altar—and the miserable taste of those who have plaistered against it gold embroidery and crimson velvet. Strong as my objections to frescoes are, I think this chapel is a wonderful work. Michael Angelo was two years only painting the Last Judgment, and three more painting the entire of the rest of the chapel.

After we had waited about an hour, the Pope came in in procession. The Cardinals had come in individually before in violet (mourning) robes, and had taken their places. The crucifix on the altar was veiled. Six great yellow wax tapers burned on the altar, and six more on the top of the screen dividing the chapel, and forming the grating behind which the ladies sat. These twelve candles were to represent the twelve Apostles. A high bronze candelabrum held fifteen more candles—fourteen were to represent the fourteen Stations of the Passion, as they are called—*i.e.*, fourteen events which occur in Scripture between Christ's being given up to be crucified and the crucifixion—and the fifteenth candle, or centre one, represents the Virgin Mary. The Penitentiary Psalms and Lamentations of Jeremiah were immediately sung by the choir, without instruments; the Pope seated on his throne, with his gold mitre on his head. At the end of each psalm a candle is put out, to signify an act of the Passion concluded, until at last the fourteen being extinguished, the Virgin Mary remains alone alight. Then the twelve great candles are, one by one, extinguished as different verses are sung, representing the twelve Apostles all leaving our Saviour when carried to be crucified. At last the Virgin being the only surviving candle, and she not having left our Saviour, her candle is taken out of the socket, kept alight, and put

behind the altar. Thus the chapel is left in darkness—a state of things which, in former days, when both sexes were allowed indiscriminately to sit together, was not productive of very decent scenes, much less of religious feelings.

The "Miserere" then begins, and is certainly a performance of which no one has the least idea who has never heard it. I can compare the thrilling modulations of the soprano voices, scientifically combined, rising from a single voice to the fullest swell of harmony, and then dying away again to a single voice, thus alternately rising and falling, to nothing but the Æolian harp, magnified and modulated. I can quite understand weak nerves being moved to tears by the music, which I never could until I had heard this music. This lasted full three quarters of an hour, during which all the Cardinals and the Pope knelt before the altar.

The ceremony then concluded, and all silently withdrew. But I could not conceal my astonishment at hearing a loud thumping and clattering of feet just as we were all withdrawing. Upon inquiry, I found that this was meant to typify the trampling of the Jews carrying our Saviour to be crucified, and their execrations! All this had a very extraordinary effect, but was very pagan, and, like all the other ceremonies of the Church of Rome which I have witnessed, was a great sacrifice of reason and sense to feelings and to outward show.

16th. This has been a busy day. At eight o'clock in the morning we were all in the Sistine Chapel, where a Pontifical High Mass was celebrated. This had nothing different in it from the ordinary High Masses, except that the Pope and all the Cardinals being

present, the highest degree of ceremony was adhered to. At the end of it the Pope descended from the throne, and, taking off his mitre, or having it taken off—for he does nothing for himself, two Cardinals assisting him—removed from the altar the Holy Sacrament. A procession is then formed across the Hall of Constantine to the Pauline Chapel at the other side, which is fitted up with a catafalque, and an infinity of candles. In the sarcophagus the Pope buries the Holy Sacrament, which is enclosed, and remains there until Saturday. It is to typify the burial of our Saviour; and the taking out the Host on Saturday, the resurrection. This is the end of the first ceremony.

We were then conducted, or rather driven like a flock of sheep—we in uniforms and orders, like bell-wethers, leading the flock—into an apartment, where, against the wall, sat twelve figures—pilgrims—in white woollen tunic dresses, and white caps on their heads. These are to represent the Apostles, and the feet of these men the Pope is to wash. They are selected by lot out of the host of pilgrims who flock from all parts of Italy to Rome at this season. The rest are sent to Princess Doria, my sister, &c., at the pilgrims' house of reception.

At the upper end of the room is the Pope's throne. The Pope came in in the usual procession. After reading certain prayers, he is divested of his outer robes, and stands up a little wizen old gentleman, in a white camisole, and red velvet embroidered shoes. He then proceeds, followed by Cardinals and assistants, bearing ewers, basins, napkins, &c., and, kneeling down, he *bona fide* scrubbed and washed the feet—by no means clean, although previously scrubbed—of the pilgrims. Some of them disliked the ceremony very much, and

winced at the cold water. To each man, when he had washed him, the Pope gave a large nosegay. This ended the second ceremony.

We were then trooped off as before to the Hall of the Swiss Guards, where a table was set out for the twelve pilgrims. The press and crowd here were so great that I thought some mischief must happen; and, accordingly, there being a gallery erected for the ladies with a ladder up to it, a poor English girl with many others crowded up on it to get in. Those at the top were repulsed by the press of the people already in possession of the seats, and the poor English girl fell from the top to the bottom and broke her arm. I got into the Ambassadors' box, but, below, the rank and all the mob of Rome were crowded and hustled together.

The pilgrims took their places. The Pope and procession came in, and, their dinner being brought up, and the Pope having blessed the pilgrims and dinner, he proceeded down the table, and from gilt ewers filled to each man a goblet of wine. He then went twice successively round the table, and each time with his own hand gave each pilgrim, first, a dish of maccaroni soup, and then another of fish, and the pilgrims sat and ate. The Pope gave his blessing and departed, and then the poor pilgrims set-to in earnest, and what they did not eat they put into a sack, which each man brought with him. I could not but observe, that, notwithstanding the Pope was in the room, and twice gave his benediction, few went on their knees, and the majority of the Romans present did not even take off their hats! Thus ended this ceremony.

The Pope then proceeded to the balcony over the great entrance of St. Peter's, and gave his benediction

to the people as at his coronation; but this lost its effect, because it rained violently. We were then trooped on to another room, where was set out a meagre dinner for the Cardinals. The table was decked with gilt statues of our Saviour and the twelve Apostles. This is the Pope's dinner, and he is supposed to serve the Cardinals; but he was dead tired, and had the good sense to take his own dinner quietly, and retire to his siesta; so we had the supreme honour of seeing the Cardinals stuff sturgeon, which they did much as other people do.

Thus ended the ceremony, and we all retired at one P.M., much edified, but bored. At three o'clock we were again penned up in the Sistine Chapel, where we had the "Miserere," as last night, with the same extraordinary effect. But a few years must terminate this style of music. Soprani are no longer made, and the present tremulous old gentlemen will have no successors. The music must then be cast for boys, for women cannot enter into the Pope's choir or chapel, and the music will be spoilt.

All the ceremonies of the day lasted twelve hours.

17th. Went to our church, where the sacrament was administered. There were so many communicants, that with four priests administering, it was past two o'clock before it was over. The Catholic ceremonies of the day (Good Friday) consisted in disinterring the holy sacrament buried last night at the High Mass. Yesterday two hosts were consecrated, one consumed by the officiating cardinal, the other locked up in the sepulchre by the Pope. Two Cardinals stand at the sepulchre when the host is taken out in the morning, representing, as their ritual states, the angels standing at the sepul-

chre. Thus their whole religion is one of types, and ceremonies, and symbols, except the sacramental bread, and that is no symbol but the real body. Why is one a reality more than the rest? In the afternoon the "Miserere" again, with the same putting out of candles, noise of feet, &c. The music of the "Miserere" splendidly fine.

18th. There were no ceremonies to-day which I had not seen before, except the baptism of two Jews, who are always provided for the day. They receive seventy scudi a-piece for being baptized.

19th. I went to the piazza of St. Peter's. The sight was a very extraordinary one. The first and partial illumination was just beginning. All the architectural lines of the building, including the whole piazza and colonnades, were marked by paper lanterns, which at first had the effect of pale lines of white light. But as the light declined the lamps gradually gave a red light, until at length the whole was one mass of lines of waving fire. The effect of the dome was beautiful, designed in all its lines and windows with rows of lamps up to the top of the cross. The great beauty of this illumination was its simplicity and its careful adherence to the architectural form of the columns, cornices, friezes, &c., of this astonishing building. The crowd gradually assembled, the interior of the piazza was filled with carriages and pedestrians, and the balconies and roofs of the houses with spectators. The dashing of the fountains, the stillness of the evening, and the music of military bands stationed in different parts, made it very delightful. The church appeared to have been lit up by invisible hands. All the lanterns were placed with inconceivable rapidity by numerous

men employed for the purpose, to each of whom a certain quantity of lighting was entrusted. The man is secured by a rope fastened to the top of the column on the part of the building under his charge, and holding this, and secured by it round his body, he fearlessly launches himself into the air, guiding himself by his feet from pillar to frieze and cornice, and wherever his lights are wanted. The fearless and active manner in which these men swing themselves about with their hands and chests full of lights, placing them in the volutes of the capitals and interstices of the stonework, and then throwing themselves off by their feet, is wonderful. On the immense cupola one saw men flying round the dizzy height like jackdaws, and as the light declined the ropes which held them became invisible, and the men in the air were alone to be seen, whilst the cross was crowded with men like bees clustering to swarm.

Thus the time tided on until the Italian clocks tolled one, which means one hour of the day after sunset. This answered to our eight o'clock in the evening. As the quarters were chiming, a buzz and murmur arose over the extended assembly, and when the great bell tolled the hour, and before its vibration had passed away, the whole scene had changed, the illumination was altered, and the entire cathedral and piazza a blaze of fire. In that instant one great torch of vivid silver fire was seen waving from the summit of the cross, held by the chief of the San Pietrini, as they are called, or the persons, above five hundred in number, employed regularly about the cathedral, and now entrusted with the lighting it, and in the same instant five hundred other torches are seen flying about the dome, cathedral,

and colonnades, borne by men swinging from the ropes, and running along the roofs, and in one instant lighting hitherto unseen *pots à feu*, consisting of terra-cotta pots filled with grease, on the top of which is a heap of shavings. These blaze up, and, in addition to the lights already lit, give the idea of an immense piece of jewellery studded with enormous diamonds. These *pots à feu* are ranged in lines along the architecture like the others, but are immensely superior in brilliancy. The old illumination thus affords a sort of groundwork or setting for the new. This is suffered to burn out, and lasts many hours. The effect is magical, and from all the hills of Rome the sight of this immense silver dome, studded with gold and diamonds blazing in the air, is awfully fine.

CHAPTER VII.

Fireworks at St. Angelo—Countess Guicciola—Catholic Relics—The English quitting Rome—Excursion to Frescati—Water Organs—Villa of Lucien Buonaparte—Tusculum—Breakfast given by Chateaubriand—Albano—Jour de Fête—La Ricia—Raft of Tiberius—Barberini Palace—Audience of the New Pope—His Conversation—Interview with Cardinal Albani.

April 20th. At eight o'clock I got placed in my carriage, and was conveyed to Madame Wyse's house, on the Tiber, close to the bridge of St. Angelo, and commanding a full view of the river and Castle. The crowd was immense; and on the river were several illuminated boats, with music, that made it very gay. The Cardinal Secretary of State had a balcony in a house immediately opposite the Castle, for which I had a card; but I preferred the house where I had a window to myself, and a comfortable chair. From some window, to me unknown, the Pope, I believe, views the fireworks incognito, and gives the signal, by a torch, for their commencement. Formerly the fireworks and the illumination of St. Peter's were on the same night; but the

crowd was so great, and accidents in consequence so frequent from their going from one to the other, that the late Pope, with great good sense, ordered in future that the exhibitions should be on two following nights. Exactly at nine o'clock, or two Italian hours, the cannon of St. Angelo roared upon the night, and gave notice that the fireworks were commencing. One single rocket rose high in the air, and broke, and in an instant a volcano of fire burst forth from the whole circumference of Hadrian's Mausoleum, throwing up thousands of streams of fire, and millions of stars, in all directions. Of course, for obvious reasons, no sticks are allowed to the rockets; but they are made so well that they are much better without than with, and fly in much wilder and less obstructed flights than if directed by sticks. This exhibition is accompanied by a continued fire of cannon from St. Angelo, and boxes imitating the rattling fire of musketry.

To this succeeded an instantaneous change of blue lights and devices in honour of the new Pope, surmounted by his arms, the keys, name, device, &c., all in brilliant blue light, covering the whole building. This was again broken in upon by discharges of cannon and musketry, and other devices of wheels, guns, rockets, &c., infinitely exceeding anything I ever saw in England. I cannot conceive how they contrive to throw up such immense bodies and quantities of inflamed materials at once. The most beautiful change was from a scene of great cannonading and rockets, &c., to one of a series of immense pouring, quiet fountains of silver fire falling from the whole circumference of the tower into the Tiber below. The reflection in the water was quite magical.

This scene, in all its varieties, continued for about half an hour, and at last terminated with such a "girandola," or explosion of igneous matter, from the whole tower, and lasting so long, that certainly I never saw anything but Vesuvius to equal it. And thus the festivities of Easter concluded.

The expense of the two nights is calculated at 2,000 scudi. They said that, owing to the damp weather, the girandola was not so fine as last year. But certainly I never saw anything so fine. As to Vauxhall, it must hide its diminished head.

21st. No accident last night, except that the Swiss courier of Mr. Fitzherbert, an English Catholic gentleman, trying to force his master's carriage through the line of cavalry stationed to prevent confusion, got stabbed by one of the dragoons, and was carried to the hospital. He was not much hurt. I must say that, generally speaking, the regular soldiers here behave remarkably well in a mob, and keep order with great discretion and good temper. But when roused, and if struck, they never hesitate in using the point of their weapons freely. The only real brutal people are the Swiss Guards and the Guarda Nobile.

I find that I have quite forgot to mention that on Good Friday night, after the "Miserere," we all proceeded to St. Peter's. The church was quite dark, all light having been extinguished the day before. One tribune, in the upper cornice of the dome, was lit up with torches. The Pope and all the Cardinals advanced in procession up the great aisle to near the Baldaquin, where a prie-dieu was placed for the former. He threw himself upon his knees. All the Cardinals and the Catholics present did the same; a prayer was sung, and

then, from the illuminated tribune before mentioned, were shewn to the people, by the canons of St. Peter's, in whose hands they are, the most sacred relics of the Catholic Church, which are kept up behind that tribune, secured by many keys, exhibited only on this occasion to the people, and never nearer than we saw them. They consist of a large piece of the real cross, of the veronica or holy handkerchief, and of the end of the spear which pierced our Saviour's side. From below, and by the light in which we were, we saw nothing but frames, like picture frames, of silver, and glittering with jewels, which the canons held in their hands and exhibited in all directions. But what the frames contained it required Catholic eyes and faith to declare.

22nd. Madame le Comtesse Guicciola, Lord Byron's mistress, desired to be introduced at Madame Wyse's to me. She is not so handsome as Lord B. thought and described her, and as I had heard. She has fine features and head, and a profusion of blonde hair; but her figure is bad, and she is shorter standing up than sitting down. She is, however, spirituelle and pleasing in conversation. I have seen a great deal here of Mr. Taaffe, an Irish gentleman, who was much with Lord Byron. His account certainly has done away the little amiable disposition which one felt towards him. He even behaved very ill to this poor woman. Why he took her, and thereby ruined her—as she and her family have been under the surveillance of every police in Europe, and have been bandied about from pillar to post ever since—I know not, as he lived very little with her.

23rd. Went with my sister to Trenta Nova's, to see a plaister bust of my brother, that has been done by a young Irish artist, in London, and which, having been

broken to pieces, Trenta Nova is repairing. It is a wonderful likeness, although very coarsely done. Trenta Nova is to make a marble bust of it for me. In the evening, went to a ball given by the Spanish Ambassador. A very fine assembly; the rooms extremely well fitted up; the house very hot.

24th. With my sister shopping. She bought a whole gross of rosaries, &c. I asked her what they were for?—and at last found that they are in a lump to be blessed to-morrow by the Pope, of whom my sister will have an audience in the morning; and then being blessed, and, therefore, peculiarly sanctified, they are to be carried to England and distributed amongst the faithful. On Palm Sunday Lord A. took a blessed palm from the Pope. It is placed by the bed-side, and is to preserve the bed, and all in it, from harm of all sorts. I doubt much, however, if the palm will produce fruit.

All England is now leaving Rome, and is on the road. Three hundred post-horses left Rome on the night of Easter Monday alone; and every day witnesses couriers and heavy carriages rolling along the desolate Piazza d'Espagne, bound for England. All Italy will now, for the next four months, be covered throughout its surface by homeward-bound English; and the curiosity-shops of Rome close their melancholy doors. An amusing instance of the wish to keep the English to the last moment occurred on Monday. In the morning it was reported in the Hôtel des Isles Britanniques to the landlord, that his cellar of charcoal was on fire, owing to the negligence of a servant, and was gaining such a head that it would be better to send for les pompiers.

"By no means," quoth the landlord; "throw as much water as you can upon it. Shut the door, and hold

your tongue. Gli Signori Inglesi will all go to-night after la Girandole is over; and, when they are gone, we will put out the fire. But if they hear of it now, they will quit me this morning, and get their dinners elsewhere, and perhaps not come back to the house next year."

In this spirit of calculation he acted, and closed the cellar door. But the fire would be no party to the landlord's saving project, and broke out before dinner; so the dinners were all spoilt, the pompiers were obliged to be called, the Signori Inglesi did leave the house, and the landlord's kitchen was burned down.

25th. Bought the statue of Lucius Verus, from the Odeschalchi collection, for sixty louis. The fellow who is agent for the family had agreed that, if I found it convenient to buy it, I should have it for that price. He now trusted to the time that had elapsed, and endeavoured to hedge off, and demanded ten louis more; at length I sent Trebbi to him to say that, unless the statue was immediately surrendered at the price stipulated, I should apply to the police. This frightened him, and he gave it up. I have bought six statues—viz., Julia, Braschi-Consul, Portici-Consul, Apollo, Lucius Verus, Silenus, and Faun—all first-rate works—and have given exactly 300 louis-d'or for them. In the evening at Princess Gabrielli's.

27th. Went to Frascati. The drive over the Campagna beautiful, because backed all the way by the Albano and Frascati hills. The view of the country of Cato the Censor and of Cicero occupied the eyes during the whole morning. At the foot of the hill the scenery begins to rise delightfully amongst villas and palaces, surrounded by vineyards and olive woods; whilst the

deep chestnut forests which surmounted the summits, and clothed parts of the sides of the hills, beautifully contrasted with the white villas and towns that clustered amongst them.

The town of Frascati is situated on the side of the hill, and is not inelegantly built, forming three sides of a square, with a church dedicated to St. Peter, and a fountain with three jets of water. Opposite to you, as you ascend the hill, is the Villa Aldobrandini, where strangers, properly recommended, have leave to occupy the apartments for the day. The villa is deliciously built, the great saloon opening on a splendid view of Rome and the Campagna, with the Mediterranean glittering under the sun on one side, the wooded hill rising in a beautiful amphitheatre within a hundred yards of the door, and a fine sheet of water falling from it on the other. But this view Italian taste has done its utmost to destroy. The Villa was built by Cardinal Aldobrandini, the nephew of Pope Clement VIII. The whole of the fine mountain-side is covered with a front of architecture, over which the evergreens and forest-trees rise in magnificent amphitheatre; and the torrent of water, which would have formed a noble natural cascade, is broken into numberless artificial falls and gimcrack fountains, making a Centaur blow loud blasts on his horn, and Apollo and the Muses make vile indescribable noises through instruments called water-organs, where the water, in forcing its way through different-sized pipes, forces the air with it, and produces sounds which the Italians call music. Fortunately, however, half the organs play no longer, but the living waters continue to exist and flow, in spite of bad taste, in such quantities of liquid silver through such magnificent

woods, as to set at defiance even the bad taste of Cardinal Aldobrandini. The rooms are finely painted in fresco by the Cavaliere d'Arpin, and here we spread our cold dinner. One of the pavilions of the architectural edifice against the mountain's side has a great fountain in it representing, again, Parnassus, and Apollo and his Muses making vile noises and spouting water; but the ceiling and sides are painted in fresco by Domenichino.

We got a caratella from the town and four horses, with which we proceeded, in zig-zag drives through magnificent woods, to the site of the ancient Tusculum. After passing the Capuchin Convent we came to La Raprella, which was the house of Lucien Buonaparte, but which he has now sold to the King of Savoy, who never comes here. Lucien never could live in the house after the affair of the banditti. It is magnificently situated in the heart of chestnut-woods, commanding the whole sweep of the Campagna from the sea, and the line of Apennines from the Sabine Hills, coming round by Tivoli. The house is laid out very comfortably, and would, with a little trouble, make a lovely residence. The banditti which infested the country now exists no longer, but, under a weak government, might at any time revive; and the rugged lines of the Apennines, the thick forests, and the unapproachable fastnesses of the country, always hold out a strong temptation, where the police are so ill managed. Even here Lucien could not resist the example set him of bad taste, and a regular turf staircase cut in the rude mountain's side, with the statues of Apollo and his eternal Muses, and the names of poets cut in indistinguishable letters of box-wood, which he called Mount Par-

nassus, affords a splendid proof of it. Fortunately, the King of Savoy has sold most of the statues, and nature has combined with him to destroy the works of man; so that, in spite of all that has been done by barbarous taste, both ancient and modern, the beauty of the spot is fast reviving.

From thence we proceeded up the mountain to Tusculum. The first ruins we came to were those of the circus, baths, and acqueduct belonging to that city. The ruins are not beautiful, but the whole is sacred ground; for here lived, walked, thought, and enjoyed retirement and repose—Cicero. The city skirted the side of the hill facing the north-west. At its back runs the range of wild forests, waste land, and mountains, towards Abano; and below you, and on all sides of you, are the little Apennine towns of Villa Taverna, &c., each picturesquely situated amongst the chestnut forests and mountain scenery. To the right lies Colonna, where are the sources of the Acqua Felice, conveyed in acqueduct to Rome; and here, at the foot of the hill on which stands Colonna, is a small lake, the ancient Regillus, where the battle took place between the Latins and Romans, which excluded the latter from the Crown of Rome. Here stood a Temple of Jupiter Stator. In short, the whole country was full of recollections, which come the nearer to the feelings because their authenticity does not depend upon disputed ruins or contested antiquities, but upon the great features of the country, described as they were then, and existing unaltered now.

Below us stood the stately ruins of the Villa Mondragone, built by Paul, the Borghese Pope, from whence, with his glass, he could watch his workmen

building St. Peter's. The size of this edifice is monstrous—its terraces, casini, remains of jets-d'eau, &c., endless. In the vaults of the house, under the apartments and against the mountain-side, were stabling for upwards of 1,000 horses. All is now desolate and in ruins, and even the iron-work taken out of the windows. The country is covered with ruined remnants of this once mighty family. After spending the day delightfully in rambling amongst the scenery, we returned by torch-light to Rome.

28th. Went to the great breakfast given by Chateaubriand to the Grand Duchess of Russia at the Villa Medici, now the French Academy, established under the auspices of the French Kings, for the improvement of art and taste in France, which have not improved at all in consequence. The whole is a complete and melancholy failure. An immense pavilion, most richly decorated, was built, and ornamented, and laid with 300 covers, where we were all to have breakfasted, with our royal Helen at the head of the table. But the skies of Italy could not shine upon the union between France and Russia; and the company being to assemble at twelve o'clock, at ten an ouragan, or what they call here a land-wind, came with irresistible force, and, in an instant, forcing its way through the linings of the pavilion and the glass dome forming one extremity, literally turned it topsy-turvy—tables, crockery, bronzes—everything, in short; all the glasses, the decorations of the tables, the porcelains, and the greater part of the *déjeûner à la fourchette*, all but the soups and hot things, were sent flying through the garden. It was too late to put off the breakfast; the company was actually beginning to arrive—the French Embassy in hysterics.

The Grand Duchess was sent to, to beg that she would defer coming for two hours.

In the meanwhile, we were all crammed into the apartments of the Academy, to look at plaister-casts, and heads, and legs, and arms, and tails, whilst the whole force of France in Rome was sent in moveable columns all through the town, to beg, borrow, steal, and buy up all the breakfasts, and all the dinners, and all the soup, fruit, pastry, glasses and dishes, that they could collect. It was amazing in how short a time something like order was established, and food prepared at different tables for 400 people, who all had left their own breakfasts at home to stuff for the day at the expense of the French Ambassador—and when they did turn-to, the shock was tremendous!

We had a parcel of little tables, where one gentleman took care of about a dozen women—the other men stood about as they could, and plundered and stole from the tables. I had the charge of one table and child. While helping my ladies, I constantly saw a brown hand with a diamond ring upon it introducing itself under my arm, and cribbing and stealing first my bread, then wine, and whatever it could fix its claw upon. At last, strawberries being a rarity, I was helping my ladies out of a solitary plate which we got, and my brown hand tried to take my plate from me. I then spoke loud and sternly, and desired the owner of the diamond ring to go to the servants if he wanted anything. He began to grow saucy, and I told him distinctly that if I caught him again I would send for the gendarmes and turn him out. In the confusion of the morning all tickets had been forgot, and all people gained admission, and at these

entertainments an Italian invited to eat always stays to steal.

After this scramble we were all taken into the high wind, which continued, and which threw our petticoats over our heads, and shewed our legs very profusely, especially the Grand Duchess's, which happened unfortunately to be very thick, and were not meant to be seen by the model-loving eyes of the Academy—to walk about the gardens, and see "national dances" performed—and here poor Chateaubriand's bad fortune did not leave him. He had desired Vernet, the painter at the head of the Academy, to speak to the head modello of the Academy, to get a party of the best, the handsomest young dancers from amongst the Trasteverini that he could find, to dance, &c. The modello had a wife, who had been young and a modella, and still was a notorious good-for-nothing; and she, hearing the commission given her husband, plainly told him that if he got any soul younger, handsomer, or thinner than herself, she would stiletto him. The man, having contracted for so much a-head, would not lose the job—so, when the dancers were called forth, he ushered to our wondering eyes such a set of enormous, old, ugly, fat women, as never had danced since the days of the Children of Israel, when they danced before the Golden Calf—who began, amidst the execrations of Chateaubriand and his attachés, to shake themselves about and slop about in all sorts of attitudes, many of which youth and good looks alone would have rendered bearable. But, however, on they danced—the Grand Duchess looked civil, and was wonderfully charmed!

Then we were all crammed into one room, where we could scarce breathe, to hear the eternal Rosa Thaddéa,

the improvvisatrice, improvise in Italian, which the Grand Duchess could not understand; and Madlle. Vernet, a very nice, modest little French girl, recite verses and proverbs, until we were nearly stifled. Then we had fire balloons sent off, which did very well; and then we danced ourselves.

But the day began in storms, and could not end in peace. A young lady fainted from heat. The whole crowd began screaming, shrieking, fluttering, and flying —the ladies began to faint in succession, in order not to be outdone; so we all retired at seven in the evening, having thus passed the day amongst the pleasures of Le beau Chateau de Tondertontronk.

May 5th. On Saturday heard a great explosion. Found part of one of the bastion walls of Castel St. Angelo had been blown in. An expence magazine had been opened to make some fireworks for a fête of Prince Gagarin's, and they left it open, whilst on the rampart a fire was lit to dry the paper pasted together to make the fireworks. This fire was lit with shavings, and was to windward of the magazine—of course it blew up, and seven men were killed. This could only have happened in the Pope's garrison.

Letters from Rome—consolatory ones from my uncle and others, civil ones from the Duke of Wellington.

11th. To-day I went out to Albano, fourteen miles from Rome. The view of the aqueduct stretching across the Campagna, and the ruins dotted about in all directions, very fine. Hay harvest. Leave Rome by La Porta Asinaria, along Via Asinaria—ruins of Roma Vecchia to the right, stretching to a great distance. Opposite to them are the remains of a little brick temple, called Tempio della Saluta, on account of some

mineral waters there. It now goes, I know not why, by the name of La Seggiola del Diavolo. Further on is a ruin called Il Torre di Mezzaria, and the ruins of an unknown and unnamed aqueduct. A sulphureous spring runs by the side of the road. The smell of sulphur is very strong, and I have no doubt, from the appearance of the ground, that a fumerole is at work here; but the Romans have not yet ever analyzed perfectly the mineral springs which abound all over the Campagna.

A small pillar stands on the road, marking the extremity of the base, measured by Mayer and Boscovitch, on the Appian way, the further extremity being Il Capo di Bové.

Ascending the hill to enter Albano, you pass two enormous ruins of tombs, which once must have been very magnificent. One is called the tomb of Clodius, the other of Ascanius.

The rise into Albano is very steep, but regular, and the entrance striking. It was built on the ruins of the Villa of Domitian, in the fifth century. To the right, on a wooded hill, stands the ruins of ancient Albano. In the present town are the remains of an ancient Temple of Minerva—now turned into a church—of a Prætorian camp, of baths, and an amphitheatre. From thence we proceeded to Castel Gandolfo, where is a palace used by former popes as a country-seat. The present Pope talks of again going there. He has a long immense waste of apartments looking into a country-town, but scarcely a garden he can call his own. The cupola of the church and the mass of the town itself has a picturesque appearance; but, like all other Roman towns, the squalid appearance of the houses and the filth of the streets, &c., soon destroy my illusions of admiration.

The town, however, must always maintain its beauty, hanging as it does over the picturesque Lake of Albano.

The road to Castel Gandolfo proceeds under the shade of immense ilexes, and the Villa Barberini, under the park wall of which it passes, is full of the most magnificent trees—pines, &c.

It is well known that the Lake of Albano is an extinct volcano, of the working of which there is not even a tradition. I think there seems reason to doubt whether it ever has been active since the great convulsion, whenever that was, which broke up the Mediterranean Sea, and formed the Campagna of Rome. The ancients knew the nature of these great masses of water that fill the hollows of the Alban Hills. The material of which they are composed is a sort of cavernous tufa, easily breaking into caverns, and decomposing. The whole Hill of Albano is full of caverns, and honey-combed throughout; and Castel Gandolfo is built over abysses, where the inhabitants can hear the winds roaring and the waters working. The ancients were aware that the sudden giving way of the barrier would destroy that town and Albano, and lay the whole Campagna waste, probably overflowing Rome; they, therefore, undertook the gigantic work of the Emissario, which still remains a monument of their skill and labour. It is a tunnel perforated through the whole mountain, which carries off the waters of the lake whenever they rise above a certain level, and conveys them into different brooks and channels, watering the Campagna as they pass, into the Tiber and the sea. This Emissario passes directly under the town of Castel Gandolfo, and is carefully kept in repair. In addition to this precaution, in modern times

have been sunk, in different places, shafts communicating from the top of the hill with the abysses below, in order that when the wind is excited by increase of water or tempestuous weather they may have free play of their lungs, and communication with the open air, without pressing in too violent a manner against the bowels of the mountain, so as to endanger the falling-in of the rocks which support the mountain.

The view of the lake, its steep sides clothed with woods, the town of Marino, and Rocca del Papa opposite the Capuchin Convent, is beautiful. The town of Rocca del Papa was the original Arx Albana; near it is the camp of Hannibal, occupied by him when he approached Rome. On the summit of the rock are the ruins of a temple of Jupiter; and above it, on the highest summit of the mountain, stands a convent of Passionistes, occupying the site of the ancient sanctuary of the people of Latium. Turning to the right, amongst magnificent chestnuts and ilexes, forming a thick forest and a lovely shade, we passed along the upper gallery, as it is called, or road, to the convent of the Capuchins, from which is a splendid view, on one side of the lake and its scenery, on the other of the Campagna and the sea.

After passing some hours rambling about and sketching, we drove to Marion through thick forests. This town is situated very picturesquely on a rocky summit, surrounded by walls and towers of le bassi tempi. Beneath is a beautiful wooded valley, with a fine spring, which is formed into a lavatoria, where all the women of the village were engaged in washing, with all the picturesque accompaniments of singing, talking, and costume, belonging to that operation in the country towns of

Italy. From thence we returned, enjoying the varying tints of an Italian evening, along the borders of the lake to Albano, where we slept. The woods through which we passed were celebrated as the haunts of banditti—a race now extinct. In fact, patrols of different sorts are constantly passing through the woods, and along the roads, giving one strongly the idea of a secure, but not of a free or a contented country.

12th. The jour de fête at Albano. The Cardinal Camerlingo, Bishop of Albano, officiated in High Mass. The town full of all the costumes of the different mountain cities and towns, very resplendent with scarlet and gold lace, and very gay. In general, the young women with fine features and good forms, when very young. The air of the mountains so fine, that the complexions are much clearer than in the Campagna. The road full of people coming to the festa; the farmers' and little proprietors' wives and daughters in their gala dresses, full of rings and gold and silver bodkins, riding en cavalier, many of them very well, and managing their well-fed spirited horses with great dexterity.

Nothing can be more beautiful than the Valley of La Ricia, which, evidently, has been the communication between the Lake of Nemi, when a volcano, and another crater, which, perhaps, afterwards became a lake, broke its boundaries towards La Campagna, and is now a tract of cultivated and meadow-land. The ancient boundaries are still quite visible.

I forgot to mention the monument of the Curiatii, which stands just on the outside of Albano on the road to Aricia. There seems great reason to doubt its being rightly called. The opinion seems to be that it was an Etruscan tomb. The place where the Horatii-Curiatii

fought is about six miles on the road out of Rome. This tomb is a square base of hewn stone, upon the four angles of which rise four truncated cones, and another in the centre. It has an imposing air.

In the Valley of Aricia, which runs through magnificent groves of oak and chestnut, comes out the Emissario of the Lake of Nemi, formed on the same plan, and for the same purpose, as that of the Lake of Albano. Here is a romantic fountain, called La Fontana del Papa, backed by an iron grate, conducting into the romantic woody park belonging to the Gighi family. Nothing can be more wild or rough than this dell. The grounds are of great extent, and, as well as the immense chateau belonging to them, are entirely neglected and ruined. The paths and walks are grown over and closed, impervious even to a horse; and whoever wishes to penetrate these wilds must go preceded by a pioneer with an axe and bill-hook. The family come down perhaps for one day in the summer, and they pass it in walking—not in their lovely park, enjoying its crystal waters, its embowering shades and extended prospect—but in parading up and down the hot street of Albano, and dining at the inn; and this they call enjoying the country.

Above, high on the wooded hill, stands the picturesque town of La Ricia, built on the site of the citadel of the ancient city. The road is the ancient Appian way, wonderful in its construction and formation, as proved by its durability. On the right stands a high wooded conical hill, surmounted by a high tower, called Il Monte del Torre. This is covered with ruins, and affords the finest view of the whole scope of the Alban mountains.

In the Gighi Park is a ruined tomb, which goes by the name of the Sepulchre of Pompey.

After passing La Ricia, the road leads to the town of Genzano, situated over the Lake of Nemi, precisely as Castel Gandolfo stands over that of Albano. The Lake of Nemi is smaller than that of Albano, but more picturesque. The view from below Genzano of the lake, with the town of Nemi opposite, is enchanting. The banks, like those of Albano, are covered with wood and trees, which sweep into the water. This lake is of great depth. Concealed within the bosom of its waters are still the remains of a curious specimen of Roman grandeur. Here the Emperor Tiberius constructed a raft of wood, fastened together by copper and bronze bolts, that floated on the lake, and on which was constructed a palace, gardens, and pleasure-houses, ornamented with fountains. By the lapse of time the raft sunk. In the year 1827, a Signor Annerio Fuscani having ascertained where the ruins of the wooden island lay, constructed an awkward contrivance, which he called a diving-bell, and undertook to raise it. He brought up much wood and bolts, of which canes, snuff-boxes, and toys are made, and sold very dear in Rome, but narrowly escaped being drowned, owing to the awkwardness of the machinery, and half ruined himself by the expense. So the raft remains to be attempted by some more skilful and successful engineer. An English diving-bell would answer all the purposes; but that which the Italians made only let in the water, and more than half-drowned the experimenters.

Went round the lake to the town of Nemi, most picturesquely situated on a huge rock overhanging the lake. It was impossible to find oneself here, with all the scenery

of Tusculum, the very wood in which Virgil places the story of Nerius and Euryalus, the whole shore where Æneas landed, Rome and its Campagna before one's eyes, without recalling the six books of Virgil's Æneid to one's mind, all of which lay like a map beneath one. These woods, no longer the haunt of banditti, are, however, still the refuge of the lawless wanderer; and more than one murderer has, within the last two years, sought and found shelter and protection under their shadow. A Franciscan convent on the banks of the Lake of Albano has still, I know not why, the right of sanctuary, the only place left where that right is enjoyed throughout the Pope's dominions; and here least of all should it be permitted. The difficulties of the country, its forests, its caverns, and its recesses, afford sufficient means of escape to the guilty, without the powerful hand and aid of the Church.

At Genzano is a palazzo belonging to Il Principe ——, situated in a magnificent spot overhanging the lake. But Bramante, his architect, has taken care that not a single window or apartment shall look upon the lake, to which the house turns a great elbow of a gable-end; but it enjoys a full view of a long avenue of cut trees, very picturesque to an Italian eye.

13th. Went to the Barberini Palace. A large and fine hall. The ceiling beautifully painted by Pietro di Cortona. A good statue of the Emperor Commodus; another curious one of Brutus, with the heads of his sons one in each hand. Below are the famous pictures of La Cenci, by Guido; the Carthaginian Slave, by Titian—so called on account of a chain attached to her wrist, which, upon examination, I am clear is a hawking chain affixed to a hawking glove; La Fornarina, by Raphael; the Adam

and Eve in the Garden—the figure of the Woman accusing the serpent, and the man accusing the woman, are very fine, the figure of God the Father ridiculous—by Domenichino; Christ before the Doctors, by Albert Durer; a Claude de Lorraine, the Mother of Cenci, by Gaetano; Joseph and Potiphar's Wife. The last is a famous picture, but I dislike it. There is no beauty in the woman, but much licentiousness. The beauty of her foot, which rests upon Joseph's, has been much praised. I could see none. A fat, fubsy foot, as unsentimental as could be.

14th. Went, by appointment, to the Vatican, with Mr. Kestner. Had an audience of the Pope[1]—a shrewd, clear, sharp-eyed, active-minded old man. Full of the Catholic question. "We are now all brothers, and must have charity towards each other. We Catholics think we are right; you Protestants think that you are. Dieu scait! He alone must judge between us. In the meanwhile it is our duty to feel and entertain charity towards each other." He thanked God that this great event in the Christian world had taken place in the moment of his election. Talked much of me and my family. Spoke in the highest terms of Lord Grenville. I led him on to talk of Gonsalvi, who was his great friend. He expatiated much in his praise, and told me several anecdotes of him and of Pius VII. Talked much of science and the arts; of Etruscan researches, which he seemed to understand.

I told him we expected much from him, as he was known to be a protector of the arts and a skilful antiquarian. He said we must not expect too much, as the Government was poor; but what he could do he would.

[1] Pius VIII.

Talked of Lucien Buonaparte's discoveries, and said he had ordered his minister to examine them carefully, with a view to purchase the best. He made us sit down, and seemed glad to chat with us. At last dismissed me, with repeated thanks to me and my family for the support which we had given to the cause, and recommended himself to the people of England, whose value he well knew, and whose friendship he prized. His reception of me was not so courtly as Leo XII.'s, but more hearty and cordial.

I then, according to etiquette, called upon the Cardinal Secretary of State, Albani, whom we found in a smart bizarre costume of a flannel morning-gown, begrimed, as were his face and shirt, with snuff, and brown trousers over scarlet stockings and shoe buckles. The best figure I ever saw. Our conversation was of a general kind. He apologized, over and over again, for his appearance. Called on Lady Westmoreland, and bade her adieu.

15th. Went to the Vatican with my sister, and visited the pictures. The French had very nearly succeeded in spoiling the Transfiguration. They fancied that the mount would look better of a bright green than with Raphael's tints; and so a bright green they painted it. The Romans have succeeded in taking it off, and restoring Raphael's colouring.

Went to take a last look at St. Peter's, and sat in that silent and magnificent temple for upwards of two hours. I took leave of it with regret.

CHAPTER VIII.

Civita Vecchia and Corneto—Etruscan Art—Prince and Princess Lucien Buonaparte—Excavations and Discoveries—Buonaparte Recollections—Vale of Terni—Prince Lucien's Anecdote of Queen Caroline—Hannibal at Spoleto—Classic Temple—Dog Stealing at Foligno—Churches of St. Francis—Thrasymene.

MAY 16th. Left Rome with great regret. Poor Trebbi cried at taking leave. I bought of him a lovely litttle portrait of Duchesse Sforza of Milan. Meant to have slept at a half-way house between Rome and Civita Vecchia, but found it so wretchedly bad, and so devoid of even common cleanliness, that I only stopped to bait my horses, and went on twenty-five miles further to Civita Vecchia. The Campagna showed evident marks of once having been the bed of the sea, and of fresh water. The soil is sablonaceous volcanic. The country is full of table-formed hills and gullies, all tending to the sea. When ascending the hills above Rome I stepped aside and looked back at the eternal city for the last

time. Just before reaching Melarone we passed the ruins of Roman tombs and a bassi tempi fortress, with evident remains of a Roman city. But where there is scarcely any population one can obtain no information. At last I overtook a man driving a donkey, and asked him the name of the ruins I had passed. I could get no intelligence, except that it had been une castello and une Campo Santo (burying-ground) not prima tempi—and that was all I could learn. The house evidently had been once a bassi tempi castle.

To our left lay the blue Mediterranean glittering in the sun, and tracts of flat meadow-ground and forest between it and the road. The road to Ostia turned to our left, but we could not distinguish the town. Country covered with fire-flies. The Etrurian Hills began to open upon us very picturesquely, clothed with wood, and convents and castles surmounting their highest summits. A fine old bassi tempi castle at St. Severo, by the sea-shore. The road lay close to the sea. A festa, illuminations and fireworks in Civita Vecchia. The inns full, and got a miserable lodging.

17th. Left Civita Vecchia this morning. The ridge from the Apennine which descends near it again retires, and the road passes over extents of waste and flats covered with myrtle, gum cistus of various colours, woodbine, and wild roses all in flower, with many beautiful convolvuluses and other flowers which we keep in our greenhouses. The road skirts the sea until at length it turns to the right and mounts the ridge on which stands Corneto. On this hill is a Roman acqueduct, which brought the water from the hills seven miles off to the city. The present Corneto is surrounded by old walls of bassi

tempi, on Roman foundations. This is supposed to have been the ancient Graviscæ. Below it the river Marta runs into the sea.

Here, it is said, are the remains of an Etruscan city. The whole ridge of rocky hills to the westward of Corneto seems to have been a place of sepulture. The space is covered with tumuli precisely like our burrows. Many of them have been opened, and sepulchral chambers, with what are called Etruscan vases, have been found. Two of these tombs are highly ornamented with paintings, and into them I descended. The paintings ran in frieze round the chamber, which is about ten feet square, cut in the limestone rock. The first is composed of figures, painted in what we call the cold stiff Egyptian style, draped in tunics laced down the front. Many of them are leading horses, well and spiritedly designed. A tiger is on one side of the door; opposite to the door are two sea-horses, very spiritedly done. Fishes are also painted on the walls. There are winged genii, which should denote what is called Etruscan mythology. But what is Etruscan?

The ceiling is plain, painted in one stripe of red. The other tomb struck me as painted in a different style. The designs are much freer and better drawn, and, I feel persuaded, are the work of a Grecian artist. Here, however, are also winged genii, but the principal figures are naked, male and female. Some reclined upon triclinia, as feasting. Many leading, and some riding, horses; one man is riding a horse like a woman, sitting on the off-side. Several pairs of men are boxing. One has struck the other down. An old man is conducting a boy playing on the double pipe, and holds a large flat vase in the other hand.

The roof is vaulted, and painted to imitate a tesselated roof, in white and red squares. At the further end is a sort of scroll-work escutcheon, in which are two well-drawn figures, male and female, supporting a large vase. The female figure is holding a small sacrificatory vessel in her hand. Stems of plants surround the room, painted, I think, to imitate myrtle. One grotesque figure is dancing, holding up one leg. The drawing of the whole of this chamber, which is about the same size as the other, is extremely good, and denotes considerable proficiency in the arts. Both these chambers are very deep, under the level of the ground, say twenty feet, upon which the tumulus is raised. The colours are red, black, green, and white. The effigy of the dolphin is peculiar to the Etrurians. The woman sitting at table with the man also belongs to that nation.

This evening the Prince de Canino, Lucien, sent over two of his *gardes champêtres* to escort me to Canino, where he has pressed me to come and view the excavations he is making there.

18th. This morning at eight o'clock I left the romantic walks and towers of Corneto, and descended by a steep hill into the plain, travelling with the sea on the left hand, waste lands covered with yellow broom, cistus, roses, and myrtle, in flower. We soon lost all traces of a road, and entered upon a forest of pollard ilex, oak, and thorns, which, breaking into romantic glades, made the morning's drive very pleasant. It would seem that the Saracens must have occupied Corneto, as there are many remains of their architecture in the town.

After passing in this way about three hours through

the forest, we emerged upon the high waste and corn lands, and, at the expiration of the fourth hour, I found myself at the door of a shepherd's hut, built of straw and wattles, like an Indian wigwam, but very large and comfortable, where Prince Lucien and the Princess received me. We were in the middle of the excavations of numberless tombs, out of which hourly vases of the greatest beauty, of what is called Etruscan manufacture, are found. He has already discovered above 2,000, and more were brought in, in greater or less degrees of entirety, during the whole day, but, as it happened, none were remarkably fine.

The plain in which this City of the Dead is found presents nothing that could in the least designate the presence of man either dead or alive, or mark its having been the site of a great city. The tombs were discovered by accident about ten years ago, in consequence of a bullock's breaking with his hoof through the vault of a tomb. In the centre of the plain is a high and vast artificial mount, in which have been discovered the burial-places of the Kings and High-Priests. The latter belong to the rites of Bacchus, Hercules, Apollo, and Minerva. Ornaments of the richest kind in jewels and gold were found in their tombs. One lay with a gold chaplet of laurel by him, which probably had encircled his brows. Another, with a gold fillet, exquisitely wrought in vine-leaves and grapes, round his head, with a string of gold wire, and a gold acorn at the end of each, hanging from it on each side. He had been buried in a robe embroidered with golden vine-leaves. The robes, of course, had perished, but the golden vine-leaves remain. Many of the vases present references to the worship of Bacchus, and one represents Bacchus in

a boat surrounded by dolphins, with a spray of vine-twig for his head.

That the worship of Bacchus was the most ancient in the world after the Deluge we know, and that Noah was the Indian Bacchus, deified after his death, is more than probable. That he, disgusted with the idolatry of his children, fled to the eastward is believed; carrying with him, however, the worship of the vine, and leaving it behind him. This accounts for the universality of the worship of Bacchus.

This sacred mount was built round, at a small distance from the surface, with two rows of hewn stones. Probably on the summit was the temple of the protecting deity. Beneath it lay the chiefs of the nation. The tombs lie very deep, many twenty feet—one forty feet—below, cut in the solid rock. They have no ornament whatever, but are full of vases. There usually is a sort of ante-chapel, in which sometimes masses of burnt bones of animals were found, and which probably was the place of sacrifice. From this branch off different corridors and chambers, closed with doors of solid stone, and sometimes of three or four stones, where the dead repose. The rock in which they are found is tufa.

In the mountains of Canino, about three miles off, is the crater of an extinguished volcano, and a fumajolo still working, with strong sulphureous vapour, and sulphureous springs, which account for the volcanic state of the country. It is curious that the Romans should have built baths here, and repaired the Etruscan Baths, and yet be ignorant of the magnificent remains which lay beneath them. Not a tradition ever existed even of the existence of an Etruscan city here. It, consequently,

was destroyed, and all memory of it gone, before the establishment of the Romans in Italy.

It is the general belief that this is the so long sought for site of the city of Vetulonium. Its distinguishing symbol is the wheel with the radiated sun in the centre, that appears so frequently upon the vases found here, and which I also saw in one of the tombs in Corneto. The people of ancient Tarquinium are said to have found Vetulonium abandoned and its city fallen, and to have occupied the whole territory formerly in the possession of the Vetulonii. This district is bounded by the river Fiora, which here separates the Roman States from those of Tuscany.

Close by the excavations is an old castle, probably originally Etruscan, since fortified in the bassi tempi by the feudal barons; close to which, over the Fiora, is the famous bridge of Abbadia, avowedly and declaredly of Etruscan architecture. The bed of the river is deeply encased in a romantic rocky channel, over which this immensely high arch is thrown, of rough hewn stones without cement, and forming one perfect arch. It is extremely narrow, and the walls leading to it on each side, like the bridge itself, are avowedly of Etruscan architecture. A post of douaniers is stationed here, most uselessly, as the river is fordable in every part below and above the bridge.

After passing the day at the cabin we returned to the Casino, where the Prince and his family reside, preferring it to the old rambling château of Canino, which is three miles from the excavations. The Casino is an old house, formerly an hospital of the Knights Templars. It is now made very tolerably comfortable. It is beautifully situated, in an amphitheatre of forest formed by

the hills of Canino. Here are ancient baths of mineral waters, and Etruscan walls and ruins. The city of Vetulonium is supposed to have been built upon the ridge of ground just at the mouth of this amphitheatre. The waters are hot, but possess no very particular medicinal properties. Amidst the hills a fumajolo is still working, and a deep crater of an extinct volcano is visible, filled with wood, which the country people say is unfathomable, and where they believe lies hid a treasure.

19th. This morning we proceeded to the hut of the shepherds, who have the charge of part of Lucien's flock, to see the sheep milked, and the process of making the cheese. The hut is of the same materials and size as that near the excavations. Thirty shepherds pass the winter there. In the summer, when the heats come on, they move with their flocks to the mountains. The beds are arranged in cupboards round the hut, and the fire is in the centre, the smoke escaping as it may.

After seeing all that was to be seen there, we proceeded to the excavation. Yesterday the Prince affixed my name to a tomb, which was opened this morning in my presence. He attaches the names of his friends to the different excavations. In this case luck attended my name, for a very fine vase, entire, and in perfect preservation, was found, of large size and beautiful painting, which the Prince gave me; and another smaller one—both representing Bacchus and his worship—also was turned up at the same time, which he also gave me. In the larger vase two small lachrymatory vases were also found.

The day coming to be rainy, we returned to the

Casino, where I passed the remaining part of it in viewing the extraordinary collection of vases in the Prince's possession. The inscriptions upon many of them are Greek, representing events painted on the vases, having reference to the events of the Trojan war. One represents Ulysses tied to the mast of his vessel to resist the charms of the syrens, with his name written at length. In some the Greek names in Greek characters are to be read from right to left; in some the Greek characters represent an unknown language. In others the characters are Etruscan and undecypherable. On one the inscriptions vary, and consist of all the varieties, consequently establishing the fact that at the same period the Greek characters were thus arbitrarily used, and were coeval with the Etruscan characters.

In the ruined temple on the summit of the Monticule amongst the excavations, several symbolic cones were found, similar to that which I discovered in the temple in the island of Gozo.

20th. Left Canino this morning—the Prince and Princess overwhelming me with civilities. During my stay I have learnt much. Buonaparte was certainly guilty of the death of the Duc d'Enghein, but was urged on by Talleyrand and Bernadotte. "C'est temps de le quitter. Il a gouté le sang." Lucien detesting the Revolution, but becoming Republican under it. Foretold the fall of Napoleon the moment of the Austrian marriage. Lucien devoted to Marie Antoinette—Barnave to Madame Elizabeth. The latter had written a memoir on the execution of the former just before the Restoration—refused to publish it after the Restoration, for fear of being considered as courting the rising power. Josephine

and Hortense in vain interfered to save the Duc d'Enghien's life.

"These rascals wish to assassinate me!" (meaning the Bourbons). "Am not I to take care of my own life?"

The road so bad to Toscanella that my fourgon was obliged to be drawn by oxen. The road leading through woodlands, olive-grounds, and corn—at first picturesque. As you rise into the uplands the country becomes bare. Toscanella situated very picturesquely on a height, leading on the other side precipitately down into a valley; the river near feeds the lake. There is a beautiful cascade about four miles from the town. Toscanella, an ancient Etruscan city, afterwards a Roman town, and subsequently a bassi tempi fortress. The old walls and towers very picturesque. On a height close to the town stood the citadel—some of the towers remaining. Within its enceinte is the oldest Christian church in Italy, built on the foundation and walls of a temple of Minerva. The road sinks down amongst mulberry-trees and olives into the valley, then rises again into a dreary corn high country, which extends to Viterbo.

21st. The difference of scenery occasioned by the foliage and the wild flowers in the forest through which I passed would have been very great, but torrents of rain and thick clouds awaited me on the top of the mountain above Viterbo, and completely obscured the view until we descended to Roncilione. From thence we diverged by a cross-road through some very fine park-like scenery, where the underwood had been destroyed, and a fine turf, or rich hay-grounds, lay under the old oaks, which stood in their ancient beauty.

The first town we came to was Nepi, the ancient Nepete, an Etruscan town, surrounded by high walls, in which every age, from the original Etruscan down to the baronial bassi tempi, is visible. Nothing can be more picturesque than these old walls, thus pulled about by successive inventors in the art of war. The town stands on a steep height overlooking a branch of one of the tributary streams which feed the Tiber. Over this stream is a picturesque bridge, backed by a noble aqueduct of the age of Augustus. Beneath the bridge the stream, swollen by the two days' rain, fell in a very picturesque cascade. The piazza of the town has a good fountain.

From thence we proceeded to Civita Castellana, the ancient Falerii. This also is an ancient Etruscan city, and its walls present the same picturesque appearance as those of Nepi. This city stands upon one of the streams which feed the Tiber—some say it is on the site of the ancient Vigo, but I believe the first is more correct. It must have been originally very strong, from its situation. Here the mountain of Soracte—or St. Oreste, as the Catholics have determined Soracte shall be sanctified—rises high and fine amidst its wooded precipices.

22nd. Left Civita Castellana. My inn had been a convent. The road, the ancient Flaminian way. The view of Soracte on the right hand very fine. Came to the little town and strong castle of Borghetto, situated on the river Aia, and commanding the passage. Nothing can be more picturesque than the road out of Civita Castellana. As soon as you descend the steep hill which leads out of the town, you cross a very fine bridge, the work of Augustus, over the stream, that lies far beneath you in a rocky channel, deep embowered

in wood. The tufa here covers a brescia of round black pebbles. At Borghetto you open at once on the rich valley of the Tiber, which rolls its tortuous and yellow stream for many a mile to the right and left of you. Nothing can be more lovely in its way than the view of this delicious vale. Rising out of it you come to Ostricoli, rising high above the wooded slopes which base the Apennines.

This is the first town in Umbria, Civita Castellana being the last in Etruria—Boschetto is in Sabina. On the right hand, hanging over the Tiber, is the city of Magliano, the ancient Forum Novum. The bridge of Borghetto is of three arches, built by Augustus. The ruins of the ancient Utriculum, now Otricoli, stand about half a mile from the modern town, on the banks of the river. Here the road begins to wind up amongst the wooded slopes of the Apennines; and at the end of a long vista of the mountains you distinguish the town of Narni, situated high upon a hill, and, as you suppose, not far from you; but many a weary slope must you ascend and many an eminence must you go round before the mountain-passes will let you reach it. In the way to it you pass a high ridge, from which you see all over the Campagna of Rome; and in the furthest distance I could observe what I knew from its position was the dome of St. Peter's, and Monte Mario over it. Narni was the birth-place of the Emperor Nerva—it was the ancient Narnia. Tradition says that it was formerly called Neguinum, because its people besieged first destroyed their wives and children, and afterwards themselves, to prevent falling into the hands of the enemy; but I know not the authority for the story. It was destroyed by the Venetians, when they moved to join the army of

Charles V., who had laid siege to the castle of St. Angelo. It commands entirely a gorge of the Apennines and the town, with its ancient battlements and towers, hangs over the river Nera, which flows in a rocky and rugged channel at a great distance below. Over the river are the splendid remains of a Roman bridge, built by Augustus, to join one mountain with another. The centre arch is eighty-five feet in width.

From hence the road winds for some time in ascent amongst the Apennines, until the Vale of Terni opens itself, along which the Nar rolls its romantic stream. The vale is extensive, and opens beautifully amongst the mountains, which rise very high behind Terni, their lower crags crowned with towers and castles, and their slopes rich with mulberry trees and vines, which, here, are trained from tree to tree, elms being planted for that purpose. These at a distance appear to cover the country with a thick forest; but, as you approach, you see that the poor elms are sadly sacrificed in favour of the vines, and their branches cropped and trimmed up to prevent their leaves from interfering with the ripening of the grapes.

As the season advances the vines are very picturesque, trailing their festoons from tree to tree; but, until the tendrils obtain the growth sufficient to reach the opposite tree, and you see little but the ragged elms, nothing can be more unsightly. The mulberry trees, too, are now stripping off their leaves to feed the silkworms, and present the aspect of winter. Another scanty crop of leaves attends the midsummer shoot, which in its turn, too, becomes the prey of the silkworm. Amongst the woods which thus appear to clothe the feet of the Apennines, on the opposite side of the valley, in-

numerable white farm-houses and vine-presses light up the landscape, and give the distant scene a great air of opulence and neatness, which, however, disappear as you approach them. Terni was the birth-place of Tacitus.

There are slight vestiges of antiquities here; but I have no doubt that both here, Otricoli and Civita Castellana, much might be found by excavation. At the latter place last night they told me, with great satisfaction, of dua statue de Marmo having been just dug up, about four miles from the town, and sent to Rome. Terni was anciently called Interamnia, because it stands at the junction of two branches of the Nar.

23rd. This morning I visited the cascade, going in my carriage through the village of Papigno, up a very steep hill, until we arrived on the level at the top of the fall. I then was obliged to alight, and, walking about half a mile, arrived at the top of the precipice from which the Anio precipitates itself, out of a lake about three miles distant. Arriving at twelve o'clock I saw the iris occasioned by the spray. This scene was very beautiful. The mass of water precipitates itself in one unbroken fall of about 300 feet into an abyss, the bottom of which you cannot see, such is the violence of the surge and of the spray. From thence it precipitates itself into a second, and again into a third gulf, before it reaches the level of the vale below. The sides of the mountain and chasm through which the river falls are hung with wood and wild flowers; abundance of roses and wild mignionette abound, as sweet as that in our gardens. The late rains had filled the stream, so that nobody had a better opportunity of seeing the fall in beauty than I had. From the summit I walked down

to different points from which the falls are seen separately, and to great advantage; until at last, from a hut erected on a promontory opposite, the whole of the three falls are seen at once.

It is well known that these falls are an artificial vomitorio, made first by the Romans in the time of Marcus Curius Dentatus, and afterwards by successive Popes, to prevent the overflowing of the lake from whence the river flows. In my walk from the carriage, I passed the ancient channel, now quite dry and full of timber. So great is the quantity of water sometimes, that the channel of the fall is not always sufficient to liberate it. The Romans cut a side channel to provide against that contingency; and that side channel was, when I saw the falls, quite full. The different iris playing round each successive fall, and the cloud of spray which rose high like a thin cloud of smoke above the mountain, made a beautiful scene.

From thence I was obliged to walk two miles back to the village of Papigno, where my carriage waited for me. The walk was a lovely one, through woods of ilex, olive, and myrtle all the way. It lay along the banks of the Nera, into which the Anio Velino throws itself. At about the middle of our walk I came to a stone seat, erected under the embowering shade of magnificent trees, under which the river flowed. The opposite mountains, covered with wood, a castle perched upon a crag, where one should have thought nothing but an eagle would have built his eyrie, the flowing of the waters, the beauty of the trees, and the picturesque view of an ancient Roman bridge excavated out of the tartaro that covered it, rendered the scene delicious. The village of Papigno, although at the foot of the

mountain, is still placed upon an elevation of its own, which raises it high above the level of the valley, and makes the conclusion of the walk up to it a severe pull.

Just before we came to this rise, we passed through an orange-garden in full flower, belonging to a Casino, where Caroline, Queen of England, and her paramour, Bergamie, remained for some days. *Apropos* I have forgot to tell an anecdote Lucien Buonaparte told me of that woman. She lodged at his palazzo in Rome. The whole house was given up to her, except one room, which was his library, in which he kept his valuables; and he told her plainly, when she urged him to let her have the use of that room also, that she was "si mal entouré," that he could not let her have it. She, however, worried him by letter so much to let her see the room only for one morning, and engaged so positively that none of her companions should enter it, that he gave orders she should be let in for one morning. She was so. When Lucien returned to his house, after her departure, he missed a large ecrin, which stood on the table, filled with cameos of great value, mosaics, and a series of gold medals, &c., not one of which he has ever heard of since, although the police of all Europe was set to work to find out the depredators.

The curious circumstance attending these falls of Terni is the accumulation of incrustations of carbonate of lime, which have formed immense promontories of incrustations alone, many of them enclosing the foliage of the surrounding trees, the twigs, and leaves, and grasses, very beautifully. All these promontories of carbonate of lime are full of hollows and caverns, some of them communicating from the summit quite down the base of the mountain. At the foot of the first fall, I ascertained,

by a stop-watch, that a piece of foam was five seconds descending from the summit to the first cauldron.

24th. Left Terni for Foligno. The road lay along the course of a torrent now dry, but in winter of considerable magnitude. The drive is beautiful, the Apennines rising into considerable heights, their bases covered with vines, olives, and corn, their craggy summits crowned with towers, castles, and villages, and their sides covered with wood. On this side of Spoleto the road rises with such asperity that oxen are placed at the foot of the mountain of La Somnea to reinforce the horses belonging to the carriages. I put my own four horses to my own caleche, and four oxen to my fourgon, with which we achieved the ascent. It is the highest point of this part of the Apennines, and a temple dedicated to Jupiter once stood here. At the summit we were greeted by a thunderstorm, which rattled magnificently amongst the Apennines. A flood of rain fell on the surrounding mountains, which in a moment filled all the watercourses and channels in the hills with cataracts of turbid red water.

Spoleto is finely situated to command the valley of the Nera. A magnificent acqueduct connects one side of the mountain ridge with the town by a series of arches, which cannot be Roman, because they are pointed and partly Saracenic in form. In one place there is a double series of arches, forming altogether a height of 300 feet. Spoleto has the merit of having checked Hannibal in his march to Rome, after he had beat the Roman army at the Lake of Thrasymene. This merit is endeavoured to be wrested from the people of Spoleto by some authors, who declare that Hannibal had no intention then of marching upon Rome, but purposely

moved upon the sea-coast. I hardly believe that, flushed by the victory which he had gained, Hannibal would willingly have given up the advantages of the victory, and have unnecessarily moved upon the coast of the Adriatic, when his object could only be Rome, and when he had obtained so important an advantage over the Roman arms. I, therefore, give the people of Spoleto the credit, which I think they deserve.

The road, instead of leading up into the high, ill-paved, and slippery streets of Spoleto, winds round its ancient walls. A fine arcade or covered walk, of great length, leads picturesquely to a church and convent to the left, from whence a straight road, planted with acacias, leads to the gate of the town which conducts to Foligno. Here we opened upon the valley of the Clitumnas; and a more lovely scene never struck me before. The Apennines, not high enough to be rugged, but still sufficiently so to be imposing, clothed with wood up to their summits, formed a vast amphitheatre, framing a cradle for the river which takes its rise amongst them. From thence the valley extends to the furthest limit of vision, fertile, loaded with corn, wine, and oil, full of timber; the whole scene lovely, joyous, plentiful, quiet, and serene. The masses of roses and woodbine in the hedges literally perfumed the air.

After passing some miles through this delicious vale, we approached the other side of the amphitheatre, where the highest mountain of this part of the Apennine chain rises, and from whose breast the Clitumnas rises, close to the road, in a stream brilliant and clear as crystal, gushing at once out of the limestone rock in a powerful stream, cold as ice. About a quarter of a mile from thence, close to the road, rises the little temple built

upon its bank. The Clitumnas, celebrated in history, and the theme of the ancient poet's song, still retains its name and its romantic character. The natives know not why, but are proud of their river. The only part of its peculiar attributes which it has lost is the whiteness of the cattle that feed upon its banks. It is true they still are white, but so are now the cattle uniformly in Italy, except the buffaloes in the neighbourhood of Rome.

I examined the little temple very minutely, and I am satisfied it is the ancient temple which Pliny describes, but I am also inclined to think that it has undergone many changes since Caligula visited it. It is now dedicated to St. Sebastian, who stands staring in fresco, stuck full of darts, wondering how he came there. The cellar of the temple is indisputably ancient; but I doubt whether its frontier is, which is so much admired. The body of the temple is built of stone. The front is of marble, and, I am convinced, of a later age. It consists of two pillars and two pilasters, and two other pilasters attached to the first. This alone would, I think, prove that it was a pasticcio. The pediment, cornice, &c., are all of marble; but the cornice and dentils do not accord with those of stone which surround the temple on three sides. In the pediment is a Greek cross entwisted with vine leaves and grapes, and on the cornice is the following inscription:—"Hic Dominus angelorum qui fecit resurrectionem." These devices, and this inscription, appear, from the style of the sculpture, to have been coeval with the pediment, and not to have been interpolated since. The columns are of a very florid Corinthian capital, and their shafts are scolloped, such as we see in the lowest age of the Corinthian order when

the Gothic first began to make its ravages upon it. The four pilasters are fluted, but fluted in different proportions and style. Such are my reasons for thinking that the front of the building has been appliqué in comparatively modern times upon the ancient nucleus of the temple. The crypt beneath this little portico is indisputably Roman. There are ancient Roman names inscribed upon the stones, probably votive recollections; and the speaking trumpet cut in the rock, and communicating with the temple above, through which the words of the oracle were conveyed, still is extant. I sat upon the grassy slope which leads from the temple to the margin of the Clitumnas, and I drank of its pure and cold waters.

The sun was setting upon the Apennines before me, and those around me were tinged with the purple hues of evening peculiar to Italian landscape. I could not help pondering upon the generation that had passed away, and the great names which alone exist of those who had sat where I did, and enjoyed the same scene which was then passing before my eyes. But my musings were broken in upon by the clack of a most modern mill with which the vulgar appetite for bread corn had profaned the stream of the Clitumnus just below me, and all my reveries vanished before the recollection that I had not had my dinner. So I proceeded on my way.

The town of Trevi stands high and beautifully romantic. Its bell from its highest tower was tolling for vespers, and the road was crowded with picturesque peasantry returning home. The costume of the women is much prettier and not so gaudy as farther to the south; and amongst the higher orders the black man-

tilla, or Venetian costume, begins to appear. We entered Foligno as the night came on.

This morning my little dog for one instant left my room at Terni and disappeared. My servants, after whistling, shouting, and howling through the inn, dispersed to make the same noises about the town. They returned with no success. I told them I was quite sure they would not meet with any that way. I summoned the master of the inn. I told him my dog was stolen, and by some one in his house—I knew not and cared not by whom—but that unless he was restored to me within five minutes, I should apply to the police and have the house searched, and every soul in it taken up and examined. He expanded the palms of both hands, pulled up the arched brows, and pulled down the corners of the mouth of his countenance, and swore by the soul of St. Salvador the thing was impossible. I said I knew nothing about St. Salvador's soul, but would be as good as my word.

The five minutes expired, and no dog. With a loud voice I sent off a servant to the police, begging their immediate attendance, and retired to the balcony of my window, from which I had the pleasure of seeing my dog brought into the inn in the arms of one of the waiters, who also took St. Salvador to witness that he had seen the dog in the possession of a little boy in the streets. At the same moment entered the Governor and a *possé* of gendarmes, obeying my summons by my servant, and full of fuss, in a fidget and determination to show the town of Terni, and the inn in particular, that a Principe Inglese was not to lose a pug dog with impunity, to said town and said inn—much bowing and mutual speechification was the result.

The Governor retired, the inn was restored to quiet, and I set forth with a most princely indignant frown upon my countenance, directed against the whole population of the inn humbled to the dust, and, my pug dog seated by my side, we drove off triumphant.

25th. Left Foligno. The road continued beautiful along the vale watered by the Clitumnus, which, however, left me to proceed to our left to join the Tiber. Arrived at the town of Spello, ancient Hispellum, situated romantically on a height, which is protected by a baronial fortress, and which covers the hill with its ruined walls for a considerable space, guarding the Flaminian way by an embattled gateway; useless, however, as an enemy might choose his line of march through the valley without troubling the Flaminian way in the slightest degree. This place was not an ancient Umbrian town, but a colony settled here. Foligno was the head of a confederation of Umbrian cities, they say twelve.

A short way out of the town of Spello, on the left hand of the road, are large remains of an amphitheatre. We arrived at the port of La Santa Madonna della Angeli. Here I reinforced my horses to my carriage, and proceeded up the mountain to the right, to the city of Assise, the birthplace of St. Francis. Nothing can be more romantic and fine than the situation of the city covering the summit of a high mountain; and the walls, arcades, and towers of the church of St. Francis sweep the profile of the mountain to the left, whilst the whole ascent of this elevation is covered with olives, corn, and vines.

After we had scrambled up the mountain I proceeded to the church of St. Francis. It consists of three tiers

of churches, if I may so explain myself. There is the sacred crypt where St. Francis lies buried, round whose tomb in the native rock, which still remains entire, a chapel has been excavated. The chapel itself is worthy of little attention, but the shrine of the saint is rich and curious. The iron grate upon which the body lay when first found, and the stone that covered the grave, are shown. The body is enclosed in the rock, and the rock is enclosed within a grating. In front of it is an altar, on and before which silver lamps and candles are continually burning.

Leaving the crypt I ascended to the church above, which itself is a crypt to the church above all. The high altar is immediately over the tomb of St. Francis. The whole church is a mass of beautifully done frescoes by Cimabue, and the masters of that school—some by Pietro Perugino. What struck me most were the painted windows, most of which are well preserved, and of the most beautiful and vivid colours. In the sacristy nothing of value remains. The French swept everything away. On a level with the church is the monastery of Franciscans. There are now no more than fifty brethren. There were above one hundred. The monastery has endless corridors. The large refectory is a fine room, with a good picture of the Last Supper, but they could not tell me by what master. In fact, they think of none here but Cimabue, Pietro Perugino, and the masters of that school. The church was built in the twelfth century. The gallery or covered walk commands most extensive views of the whole vale and line of the Apennines, with Perugia in the distance. The principal belvedere hangs directly over the mountain's brow, and a poor mad priest threw

himself from it a short time ago, and was dashed into spray—atoms is too inadequate a term. Of course pictures of St. Francis and all possible Franciscans abound.

The air is beautiful in summer, but in winter is piercing cold—so much so, that the monks complain of it; and a poor, hectic young man whom I met in the corridor coughing his heart out, and the picture of a hectic patient, told me that he was falling a martyr to the rarified air. The little refectory, also a good room, is used for winter.

Above this, and higher up the mountain, is the third, or great church, to which I ascended by stairs countless in number, and most severe in height. This church is only used on great solemnities: the daily Mass is said in the church below. It is in the same style, but much more lofty. The walls and roof are entirely covered with frescoes, and nothing can exceed the beauty of the painted glass. The stalls of the choir are done wholly in what we call marquetry, what the Italians call mosaic in wood. Altogether the mass of frescoes, and the gloomy richness of the heavy decorations, pleased me very much; although the frescoes, taken separately, are of course, from their date, stiff in drawing and faulty in colouring. The luxury of fountains, and the purest, coldest water from out of the limestone rock throughout the monastery, is excessive.

From thence I drove round the town. In the front of a church, which they call "Della Philippini," is the beautiful façade of an ancient temple of Minerva, consisting of a portico of beautiful Corinthian columns, with a rich frieze, cornice, and entablature. A splendid temple to Æsculapius once adorned this town, which has

now entirely disappeared. The church of the Convent of St. Clara has a very fine Catherine wheel-window.

I never saw such steep or streets so slippery. My carriage with four horses in hand was, I believe, the first which had ever, since the days of St. Francis, been seen, and drew not only crowds of gazers in the streets, but the whole interior population of the houses, roused from their siestas, to the windows.

Above all the mass of churches and houses, on the topmost summit of the mountain frowns a baronial bassi tempi castle. In its best times it was involved, and involved others, in perpetual storms, and now its crumbling ruins are more than half the year exposed to the tempests of heaven. From what little I could collect, it is an object of dread to the neighbourhood. Whether a bassi tempi spirit haunts it or not, I know not; but this I know, that when, in my conversation with my poor hectic young man, I asked him if he had been ever there, he shuddered at the thought, and said that "il santo fondatore" of their monastery, St. Francis, might go there if he was living, but he was persuaded that no mortal now living would. I looked up at the almost perpendicular slope, and felt that, at least, I could not be the rival of St. Francis, so I inquired no further.

I descended to La Madonna della Angeli, where another Franciscan treat awaited me. It is an immense church built over a little chapel, which was the favourite chapel of St. Francis, where he founded his order, and where he lived amongst thorns, which, in honour of him, were in the month of January decked with white and red roses—where he daily submitted his body to the

lash, and his senses to austere inflictions, and where he declared that he personally had repeated interviews with Jesus Christ and the Virgin Mary. I state not this from old legends, but from a book which I bought in the Franciscan Convent, which was published in 1824, "con licenza," &c., and is dedicated to all true believers. It is the most charitable, and therefore the most correct conclusion to draw, that St. Francis was an enthusiast, whom severe privations had rendered visionary.

Our English Methodist, who, by strange injurious mechanisms, crucified himself in honour and imitation of our Saviour, has as good claims to sanctity as St. Francis; but what must we say of a Church which maintains its authority and power by supporting and encouraging blasphemies like those promulgated in the "Life of St. Francis"?

Some pilgrims returning from Palestine first built a chapel here in the forest, of rough wood and reeds. They collected followers, and established themselves here. But they at last separated, and the hermitage became vacant. Francis took a fancy to the place, probably from its privacy and solitude. He built a chapel here of rough stones on the site of the other of reeds, and that still remains in the centre of the church built over it. He made himself a bed of torture and a cell of penitence close by, also now under the roof of the church. His austerities collected round him, first, astonished admirers, and then ascetic followers, and here he first established his order. Here he died, being brought here in his last illness from Assisi. Here his heart and bowels are enclosed behind the glittering altar of the little chapel, and before which silver lamps are ever burning. His bed is still shown, and, sorry am I

to tell, so also is pretended to be shown the spot where Christ and his Virgin Mother personally conversed with the ascetic.

The church is large and vast, but devoid of real ornament. The marbles of the chapels are all fictitious, and the paintings in honour of St. Francis of little value. About 100 Franciscans here maintain the honour of their founder's name.

From thence I proceeded through a continuation of the same valley, until the road rises up the mountain, crowned with the towers and fortifications still kept up as a Papal garrison, by six small guns and twenty men, with one small drummer, and a Governor of the town of Perugia, once the capital of Umbria. Up this mountain my caleche moved with four horses, and my fourgon with four oxen. The scenery on the rise of the hill is very fine, and at the top a magnificent view of all the country which we have passed, and all the ridge of the Apennines, presented itself.

26th. I had been so long detained at Rome by my illness, and on the road by my visit to Canino, that I was most unwillingly obliged to leave Perugia unexamined. There is not much to interest in the country from Perugia until you open the pass which leads by Torricella, down to the celebrated Lake of Thrasymene, the scene of an event so fatal to the Roman arms. Viewed from above, in the woody pass through which the road runs, the expanse of water is very fine. It is fifty miles in circuit, but, they told me, in no place more than twenty-four feet deep. If so, it is only the natural drain of water from the high grounds round, and the marshy nature of its banks, that encourages the belief. The air upon its borders is extremely unwholesome in

summer, and the fish which abound in it are those which most delight in fenny muddy lakes. But the high ridges that appear in every direction round this great basin attract the eye, which is carried over the reedy, marshy ground that serves as the natural boundary of the waters.

Passing along the shores, the landscape varied beautifully, the promontories falling into the lake being all high and wooded. At a distance, high upon the edge of a cliff, stands the village of Passignano, where the scene begins to open of Hannibal's victory; the battle having been fought between that town and the little brook-village, which to this day goes by the name of La Sanguinetto, the great slaughter of the Romans taking place upon its banks and in its neighbourhood, as close to that stream is the pass by which Hannibal came upon the rear and left flank of his enemy. The conduct of the Roman consul appears to have been unpardonable. He was rapidly pursuing a very able and wary adversary who he knew could only hope to achieve his object by choosing the first favourable moment that presented itself of increasing the distance between them by giving him a severe check. The Roman army had its right flank appuyé on and secured by the lake. The consul Flaminius had but one of his flanks, therefore, to protect, and that he seems entirely to have neglected.

The ridge of the Apennines between Sanguinetto and Passignano approaches nearer to the edge of the lake, but between their base and the water runs a ridge of lower hills, parallel to the upper line, which last ridge turns down close to the lake at Sanguinetto, forming a woody deep ravine, and leaving a very small space of ground clear between its termination and the water's

edge. Through this space the road runs now, and ran then. Hannibal in passing through it saw the possibility which the ravine afforded him of giving Flaminius a complete defeat. Whilst, therefore, the main body of his army followed the shores of the lake to Passignano, he threw a strong detachment of troops into this ravine, behind and within which it remained concealed. Flaminius seems to have had no flanking-party, neither does he appear to have reconnoitred the pass, but boldly plunging into it, only strove to come up with his retreating foe. At Passignano Hannibal turned round upon his pursuers, and, at the instant he formed his line, loud barbaric shouts first gave intimation to the unfortunate Romans that the pass in their rear and the lower ridge on their left flank were closed and occupied by the troops which Hannibal had left behind them. The Carthaginian general began the attack, which in an instant became a slaughter. On three sides the Romans were surrounded by his troops, the fourth was closed by the lake. The choice left to them was death by the sword or by the water. But a very small part of Flaminius's army escaped, and forcing its way back to the small village of Ossaia, there assembled, and buried the bodies of their unfortunate countrymen. Flaminius was buried at Cortona, where his sarcophagus is still to be seen, richly sculptured with the representation of the contest between the Lapithæ and the Centaurs. Ossaia is so named from its containing the bones of the fallen Romans.

From this scene of conflict the road rises to the right up a steep ascent, on the summit of which is the last dogana in this part of the Roman states. My lascia passare carried me through unscathed. Above Con-

nessia —near which is the Tuscan dogana where Tarquin defeated the enemy by a Tuscan lascia passare—is the city of Cortona, famous as an Etruscan city, the traces of which, composed of huge blocks of uncemented stones, are still descernible. From thence I proceeded to Arezzo, where Petrarch was born. Here are the remains of an ancient amphitheatre.

CHAPTER IX.

Tuscan Hats—Approach to Florence—Festival of the Ascension—A Russian Palace—Mrs. Patterson—The Buonapartes at Florence—Palazzo Pitti—The Fire-King and Lord Burghersh—Corsini Palace—English at Florence—Lord Burghersh's Opera—Volcano—Bologna—Political Overtures—Feast of the Corpus Domini—Dinner with the Grand Duke—Amici and the Microscope.

MAY 27th. This morning at six o'clock I started for Florence. The country began to lose its interest, although its fertility and the lovely appearance of the ground, covered with flowers, which literally fill the air with fragrance, must always delight the traveller: But the magnificent features of the scenery had began to disappear, until we crossed the mountains and descended into the valley of the Arno. The Apennines, that serve as the corolla of this lovely river, rise in splendid majesty into bolder forms than any which I had witnessed since I left Rome. It appears that they get higher and more abrupt as they approach their parent Alps. The valley is as lovely as fertility, deep meadows, olives, vines, and corn can make it.

We have at last, thank God, got rid of those vile costumes which, by their bizarre character, astonish, but can never please the eye, that prevail all the way from Naples as far as the confines of Tuscany, and in which the prettiest woman can only look tolerable, and we have returned to the Tuscan straw hat, in which scarcely any woman can look ugly. Whether it is that I have a prejudice in favour of these hats—which are made like those worn by men, and which I think are very becoming to women—or not, I don't know, but certainly the Tuscan women strike me as being much prettier than any that I have seen in Italy; they seem, too, a more contented race, and one does not see the squalid misery which strikes one's eye in every corner of the states of Naples and Rome. There is an evident change, too, in the ecclesiastical state of the country. Every street and house is not littered with friars and shovel-hatted Jesuits, as throughout the Roman state, and certainly there is a much greater appearance of industry.

As we approach Florence the road turns out of the valley of the Arno to the left, and winds up and down amidst innumerable slopes clothed with wood and corn, and wine and oil. You see nothing of the city until at the turn of the corner round one of the hills the whole north of Italy bursts upon your sight, with the distant but distinct line of Alps as a barrier. Below you lies Florence with its dome and towers, the neighbourhood thickly studded with white houses and villas, the lovely Arno winding in a thread of silver through the plain, the Apennines towering to the right, and Fesolé, dear to every reader of Milton, overtopping the minor hills clustering round its base.

Descending into the plain you lose its beauty; the ap-

proach to Florence is meagre and shabby, through a long dirty suburb and narrow lanes, that in no respect resembles the approach to a great city. The day closed in just as I had entered the gate.

28th. The town, upon the whole, disappointed me, but my eyes were full of Rome. Florence, after what I have seen, gives me the idea exteriorly of a pretty neat town, and nothing more. It appears much cleaner than any city I have seen in Italy, and the dress of all orders is much more becoming than in any other place I have been in on this part of the Continent.

The ideal beauty of Florence depends upon the recollections that crowd upon one so forcibly, and which every step one takes brings to one's mind, of a republic so powerful, and at the same time the nurse and cradle of the arts in Italy, of a family so transcendently great as citizens, so powerful in their situation as mercantile princes, so weak when they gave up that proud name for unreal titles. The spirits of the Medici appear to haunt the spots where their former greatness affords a strong contrast to their subsequent fall, when they sacrificed a great name founded on the love of their people to the tinsel decorations which deprived them of both.

This being the festival of the Ascension, is the great *fête* for the lower orders in Florence, but heavy rain completely destroyed it. I however drove through the Cascina where it is held, a large park intersected by drives and shrubberies, and full of magnificent trees, given up to the Florentines for their amusement and recreation, like our Hyde Park. In some respects—for instance, the variety of drives—it exceeds our parks in beauty and convenience, and I should think in extent.

I saw nothing but dripping booths, and tables and benches, and melancholy wine-sellers, fruit-sellers, and pie-sellers, looking as disconsolate at the frowning clouds as the poor citizens did who were deprived of their amusement.

Called upon Lord Burghersh at eleven o'clock. His lordship not up. I found out afterwards he had sat up all night to put the last finishing hand to an opera that is to be represented next week, and which we are all to applaud. No English here except a very few loiterers like myself. Mrs. Patterson,[1] formerly Madame Jerome Buonaparte, here.

30th. I have been employed in visiting what is worth seeing. My first visit was to the Duomo. The outside is a mass of beautiful white, red, green, and black marble, highly polished. The Florentines amuse themselves and strangers by calling this church the original of St. Peter's, to which it bears no further resemblance than that both are churches and both have domes, but in every other respect they are totally different. The style is that sort of bastard Gothic which belongs to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The fretwork on the outside is

[1] She was the daughter of a merchant of the once United States, whom Jerome Buonaparte, when a very young man, married whilst on a visit to North America. His brother, the Emperor Napoleon, was indignant at this *mesalliance*, and the marriage was annulled. The lady subsequently lived mostly in Florence, but visited England about ten or twelve years ago, where, under the auspices of Lady Morgan, she went a little into English society —Lady Morgan confidently assuring every one, in her friend's behalf, that Mrs. Patterson had divorced her husband. Lately, her name has again been prominently before the public, in connection with her attempt to get her claims as a member of the Buonaparte family publicly recognized in France—but in this she has completely failed.

very beautiful. The dome is octagon both within and without. On the exterior there is a circular Catherine wheel window in each angle, and below the spring of the dome each angle has a semicircular abutment, forming an interior chapel. It is the work of Brunallesco. Michael Angelo designed the balustrades and the pillars which surmount the tribune, and Bandorelli executed the bassi-relievi. Over one door is a curious marquetrie work by Ghirlandajo, representing the Annunciation Behind the high altar is a pièta, the last work of Michael Angelo—three statues on the altar by Bandorelli, representing God, the Father, our Saviour, and an angel. Here are many monuments, statues, and portraits of persons celebrated in the Florentine Republic, and an antique portrait, by Andrea Orgagna, of Danté, a portrait of Giovanni Acuto, and Nicola da Tolentino, the first a Pisan general and an English knight, supposed to have been Sir John Hawkwood, who died in the reign of Richard II. The painted glass in this cathedral is fine, but the effect of the whole very gloomy, especially to those whose eyes are full of St. Peter's. It is, however, of its kind a fine church. The inside perfectly plain—very little marble even on the altars, but much silver plate and lamps. There is amongst others the tomb of Giotto. In the sacristy of this cathedral Laurentio di Medici saved his life during the conspiracy of the Pazzi. In one of the chapels is a meridian, fixed in 1755, in the marble floor, of brass, by Leonardo Ximenes; and in the centre is a round piece of marble, upon which the sun, through a rim fixed in one of the windows of the lantern of the cupola, throws its rays on the day of the lunore solstice. The cupola was begun to be painted by Vasari, but he

dying before he had nearly finished it, it was completed by Frederic Zucchero. The façade of the church next the baptistery is not finished. The encrustration of marble remains yet to be supplied; and on the occasion of the marriage of Prince Ferdinand, a fine Corinthian front, with pediment, columns, and pilasters, was painted in fresco, which, applied to the end of a twelfth century church, affords but a melancholy specimen of Florentine taste. Adjoining to, but separated from, the cathedral, is the campanile, built by Giotto, of varied coloured marble. It is 144 fathoms high, and 100 in circumference. It is quadrangular, and was begun in 1334. The baptistery, supposed to have been a temple of Mars, octagon, encrustrated with polished black and white marble. The doors of bronze by Ghiberti and Andrea Pisano. The bassi-relievi on them represent Scripture history, and the foliage round them is beautiful. On each side of the principal entrance is a porphyry column, given to the Florentines by the Pisans, in acknowledgment of the former having defended Pisa whilst the latter were engaged in subduing Majorca and Minorca. The inside supported by sixteen enormous granite columns. Statues by Ammanati. From thence to the church of St. Maria, belonging to a convent of Dominicans. Statue of St. John, the Baptist, by Francacella. Cupola painted by Gherardini. In the sacristy a statue of our Saviour, by Novelli. Cloisters painted in fresco by Angelico, Poccetti, Fra Bartolomeo, and Carlo Dolci. A chapel with a fresco of the Last Supper, by Porcetti. The Apostles all Florentine portraits.

The church of the Annunciati. Vestibule painted in fresco, with the life and adventures of St. Philippo

Benizzi, by Andrea del Sarto, whose bust is also there. The church highly ornamented; a miraculous virgin, who, whilst the painter slept, finished her own portrait; ceiling and cupola painted by Volterrano. The altar of the miraculous virgin filled with silver candelabra, lamps, &c.; and a silver altar. (N.B.—The virgin is a very bad painter, and has made herself very ugly.) In a corridor to the left of the church, the celebrated fresco, by Andrea del Sarto, called Le Madonna del Sacco. Chapel filled by pictures, few good. The name, "del Sacco," derived from its being believed that, during a famine, the painter did it for a sack of corn. Andrea del Sarto lies buried in the vestibule. Fresco by Poccetti, &c.

La Santa Croce, built 1296: a magnificent church. The front not finished; full of tombs—Alfieri, Michael Angelo, Machravelli. The tomb of Alfieri, by Canova; Italy mourning over his sarcophagus; the Aretino the historian. In Castellani Chapel, Last Supper, by Vasari. Niccolini Chapel, beautifully ornamented with marble, statues of Moses and Aaron, by Francacella; cupola and the Sibyls, with angels, by Vasari, are beautiful; monument and bust of Galileo. Upon the whole, this is the finest church in Florence; the outside not finished; crucifix painted by Giotto.

St. Lawrence, built by Brunalesco in 1425; the high altar, designed by Grand Duke Leopold, to be placed in the chapel of the Medicis family; above, a crucifix, by John of Bologna. Tomb of Cosmo, "pater patriæ." In the new sacristy, tombs of Giuliano de Medici, Lorenzo de Medici. The whole the works of Michael Angelo. In the old sacristy, tombs of Pietro and Giovanni, sons of Cosmo, "pater patriæ." Capella del

Medici, not finished; beautiful marble sarcophagi; statues by Giovanni di Bologna and Pietro Tacco.

St. Maria Novella. Curious frescoes representing heaven and hell, by Andrea and Bernando Oviagno; Madonna, by Cimabue. Casa del Poveri, begun by Napoleon, continued by the Grand Duke, maintaining in work 3,000 persons. The number of similar establishments has entirely cleared Florence of beggars. Bronze wild-boar, by Pietro Turco: granite column, near Ponta Santa Trinita, found in Antoninus' Baths in Rome, erected by Cosmo 1st, with a figure of Justice on the top. Bronze equestrian statue of Ferdinand, in the Piazza del Annunciata.

Equestrian statue of Cosmo 1st, by Giovanni di Bologna, in bronze, in Piazza del Granduca, is magnificent; a fine fountain, the bronze figures belonging to which are also by Giovanni di Bologna.

Museum of Natural History splendid. In the courtyard an immense armillary sphere, according to the Ptolomean system, and a terrestrial globe to correspond, the work of Ignatio Dante. Two rooms containing large animals, badly preserved; rooms damp and dark. On first floor, models and machines, in all sciences, mechanics, &c.; observatory; Gallileo's telescope; electricity. On second piano, the wonderful collection of anatomical preparations, in wax, arranged by Fontana; each room containing a distinct series of preparations, with drawings and explanations attached to each, in a set of fifteen rooms, one of which also contains a collection of models, in wax, of comparative anatomy. Rooms representing the whole progress of conception, parturition, &c., wonderful. The next series is of zoology, beginning with birds and fishes, all arranged

after Linnæus, preserved in glass cases, and the latter in spirits; reptiles, insects, mollusca polipi, vermes, shells —this last the finest collection in Europe—zoophites. The next is botany: plants and flowers imitated in wax; the least interesting of the whole. The next, minerals, in eight rooms; specimens beautifully exhibited and ticketed, but not arranged according to any system. The first room contains specimens of gold and silver platina, &c. Geology—rocks, fossil shells, organic remains—splendid; fossil bones, equally so. But the most melancholy, interesting, and dreadful exhibition is last. A set of preparations in wax, representing first, a mass of bodies in all states of the plague. These give the human body in every possible state of decay, from the moment of interment to that of complete dissolution of animal form. The figures are all in wax, and in miniature, represented in groups, as in large sepulchres, and the resemblance of all the reptiles and insects, rats, &c., which destroy and feed upon us, is so natural that, I understand, and without surprise, few people can see this representation without horror, and that many faint or dissolve into tears. It is, indeed, a melancholy and a tremendous memento of the vanity of human life. The man who made these wax pictures ought to be made sexton-major in the most unhealthy city in Europe.

2nd. Still employed in sight-seeing. Took an airing a little way out of town, and saw the immense villa begun by M. Demidoff before his death. So much bad taste upon so large a scale I never saw. The high road to Bologna passes through his land; so he claps an immense villa verandah-looking house on one side of the road, and the stables and the offices opposite to it on

the other. Close by the road-side is a high iron railing, with brick pieces, on the top of which are busts. In the immediate front of the house, a little rotunda, with a great heavy dome, and an enormous fighting gladiator under it, shewing his fist to the passers-by. Amongst the vines and olives on the other side of the road he meant to make a race-course; and he did make, in the centre of it, a vast rotunda, with a flying Mercury at the top of it. Under this rotunda is a great square case, like the box which they send mortar up in in England. In this M. Demidorff and his company were to be seated, and hoisted up by ropes and pulleys to the top of the building, whereby he commanded the whole race-course, and could see the horses run. Odd-looking buildings in all corners. A semicircular one, with dens, &c., for wild beasts. Happily, for the sake of taste, this man is dead; and, although he has left sons, it is to be hoped such taste cannot be hereditary. The man was a Russian; and the possessor of the platina mines and all the malachite in Siberia.

The Grand Gallery—truly a princely establishment. I don't attempt to describe what a volume only would contain. The Venus de Medicis, Dancing Fawn, &c., which I saw in Paris, restored to their places. The paintings arranged in regular schools along the gallery, and in different apartments, from the earliest commencement of the art. Copying allowed in the freest manner, and every room filled with painters. The Room of Gems, being an octagon apartment, filled with the richest jewellery work, and carvings in all sorts of precious stones, by Benvenuto Cellini and others. These riches were all moved to Palermo when the French were in Italy—and saved! Egyptian Antiquities—a very

small collection. Etruscan ditto—a small one also, but rich in bronzes. Amongst them a group of genii supporting a wounded warrior, the counterpart to one which was found at Canino. Some very fine Etruscan bronze statues, two of them with Etruscan inscriptions. Amongst the modern bronzes the famous Mercury by John of Bologna, the counterpart of mine at Stowe. In the Lozzia the Villa Medicis lions in white marble, the original of my lions at Stowe. Perseus holding up Medusa's head, by John Bologna, in bronze. Rape of the Sabines, in marble. On the staircase two fine bronze Wolf Dogs, the originals of the dogs which Rubens introduces into all his pictures. I sat examining the Venus de Medicis for a very long while, and, beautiful as it is, I cannot admire it as much as the Apollo Belvidere. The Wrestlers—I am almost inclined, on observation, to think that the uppermost figure had once a sword in his hand, which would be an explanation, in my mind, to a part of the attitude, which scarcely suits a wrestler. Certainly the closed right hand of the victorious wrestler has either the hilt of a sword enclosed in it, or the artist did not clear out the hand, and left it unfinished. I never heard the idea started, but it struck me forcibly. Room full of portraits of painters of all nations, painted by themselves. One English—our Reynolds. Many works of Michael Angelo. The Mask, which was his earliest work, at the age of fifteen, and the unfinished bust of Brutus. I passed almost a whole day here. The Cascini—immense quantities of pheasants, reserved for the Grand Duke's shooting. The fashionable drive in the evening. Parties meet in carriages and stop and talk. The Comedie Française—the play "l'Abbé de l'Eprée" not ill acted; but the woman who acted the

deaf and dumb thinks herself very handsome, because she has a great pair of arms, which she paints white, and squints abominably. The opera not bad. A young singer, the sister of Madame Grisi, prima donna, mistress to Comte B——, the Austrian minister—a very handsome girl of eighteen, who promises to sing very well if she takes good instruction. The ballet bad. The house a very plain but exceedingly handsome one, and, what is rare in Italy, exceedingly well lit. The orchestra large and good, but too loud. Velluti, the soprano singer, much talked of here.

Got acquainted with Madame Patterson, Jerome Buonaparte's rejected wife. She passes her life here. Her character is untainted. She is clever and shrewd. Has been very pretty, and is very satirical—something like little Lady George Nugent when young. I never saw gallantry so openly avowed as it is here. Ladies never go to the opera with their husbands in the carriage, but always with their avowed lovers—the husbands acting the same in other carriages. The Russian young men who swarm here and at Rome have a very odd way of testifying their passion for women, and trying their dispositions. Twice it has happened to me—once in the Sistine Chapel at Rome, another time here at the opera—to be in company with ladies and Russian young men of rank. In both cases the ladies have given little shrieks, and have jumped up, the Russians having slyly, while sitting on low stools at their feet, as if attending to the music, taken off the lady's shoe and tickled her foot! In one instance the lady, an Englishwoman, seized my arm, and desired me to take her away, under pretence of illness, explaining to me the cause afterwards. In the other, the lady, a Frenchwoman, jumping up, and de-

siring me to take her seat, under pretence that the lamps were too strong for her eyes. A most Cossack way of giving an amatory hint. In both cases the Russians were of known rank and consideration.

Game of Balla played constantly here, in the same manner as by the ancient Romans, the arms shielded with leather and wood, and the ball hurled thus from one to the other, and not suffered to touch the ground. The people of Florence passionately fond of the game, and regular grounds kept for it, as for cricket in England.

In the grand gallery most extraordinary specimens of pietra dura. The manufactory exclusively employed by the Grand Duke, and no one else allowed to buy, except by especial permission. The chapel of the Medicis family attached to the church of St. Lawrence, the most magnificent thing of the kind in Europe. It was founded by Ferdinand I., whose statue, and that of his son, in bronze, by John of Bologna, are elevated above their sarcophagi. It was begun for the Medicis family. It is still unfinished, but is the burying-place of all the sovereign Grand Dukes of Tuscany. The present Grand Duke is now going on with it, but it will take twelve years still to finish it properly.

It is a vast octagon, with a cupola, near 300 feet from the floor. The immense scaffolding, which in itself is a beautiful piece of architecture, is still up, as the cupola is not yet begun to be painted; but it is to be without a column. One angle of the octagon is to be the great arch which will communicate with the church of St. Lawrence. Another arch is to be occupied by the altar, that is now making at the royal manufactory, of pietra dura, consisting of all species of precious stones, lapis lazuli, malachite, mother of pearl, jaspers, onyxes,

&c. The other angles are filled with sarcophagi of porphyry, containing the ashes of the Medici family, all but Cosmo Pater Patriæ, who lies under a simple, plain, marble slab at the foot of the high altar in St. Lawrence's Church. All the walls, quite to the architraves of the windows, which are high up in the roof, are totally incrustrated in the most beautiful and elaborate pietra dura, composed of the most elaborate materials. Beneath this splendid mausoleum is a crypt, where, in fact, the bodies repose, each in a plain white marble tomb. The high altar of St. Lawrence, a mass of pietra dura, intended for the Medicis chapel, but not considered rich enough for it. Two of the bridges over the Arno handsome and plain; the third an old one, with houses built on each side of it and upon it.

If you stop your carriage to speak to a lady on the Cassino drive, a tribe of nosegay-sellers immediately surround you, and the *bon ton* is to purchase a nosegay and present it to the lady you are talking to. You are guilty of ill-breeding if you neglect this. A good sprinkling of Buonapartes on the Cassino to-day. Louis Buonaparte; Hortense, his wife, who has come from Rome on a visit to her son—never speaks to or takes any notice of her husband; La Reine Julie, as she is called, ex-Queen of Spain, Joseph's wife; the sons of Louis; Madame Patterson, ex-wife of Jerome; and Madame Lætizia Wyse, Lucien Buonaparte's daughter.

6th. Continued to employ myself in seeing sights. Church of St. Philip di Neri; Pozzi the sculptor's atelier; Pisani, the alabaster worker; lions from the Villa Medicis, under the vestibule of Il Palazzo Vecchio, the originals of mine at Stowe. Dine twice with Lord Burghersh, who insists on my staying to hear the first

appearance of an opera of his. This disconcerts my plans, but I know not how to refuse him on a subject in which he takes great interest.

I ascend the hill of Fiesole, and went up the steepest and most rugged road ever carriage ascended. None had ever appeared there before. I put four horses to my carriage, of which my coachman was very proud; but, unfortunately, he went on too far without inquiry along a narrow road, and, being obliged to turn, overturned me. My carriage was a caleche. Fortunately, it being very hot, a lady who was with me had only a quarter of an hour before desired to have the head of the vehicle put up. This saved us from, perhaps, being killed. As it was, nobody was in the least hurt, and the carriage not broken. I fell undermost, and saved the lady. We got the vehicle up again, and continued our drive up the mountain, and arrived safe.

Fiesole most interesting to all English feelings — equally so to antiquarian feelings. Etruscan city — walls partly remain; Roman amphitheatre, on Etruscan foundations; Temple of Bacchus; cathedral not worth seeing. Prospect magnificent of the whole vale of the Arno, and innumerable towns, villages, palaces, and farm-houses. Most rich in vegetation, and beautiful in scenery. On the other side the tumultuous waves of the Apennines, in the roots of which Fiesole stands. Descend the mountain in perfect safety.

Palazzo Pitti. I had heard much of the splendour of this palace, and the magnificence of its collection, but both far exceeded my expectations. It certainly is the finest collection in Europe, and the best preserved. The Grand Duke seems to be a very liberal and a very judi-

cious amateur and protector of the arts. In the approach are two statues of Dacian slaves in porphyry—very fine. The statues in the rooms above are not good. Two boudoirs and bathing rooms delicious, with white marble statues, pavement, baths, &c., and blue and silver furniture. These were fitted up by Napoleon for Marie Louise. Most splendid pietra dura tables—two in porphyry, with shells and jewels represented as lying dispersed on the tables—a perfect delusion. The original Rubens of the "Consequences of War," of which I have the copy; the "Musical Family," by Giorgione, of which I have the repetition at Avington. The curious thing is, that they will call it here Luther and Calvin, as they did mine in England, although not the slightest resemblance of either. Pictures fully described. Grand Duke unexpectedly arrived, so I could not see the lower apartments, or those in which is Canova's Venus. Must go again. Spent the whole day there. Raphaels splendid.

A gentleman—a mad philosopher—has undertaken to point out the means of passing through fire unhurt. He puts on an amianthus shirt, boots, and gloves, and carries a shield covered with the same upon his arm to ward off the flames; his head enclosed in an amianthus hood, the eyes with thick glasses, and they and the mouth protected by a mask of wire, like Davy's safety lamp. With this apparatus he says that he can breathe, and could save articles out of the fire, or the lives of children, &c. It may be so; and he exhibited before the Grand Duke, who gave him a snuff-box encircled with diamonds. He exhibited in Lord Burghersh's garden. Two great heaps of faggots were laid, about thirty feet in length, leaving a very narrow path be-

tween them. The flames were fierce and high above the head, and he walked backwards and forwards, armed with his amianthus armour, in perfect safety. But the philosopher was excessively discomposed when he saw Lord Burghersh, in his common dress and boots, and without any amianthus, stalk through the flames as he had done, and without being hurt. This proves that, provided the flames are not inhaled by the breath, and the body is kept in motion, with a close dress on, and that not easily combustible—like cloth, for instance—much heat can be borne without mischief.

Opera and cascine in the evenings. Mrs. Harvey Aston here promoted to be a Russian Baronne. Much *recherchée* here, and leading a very gay life. I have avoided renewing old acquaintance, notwithstanding her wish that I should do so. We only *bow*.

13th. Corsini Palace. The collection of pictures very fine—of the Carlo Dolci's especially. Carlo Dolci was protected by the Corsini family. His finest picture, "Poetry," is here—supposed to be the finest in the world. It certainly is exquisite. It is said to be the portrait of his daughter. This, and others of his best works here, are under glass. This is unfavourable to them. In the first place, the light is thrown false upon the picture, and prevents it from being seen; in the next, the rays of the sun, concentrated under the glass, must damage the painting. Carlo Dolci's last painted picture also is here, unfinished as he left it.

Lord Burghersh's opera rehearsed on Thursday; acted to-night—Saturday. His enthusiasm and antics during performance delightful. Every bar and line repeated over and over again. Dead dull, but he very civil. Don't like Florence. The society is confined,

but gossipy to a degree. Everybody's concerns are known, and publicly talked about. A lady is ill-looked upon if she has no lover, and women go with their lovers publicly and avowedly. Lord B. in great request. The English women don't improve by their communication with foreigners, and are supposed to have as many lovers as the Florentines. Grand Duke extremely decorous and proper in his example, and so is the Grand Duchess. Both young, but she by no means handsome.

Great diplomatic dinner at Lord Burghersh's. Foreign Ministers very civil to me. But I decline going out, as my health is so good that I don't wish to dine out, or run the risk of hot rooms, &c.

14th. Last night Lord Burghersh's opera was performed at his house, and really very well. The performers were all amateurs, the orchestra professional. The theatre is fitted up in a very large room, and is really very pretty. Some of the music was exceedingly good, and did him credit. The symphony was too loud and noisy. It was meant to represent a battle, and, to be sure, no battle ever made greater clatter. The plot was laid in the days of the Heptarchy; but Lord B. introduced into his orchestra the English Grenadiers' March, and representations of cannon and musketry in great quantities. At the end of the opera the curtain again drew up, and discovered all the performers, who immediately began scattering and throwing about lithographic engravings of Lord B., surrounded by musical trophies. He has composed three operas. This last act was unknown to Lord B. One prima donna was a Comtesse Vidona, who has a very fine voice; the other a Miss Williams, an English girl, who sings very well, and has very graceful action.

This morning I left Florence for Bologna. The road begins by winding up the hills which overlook Florence, leaving Fiesole on the right hand. The views magnificent of the valley of the Arno, &c., and of the sides of the Apennines, covered with villas and wood, vines and olives. When we reach the summit the road loses a good deal of its interest, and descends into a narrow gorge of the mountains, with a small stream running along it, until we pass Fonté Buono; after which the road turns through another narrow gorge to the left, and opens upon a very fine and extensive amphitheatre of the Apennines, on a hill in the midst of which stands a fine convent, surrounded by the most magnificent cypress trees that I ever saw in my life, the trunks as large as many oaks. Besides these trees, a long avenue of the same reaches for about three quarters of a mile to the convent, beyond which stands the pleasing village of La Marquera, where I stopped and dined.

Before reaching the convent we passed over the river Sieve, which here is a large stream, and rises amongst the Apennines behind Florence. After dinner we mounted one continual rise amongst the Apennines for nearly ten miles. In some parts the scenes were romantic—in all, rugged and rocky. At length we arrived under the highest peak and ridge of the whole chain. The road then turned to the right, and, passing under it, we descended to the little village of Pietra Mala, where I slept. The views back of the Apennines along which we had passed, were fine. As we approached Pietra Mala I saw a small fire on the side of the hill, that had all the appearance of a shepherd's fire, but which, in fact, was what they choose to call the volcano of Pietra Mala.

15th. The volcano of Pietra Mala is about two miles from the village—although they will tell you it is only one—and unapproachable except on foot, although they will tell you you can ride there, in order to tempt you to hire a horse and guide. It is a natural fire, which has for ever burnt on this hill. The hill itself is composed of the same secondary limestone that composes the whole of the southern face of this ridge of the Apennines. The fire seems to come, not out of any particular chasm or cleft, but through the calcined stones that cover the ground. It burns clear and bright like a blacksmith's forge; giving no smell of any sort, throwing up nothing, and forming no deposit. The ground all round it is in cultivation or rocky pasture. Barley was at this time growing within a few yards of it. You may beat out the flame with a bough, and for a second or two the flame ceases, and then rises again. The ground appears to have sunk in a very small degree round it.

A few years ago a person who visited the place got labourers, and dug within a few yards of where the flame now rises. After he had removed the ground a very few feet, the fire ceased where it had been burning, and blazed up where he was digging, and has remained blazing in that spot ever since. The stones which cover the fire, and which lie all around it, are nothing but the limestone of the chain, interspersed here and there with small veins of carbonate of lime. The flame makes a hissing noise as it rises, like the flame of a blacksmith's forge very slightly excited by the bellows; and I am inclined to think, from the sound, that there is a hollow not very far under the surface.

Another fire of the same sort rises in the hills a short distance from this. It varies in strength, and is ob-

served generally to burn freer in wet weather. This fire is certainly not volcanic, and probably is not deep-seated. It is not bituminous; if it were, a bituminous residuum would appear on the surface from exudation. It is not the combustion of pyrites; if it were, a sulphureous deposit would be made by sublimation. It probably is a bed of coal, which, by the explosion of a fire-damp occasioned by the opening of some fissure connected with the atmospheric air, has caught fire, and has burnt on ever since its first ignition. There is no marsh or marshy ground within many miles of it. It, therefore, cannot proceed from marsh miasmata.

Leaving Pietra Mala, we continued ascending. The road is bordered by high poles, painted black, set at small distances, in order to mark it out when the mountain is deep in snow. At last we gained the top of the ridge, and the view of the Apennines behind, rising in very fine masses, and sinking below me into a state like the ebullition of a mighty mass of boiling water, with the whole panorama of Italy, from the Adriatic to—I know not where, for the eye to the westward had no point to stop at—was magnificent. We then began to descend, but still in that descent kept ascending steep hills and then sinking into vallies, until we reached the little town of Pozziori, where I stopped and dined. The northern face of the Apennines is different from the southern. It is composed entirely of calcareous marly lime, overlaying beds of argillaceous pebbles, sand-stone, and at length sinking into blue clay. On the summit the highest ridge of the Apennines, in a little sequestered valley, is a small village, near which is the brook that separates the Papal from the Tuscan States, and the war of custom-houses never ceases.

The Grand Duke is building one on his side, large enough for Leghorn. I hope his commerce increases in proportion to his custom-house, as I have a liking to his Government, which, for an arbitrary one, is a good one, and his people seem happy. Once again I found myself in the States of my old acquaintance the Pope, and shovel hats and friars swarmed upon the road.

The approach to Bologna has nothing in it grand. The views of the river, along which the road runs, are picturesque and pretty; and at length, after crossing a bridge where a man in a huge cocked hat and a uniform levied a tax for the Pope and then begged for himself, I entered Bologna—a gloomy but clean-looking town, built very generally upon arcades. The leaning tower —an unmeaning square brick tower—has nothing to recommend it, like that of Pisa, to make up for its deformity.

17th. Count Nugent arrived, and we had a most interesting and confidential conversation. From the Emperor and Metternich the communication was direct of a decided wish that I might be in the Administration, as my public conduct had been such as shewed them that, in power, I should act upon principles at all times so necessary to be maintained, and at no time more necessary than the present. From Henry Wellesley the communication was not so direct, but the same opinion was expressed. From all parties I received pressing invitations to Vienna, and by Henry Wellesley a desire expressed that I might not go to any other leading court, except that of Vienna, before my return to England.

My answers to both have been a general exposition of my political opinions at the present moment. That they are favourable to Austrian politics I avow, because I see,

with great jealousy, the approaches which Russia is making to extended power, and to overwhelm Austria, as well as the smaller powers of Italy. Piedmont is more inclined, I fear, to Russia than to Austria. Tuscany to Austria. Naples to be carefully watched. Greece most unsatisfactorily situated, inasmuch as her independence is proclaimed, and to be maintained; and yet no means given her of maintaining her independence. Consequently she must fall into the hands that will pay highest. Young Napoleon. Great promise entertained. More English in his ideas than can be imagined. A great favourite.

To Henry Wellesley I desired Nugent to express a general wish to be able to support his brother, but that I felt hurt at his want of communication and his general shyness; that I was perfectly ready to enter into discussions, but on terms of efficient co-operation. I decline Vienna, as being known to form no part of my plan, and as being out of my way; consequently it would occasion jealousy and suspicion, and mar the principal object.

Nugent is to go to England much about the time that I shall be there, and much will probably be done then. I earnestly press upon Austria the fortifying her frontier towards Russia. I think they still have a year good. The Archduke Maximilian has suggested a system of fortifying the line, cheap, easily, and rapidly effected; but Archduke John, the brother who is at the head of the Austrian Engineer Department, opposed; and whilst they are disputing, the line remains unoccupied and quite open—and all this whilst Poland is organizing itself round the Russian Emperor, and Berlin exclusively listens to Russian politics. This is sad blindness—

especially as in fact the line is very defensible, and at a small expense.

Nugent's time is limited, on account of his military reviews, both in Ferrara and Padua. The Grand Duke of Modena has desired him to bring me over to Modena, to which place I shall proceed to-morrow, and return here to view the gallery, &c., when I shall be better, and the fête of the Corpus Domini over.

This evening I went with Nugent and Lord and Lady Arundel to see the Campo Santo belonging to Bologna. It is about three miles from the town. It was once an Olivietan convent, which was suppressed, and is now made the burying-place of the whole city. In the court and garden of the convent the common people are interred. In the cloisters and arcades are buried those whose relations pay for it, and monuments may be erected *ad libitum*. The bodies are in leaden coffins, under the flagstones of the corridors. As one cloister gets filled, another is built on the same plan, and side chapels. One, in the shape of a rotunda, is destined for the great men of Bologna. Here the Government has caused to be conveyed all the tombs belonging to the churches and convents suppressed by the French, or during the revolutionary war. There are many thousand tombs put up already, and more are added every day. It is the favourite walk of meditation of the Bolognese. Amongst the tombs is one to Banti, the singer, who was so famous in London. Many of the tombs are in vile bad taste.

The feast of the Corpus Domini, and the streets full of processions and ecclesiastics, and the city all of a headache with tinkling and chiming bells, beginning at daybreak. I had the gout, but escaped for Modena, a

quiet, clean, cool town, where I can but have the gout, without my head being cracked with the noise of bells. At Bologna the streets are so narrow, that one great canvas awning, stretched by cords, reaches from side to side, and is carried along the whole length of the streets. These gigantic umbrellas of course keep off the rays of the sun, but also the free course of the air.

The road quite flat, the country a perfect garden. I never saw such cultivation. By the Modenese the greatest attention is paid to agriculture, and especially to irrigation. I never saw such water-meadows anywhere, and the hedges throughout the whole district are clipped like garden hedges in England. The view of the Apennines, skirting to the left of the plain of the Po, very fine. Over the river, where is the Modenese custom-house, is a fine bridge, but deformed by four square towers, like houses, forming the four piers of the bridge. The country so flat that Modena is not visible except by its high spire, or rather tower, until you come close to it. It is surrounded by a wall and a rampart planted with trees, and forming a beautiful drive and promenade. The town is very neat, clean, and pretty, built upon arcades. At the inn was a carriage of the Grand Duke's, to convey me to dinner at the palace. I sent Nugent with my excuses, as I really was too unwell, but engaged for to-morrow, provided I was left alone this evening. This produced an Austrian general, full of compliments, &c., from the Grand Duke, and hoping that I would dine to-morrow, &c., full of joy for my arrival, regret for my gout, &c., &c. So I went early to bed to put myself into bodily preparation for to-morrow's battle.

19th. Professor Amici called upon me—renowned for his improvements on the microscope. The discoveries of electrical vegetation in the sap of plants, especially vines, very wonderful.

At three o'clock the Grand Duke sent his carriage for me, and a tremendously formal, full-dressed, but exceedingly civil, dinner, ensued. The Grand Duke thin and thoroughly Austrian, but clever. The daughter of the dowager-queen of Sardinia, whom I saw at Genoa, thin and not well-looking, but very affable. Nothing could be more civil than was the reception on the part of both. With him much conversation in the style of that with Nugent. He is scientific, and fond of scientific amusements. The Grand Duke's father was at Stowe in 1786. I perfectly remember his visit. After dinner we sat awhile chatting in the drawing-room, where we all separated.

I changed my dress, and in my own carriage took a drive round the ramparts, and on my return saw two ladies and children walking in the streets, who bowed to me. I then saw that it was the Archduchess and one of her ladies, walking like any other citizens. Two footmen and two gentlemen followed at some distance, but so far off as not at first to appear to belong to her. The Grand Duke told me that the whole plain of the Po is rapidly rising, in consequence of the alluvial deposits brought down from the mountains by the rivers, and that at forty feet below the surface they find at Modena ruins of Roman buildings. The mischief arising from this is the increasing difficulty of getting at the spring water. The superficial water which they use for agriculture is not good to drink. The substratum, being a strong loam, holds this superficial water

like a basin. When they sink wells they have to bank and dam this water out, and sink to the springs which lie beneath the original level of the soil.

20th. Went this morning to see the palace. A fine brick front, forming a quadrangle within. The rooms are good, but nothing fine in them, except a very splendid ball-room, with a well-painted ceiling. When the French entered the city, although the then Archduke paid a considerable sum to save his statues from plunder, they plundered everything; the best pictures were taken to Paris, and the furniture of the palace either carried off or totally destroyed. The present Grand Duke has had to repair and renew throughout, and it is wonderful how much he has done. The pictures are brought back, and he has added many more, and more are still in store, which are not yet hung up, the rooms being preparing for them. There are some fine Salvator Rosa landscapes and Guidos. A very fine Correggio or two. I forgot to say that the ball-room is painted by Francesconi. A very curious Crucifixion by Andrea del Mantegna. The ceiling of one room painted by Tintoret. A room full of Caravaggios. A beautiful Holy Family, Andrea del Sarto. Martyrdom of St. Peter, Guercino. A small but very pretty private theatre in the palace. A collection of models and of botany belonging to the Grand Duke, but which he has with his library given to his States. A foolish column at one extremity of the ramparts, much too low for its base, with a gilt eagle on the summit. Magnificent stables, and a breed of horses of which the Grand Duke is very fond and proud. An observatory in his palace, and he fond of observing.

I spent the morning with Professor Amici, who showed

me the wonderful progress which he has made in improving microscopes, and making large Newtonian reflectors. I examined the discoveries which he had made, through the astonishing powers and clearness of his microscopes, in the existence and circulation of a fluid through plants, continually revolving within the tube of the plant. The fluid is propelled evidently by a chain of globules, which keep continually, like the leathers of a chain-pump, revolving from one end of the tube to the other, and then returning. At the extremity of each joint the tube is closed by an apparent knot. Through this knot the juice appears to me to be impissated, whilst the grosser parts continue their round; and at these knots the preparation of vegetation appear to commence. In the case of the vine they are most apparent to the eye, the progress of vegetation increasing from hour to hour.

Amici is now engaged in a series of experiments on this very interesting subject. His impression is, that this chain of globules forms a voltaic pile, which thus keeps up the perpetual motion by the voltaic laws of attraction and repulsion. By his twelve-inch aperture reflecting telescopes, he observes Jupiter's satellites in mid-day. He is the first who has done so. He has very much increased, and is hourly increasing, the catalogue of double and treble stars.

In the evening the Archduke ordered me to come to his box at the opera. The house is a large one, calculated to hold about 600 people. It forms seven sides of an octagon, the stage forming the eighth side, which is flattened and widened. It is the only one of the shape that I ever saw, and is a good house for hearing, but not for seeing. The opera and ballet indifferent; but the

orchestra good, and not too noisy. The Grand Duke again took leave of me with many protestations of civility, and Monsieur le Comte de Bombelles, the Austrian minister there and at Florence, who was present, also overwhelmed me with civilities.

CHAPTER X.

Pictures by St. Luke—Science and Antiquities—Baths of Porretta—Public Curiosity—The Grand Duke of Modena and the Innkeeper—The Holy Inquisition—Crossing the Po—Rovigo—Padua—Letter from England by a Cabinet Courier—Visit to the Duke and Duchess of Modena—First View of Venice—Origin of Othello—Lord Byron at Venice—Royal Honours—Instruments of Torture.

JUNE 21st. Returned to Bologna. I forgot to say that at the village of Castel Franco, which is the boundary between the Modenese and the Papal territories, stand the ruins of Fort Urban, built by Pope Urban VIII.—nobody knows why, as it stands in the midst of a plain, is only large enough to hold 4,000 men, and anybody may mask it, or pass by it to the right or left out of reach of its guns. The French blew up the salient angles of all its bastions; but the barracks are restored, and a Popish battalion performs hot duty there. It was a model of a little fortress, having outworks, counter-guards, and a regular court way—a beautiful present for Uncle Toby. The wet ditches still remain, and growing

in them were the greatest quantity of the most beautiful water lilies I ever saw.

23rd. Went out at three o'clock, P.M., and proceeded to La Madonna della Guardia, or de St. Luco, a miraculous portrait of the Virgin, said to be painted by St. Luke. The poor painter, Luke, who lived in the fifteenth century, and who really is the painter in question, is not answerable for one half the black pictures of the Virgin attributed to him—perhaps for none; most certainly St. Luke, the Evangelist, is not. However, the Bolognese are most irate at the idea that this picture is not the work of the Evangelical brush. It has worked miracles for many centuries, and that alone is a proof of its origin. It is now in a magnificent church, built on the summit of the Apennines, overlooking Bologna, repaired by Pope Benedict XIV., and the altar newly adorned and beautified by Pius VII. The church is a very handsome one, with a dome like the Superga at Turin. The altar and sanctuary, together with the shrine of the miraculous picture behind it, are incrustrated with marbles and precious stones, and the frame and dress of the Madonna resplendent with jewels of immense size and beauty. I doubted their originality, and suggested to the sacristan that the French never would have left such treasures behind them. He assured me that they respected this holy picture, and would not touch it. I said it was odd they should do so, and not respect the holier image of Loretto. The sacristan shrugged his shoulders. I said I supposed the hill was too steep for the French to climb. This the sacristan thought was the reason.

The hill is very high, and the road formidably steep. From it is the most splendid view, for extent, that I

ever saw. Behind is a fine mountain view of the Apennines, tumbled together very picturesquely, and extending to a considerable distance. At the foot of La Guardia, the hill on which stands the church, is a house built, I believe, or purchased, by Lord Lucan—"un millionaire Anglais," as my guide assured me. The eye then turning round, commands the whole Pianura of Lombardy. Bologna and every field lies beneath the eye, like the map of an estate in England. On the left hand the horizon is skirted by the Tower of Modena; further on, in the haze of distance, Parma; then Mirandola, and comes round till stopped by the mountains above Verona; then comes Ferrara, and the whole plain round again to Bologna. The Alps skirt the horizon, but at this time of the year very dimly, as the heat, of course, makes the air hazy. This church belonged to a convent of Dominicans. Luckily for society, the convent was suppressed, and it is now served by secular priests.

But the most extraordinary part of all this building is the Portico di St. Luco, as it is called, being a series of arcades above three miles and a half in length, consisting of above 600 arches, and extending from the city to the church on the summit of the hill. These arches, forming a covered wall to the Holy Image, was begun in 1672. They were built by individuals, trades, societies, and communities of all sorts, whose names are inscribed upon them. The servants of Bologna, the actors, the army, the different trades, all appear to have built their arches, out of devotion. Where the corridor crosses the high road it forms an immense triumphal arch, and breaks here into two lines. One runs into the city, the other continues on towards the

Campo Santo, but wants still a quarter of a mile of reaching that spot. It is in all respects a wonderful work, and a strong illustration of the effects of religious enthusiasm.

24th. I went to-day to visit the University. It is, although shorn of its former splendour, still a fine establishment. In a large suite of rooms are complete sets of instruments for illustrating each separate science. They are in glass cases; and in the middle of each room is a large table, and seats for each separate class. One lecture-room is fitted up like a theatre for general lectures. All seemed to be in use, and not put up for show. The instruments appear all to be the best of their kind, and kept in very good order. The voltaic battery is extremely powerful; the pneumatic machine the largest extant. The observatory I could not see, the astronomical professor being absent. Adjoining these apartments is a suite of rooms containing the museum. The mineralogy is very good, and extremely well arranged. So are the rocks. The geology of the Val d'Arno very fine, and generally good. Zoology not good; animals few, but exceedingly well preserved. Shells tolerable.

Some inscriptions and Roman antiquities found here; not worth much. A general collection of Roman and Etruscan antiquities, and a few Egyptian. Amongst the Etruscan antiquities is the famous Patera Cospiana, of bronze, found in Tuscany, which proves how astonishingly near the Etruscans got to copper-plate engraving without attaining it. Upon the flat part of the interior of this Patera is engraved the birth of Minerva, springing completely armed from out the head of Jupiter—Juno, Venus, and Vulcan attending the accouchement. The

figures are extremely well done, and a copper-plate impression has been rolled off from it.

They told me of a Signor Nobili, of Reggio, who has published a work on galvanism and electricity, having discovered the means of fixing the prismatic colours produced by the solar rays—on metals by means of electricity. He professes to keep the means by which he does this, secret. I do not believe it. Were it true, it would be a great step to prove the electric fluid being the great principle of light in the universe, as well as, perhaps, of the crystallization of minerals.

From thence, after looking at the library, I passed to the Academia della Belle Arti, where Pius VII. has collected together all the pictures which the French plundered from the different churches, &c., in Bologna, and has made a gallery of them. It forms now a very good but small collection. A good Raphael—the famous St. Cecilia—some fine Guidos, and two or three splendid Domenichinos—*vide* catalogue.

In the evening on the public drive. A carriage, making a flourish, ran against a little post, overturned, and showed a whole coachful of Bolognese legs. No one hurt. Fountain of Neptune in piazza grand—John of Bologna's masterpiece.

25th. Hearing much of the romantic scenery of the Apennines, I determined upon taking an excursion to the baths of Porretta, about thirty miles from Bologna. I suppose it is the place where the Porretta family, in "Sir Charles Grandison," came to get rid of cutaneous disorders. The baths are sulphureous and warm. Soon after quitting Bologna we wound along the mountain, Della Guardia, passed over the River Reno on a bridge, calculated for the stream, which sometimes (not now)

passes under it. The whole journey lay along the valley of the river, which we crossed again at a bridge, and again over a ford, before we came to a single house, La Chiusa, where I fed the horses. The valley is, in parts, very beautiful, and nothing can exceed the richness of the scenery. The road, although, of course, regularly ascending, does not become steep or mountainous, neither does the valley assume a mountain character until you pass Chiusa, where it becomes exceedingly steep, and the views of the valley of the river, and mountains beyond, very sublime.

At length, after winding by zigzag traverses up a very high mountain, over the river, the road runs along a ridge of the Apennines, with a magnificent valley, each watered by one of the streams which constitute the source of the Reno. There is a great extent of wood in the mountains; but where the means of transporting it are to be found, the want of fuel makes a great havoc amongst the trees, which are shockingly lopped. But this does not affect the general scenery, and where the hand of man does not reach, or his foot find it too laborious to tread, the forests of oak and chestnut retain their beauty, which, uniting with the extreme richness of the lowlands, the fertility of the soil, and the proud features of the mountains, form lovely landscapes.

After passing this ridge the road descends rapidly into the bed of the river, along which it runs into the village of Porretta, the Ultima Thule of this part of the world; beyond this no road penetrates into the Apennines, except those the mules loaded by the smugglers into Tuscany form, which are closely watched by his Holiness's doguanieres, whose pay, I suspect, vastly overbalances the duties they collect. Here a few sulphu-

reous patients bathe themselves in the morning sun, and house themselves in the noon of day, and smoke cigars in the evening. There is not even a mule to be found to ramble in the mountain upon. I don't suppose the waters of Porretta are very necessary for the health. If they were, and a man were sent here really sick, he would die of the hip.

There is no inn; so I took a lodging for the night. But the worst of all was, that there was nothing to eat.

The people who live here buy what they want at the morning's market of the country people, consume it all by the evening; so, after dinner-hour is past, there is not a crumb of bread in Porretta. However, I sent requisitions into the country for some veal (the meat in season), and some potatoes; and, with the aid of my own canteen, and a net I had put into the river, whereby I got some delicious trout, I did very well. But this Robin Hood life need not last longer than to-morrow, especially as I am such an object of curiosity here, with my four horses, that the gentleman who entered Strasburg with the long nose, in "Tristram Shandy," never excited more attention than I have done; and the whole sulphureous population follow me about, I suppose, because I am the only being in the place that has not the scurvy. The police, too, are very particular, for they cannot believe that I came here out of a rambling disposition only; indeed, I can hardly believe it myself, and am much inclined to think I must be here for the purpose of combining, with some colleagues amidst the mountains, to get up a conspiracy against the Pope, his toe, and dignity. So I quit to-morrow to return to Bologna, for many reasons; but one, perhaps, will be deemed suffi-

cient—viz., there is no other road besides that I have come.

26th. I returned by the way I came to La Chiusa, where I slept; and, as is often the case, found, in an unpromising single inn amongst the mountains, a much better bed, and more comfort, than in better-looking inns and cities. The only thing remarkable in my bedroom was a crucifix of wood, as large as life, all blood, &c., stuck up opposite to the bed on the wall, which may have been a holy, but was not a pleasant, object.

27th. Returned to Bologna. I breakfasted in an arbour, by the river side, at my ale-house. Heat very great; thermometer 86° in the shade. I had heard it said that my friend, the Grand Duke of Modena, was a very close man in money matters. I received, here, a letter from the inn-keeper at Modena, where I had lodged, informing my "Altezza Reale" that he had discovered what my "Altezza Reale" had, no doubt, overlooked, that by the fall of a lamp a hole had been burned in a carpet, which belonged, the man said, "al mio Principe il Padrone del Albergo," and that he wished to lay the matter before my "Altezza Reale" before he mentioned it "al mio Principe." Nugent had before told me that the house belonged to the Grand Duke, and that he had given it to one of his servants, on the condition of securing to himself a portion of the profits.

28th. Left Bologna. The road extremely uninteresting, because the country is perfectly flat, and the view bounded on every side by the mulberry trees, elms, and poplars—round the latter of which the vines are trained.

29th. Passed through Ferrara, where I breakfasted. The town old and ugly, and remarkable only as the

birth-place of Ariosto, and the prison-house of Tasso. Here, although within the Papal territories, is an Austrian garrison, the commandant of which called upon me with offers of civility, &c., &c., and in the same way did the Secretary of the Cardinal Legate. All possible facilities of custom-house, &c., were afforded me. The duties, and the pleasures of collecting them, are the Pope's; and I believe that the pleasure is almost the only profit he derives from them. In fact, the collection of the duties is under the control of persons who receive their orders from the Government of Rome, but are not responsible to it; the consequence is, that very little of any of these arrive at the Papal exchequer. The duties themselves, too, are so ridiculously high, that nothing is legally sold, and every thing is contraband.

For instance, by the monopoly of salt, it is here sold at six bajocchi the pound. The Grand Duke of Modena sells his salt at little more than one. The consequence is, that he furnishes contraband salt to all the parts of the Papal States bordering upon his frontier. We are in many respects doing the same thing. Professor Amico, at Modena, told me that when he and his wife and daughter were in England, the two latter bought English cottons, linens, muslins, laces, &c., to bring to Modena, and when they arrived they had the pleasure of finding that they had paid a much dearer price than they could have got the same English articles for in Modena. The same thing applies to tea, of which we fancy we have such a monopoly, and in which we are undersold by all the world.

The Austrian garrison here occupy the citadel, and don't interfere in any respect with the town, the police and guard of which are entrusted to a burgher guard,

which combines all the excellences usually attending that class of soldiers with those which peculiarly distinguish the Papal armies. Liberty, equality, &c., were proclaimed by some mad liberals a little time ago in this neighbourhood, and a sort of battle took place between the Church militant and the peasantry, in which three or four hundred of the latter were killed and wounded, and must have multiplied latterly in consequence. The Church, always determined to have its finger in the pie, must needs interfere, too, with its spiritual as well as its secular arm; and the Dominicans at Faenza and its neighbourhood, who are always *ex officio* the slumbering guardians of the Inquisition keys, have roused themselves. I saw a printed proclamation from the head of the Order there, who is Chief Inquisitor also—an office of late years considered only as an honorary title, or as exercised solely as an instrument of ecclesiastical police, for the purpose of keeping refractory priests in order—bewailing, in good set terms, the increase of civil principles, mainly attributable to witchcraft, sorcery, &c., and especially to communion with the Jews. In the name, therefore, of the holy inquisition, he, the said Dominican, denounces all said witchcraft, demonology, sorcery, &c., and strictly directs all good Catholics to avoid all connexion, communication, commerce, or intercourse with any Jews, and especially and in terms directs them not to "dormire" with any Jews, &c., and strictly charges all confessors to persuade all their penitents to denounce any such witchcraft, and any such commerce, intercourse, &c., and all and any cases which they may know of in which any Catholic has "dormito" with any Jew; and to refuse confessional absolution until such denunciations have been

made. I could not have believed this had I not seen it with my own eyes.

The impression made on all ranks by this proclamation is very great, and the indignation general. But the new legate is not yet arrived, and everything is suspended until he comes; and then we shall see whether the Papal Government tolerates this madness or not.

From Ferrara I proceeded to Rovigo. A violent thunderstorm arose just as we reached the mud flats, over which in winter, and amidst which in summer flows the Po, and over which we were to proceed in a ferry. I was not quite easy, as the thunder was very loud, the rain pouring, and the causeway over the mud very narrow and slippery. The river is rapid, and the boat-bridge over which the carriages passed into the ferry-boat extremely crazy—at least, to all appearance. But we got over in safety. Here we should have been much plagued by interchange of custom-house civilities, on taking leave of our Papal friends, and embracing our new Austrian acquaintances. But the Cardinal-legate on one side of the Po, and the General Count Nugent on the other, removed all difficulties.

The banks of the Po are very flat, and the whole scene like the Thames at Brentford. We trotted on amidst wet ditches and croaking frogs, and entered Rovigo, where we found fleas and bugs in all their varieties, with a bad dinner, at the inn of "La Duc Torre." Rovigo stands on the Adigetto, a muddy diminutive of the Adige, into which it flows. Where we crossed the Po is called "Il Ponte del Lago Oscuro;" so called because it is no ponte at all, but a vile dangerous ferry.

30th. From Rovigo the road continues through the same low, flat, watery, but fertile country, to Padua. At Monte Selica we passed through a gorge of a rib of hills in the midst of La Pianora, connected with nothing, but forming a sweeping amphitheatre, which extends to a village where are mineral waters, within eight miles of Padua. These hills are evidently of volcanic origin, and many hot sulphureous springs are found amongst them. On the summit of Monte Selica are the picturesque ruins of walls and a tower, which, during the small wars between the Paduans and the neighbouring States, did good service. Now they seem at least to relieve the monotonous features of the plain that once they protected. The road lies all the way on a causeway alongside a canal, which, with the little painted steeples and gabled ends of the little towns along its banks, made like my Uncle Toby's model of a town, in "Tristram Shandy," gives the scene an air peculiarly Dutch. At last, amidst the poplars, we saw the towers of Padua.

We met General Nugent on horseback, whom I had apprized of my coming, and who had most kindly taken apartments for me. At a town about a mile nearer Padua, is a house which the Duke of Modena has bought, and where he passes the hot weather. He is there now.

At Ferrara I learnt from the Austrian Commandant—who had received an estafette from Count Nugent, with orders to inform me as I passed through that "a cabinet courier" awaited me at Padua—that he came from the Secretary of State's office in London, had been to Venice, and, finding me not arrived, had come back to Padua, reported himself to Count Nugent, and awaited

my coming. As I could gain no further information, I had the comfort of bearing the suspense of ignorance, whether some calamity had befallen my family, or whether any public business demanded my attention. Count Nugent assured me that the messenger had informed him my family were all well, but that he knew not what his errand was.

The moment I arrived the sight of the man, bearing a letter with a red seal, and my son's signature, put me out of that pain, and I was soon put out of all other by finding the packet contained nothing but a long, frothy letter from my son, and letters from my wife, &c., on the subject of Chandos's misconduct to me, and my public letter. These epistles Chandos, in the plenitude of his magnificence, had sent out by an extra messenger from the Secretary of State's office, at an immense expense, and for no one object but to alarm me. He will never learn common sense.[1]

July 1st. Busy answering my letters, and writing, in order to send back the messenger. Got a message from the Grand Duke of Modena to come out to him the next day and pass the day with him. Dined with Count Nugent. Introduced to the Duchess of Riano, his wife —a very pleasing, not handsome, but exceedingly agreeable woman. After dinner drove about Padua. Nothing to see—a flat, dull, uninteresting town. The great square is the Prato, where the Paduans assemble in the

[1] The political opinions of the Duke were liberal, those of his son ultra-Tory. During the absence of the former the Marquis had endeavoured to use the family influence in a manner its head did not approve, which caused the Duke to write and publish an address to the Hundreds of Buckingham. (See "Memoirs of the Court of George IV.," vol. ii., p. 394.) The Cabinet courier device looks like a *revanche*.

evening; rather pretty; planted with trees, and surrounded by bad statues of the most famous men educated in the University. Went to the opera. A fine house, but a bad collection of singers and dancers.

2nd. In the morning went with Count and Countess Nugent and six children to pass the day, eight miles off, with the Grand Duke and Duchess of Modena, where we met four children more, all of whom had guns, trumpets, drums, and other noises, of which, in concert with the Nugent children, they made most *princely* use. Passed the whole day in misery of representation. The house is an old one, to which the Grand Duke has added many apartments; and the country embraces a large extent of hills, in which he has made, and is making, many drives. He is very fond of it. Had much conversation with him and Nugent. Dined there, and at night returned to Padua. The hereditary prince a fine, manly boy. His younger brother is to be a soldier; and both are just like English boys of the same age, but very well bred, and really promise well. I like the Grand Duke very much, and his ideas of government and of the present crisis are excellent. Is anxious for the restoration of Poland. The armoury here very good, and many very fine suits of Milan plate and horse armour. A pretty museum, and some good marbles.

10th. I set out for Venice. The road quite flat, the country quite uninteresting, until, on the banks of the Brenta—which, however, is banked up, and of a very dirty colour—begin to appear the villas of the ancient Venetian nobles—once splendid, now only melancholy in decay.

Leaving the banks of the Brenta, I proceeded along a canal and a little river to Mestre. The Alps, beyond

Vicenza, formed a splendid frame to the picture on my left hand. Serrated and rugged, white with perpetual snow, they run far into the Tyrol and towards the Adriatic, which we saw glittering at a distance; beyond which, in the evening light, were faintly discernible the mountains of Dalmatia. At Mestre I found the Government boat awaiting me, into which all my luggage was placed, and six stout gondoliers moved me on rapidly towards Venice.

The first view of this city disappointed me. She did not rise like the queen of the Adriatic from her watery couch. The fens and lowlands which form the Lagunes were above the level of the eye, and Venice seemed seated in the midst of fens. The view improved as our boat cleared the canal and broke out into the Adriatic. The city, with its cupolas and spires, had then a most singular effect, based amidst the waters; and the rays of the setting sun cast upon them and the Adriatic gave the view the air of a theatrically illuminated scene. Beyond and about it were all the little insular satellites of this watery world.

After five miles' rowing we came to the city, which did not improve as I approached it. The houses that fronted the lagune were poor and squalid, and had the appearance of those which one sees close to the water's edge in all the harbour towns of England. This appearance, however, is done away the moment the boat entered the grand canal, of great width, bounded on both sides by palaces once resplendent in architecture, now beautiful in the stillness of decay. It is a curious thing to see a magnificent city thus rising sheer out of the waters, full of population, but silent as the grave. The gondolas gliding along in all the gloom of their funereal

trappings, covering the surface of the canal, but emitting no sound of man, appear like the conveyances of the dead in a city exposed to the plague.

The songs of the gondolieri are no more. Many of them still can repeat, if they are pressed and urged, stanzas out of Tasso, but none will sing them. The fronts of the palaces bear marks of the decay of the city's greatness; and boarded windows, and defaced frescoes and stucco-work, deform the fronts of Palladio in which once resounded the sounds of gaiety, and which were long resplendent with the illuminations of luxury.

Still, Venice is beautiful in the midst of her melancholy. The view of the Grand Canal cannot be equalled, nor easily be understood by those who have not seen it. The Rialto disappoints. It is great in itself, but not by comparison; and the houses on the bridge spoil the beauty of the lightness of the arch. As the night advanced every gondola showed its lanthern, and the stars of the firmament seemed to move over the bosom of the mirrored waves. The absence of all sound was mournful. The effect first produced upon the mind was, not that the city was silent—for that appeared impossible—but that we ourselves were afflicted with a sudden deafness. Our boat, silent like the rest, glided up to the steps of the "White Lion," where I got comfortably lodged.

I found my Roman acquaintances, the Taaffs, here. Few other English were here. In the night there was music in the Casino, close to the hôtel, and the effect was very pleasing. The air was cool; and, as I looked out from the balcony upon the Canal, my mind called up the scenes, romantic and historical, I had

read of as passing upon the waves which I contemplated.

11th. The Governor being absent, the Vice-Governor called upon me, and offered me all sorts of civility. The English Consul is also absent, but had sent to put his gondola at my disposal. This morning, after receiving these visits, I proceeded, as is my custom, to take a general view of the city before I entered into its details; and I passed along the whole Grand Canal as far as the public gardens, which the French planted, and which the Venetians scarcely ever use. They sleep all the day, and pass the night in their gondolas or in the Cassini. Mrs. Radcliffe never was in Venice, and has attempted to describe what she never saw. I regret to say how much of the intoxication of her descriptions is lost by passing over the scenes of her romances.

The Venetians know Othello. They have heard of Shakespeare, and are in ecstacies at Rossini's opera. But the story is a curious one. They have, since Shakespeare wrote and Rossini spoilt what he wrote, thought it right to make inquiries as to the foundation of the story of Othello; but no traces of it appear in any of the records of Venetian story. At length they have discovered what, probably, is the origin of the story on which Shakespeare wrote. There was, and is still, a noble Venetian family of "Il Moro." A story something like that of Othello is said to have happened in that family. The head of every noble Venetian family is usually spoken of in the third person; and Shakespeare, having either heard or read of the story as happening to "Il Moro," concluded that he was a "Mauro," or Moor, and wrote his play accordingly.

The Piaccetta of St. Mark is that which we hear de-

scribed as La Place de St. Marc; but that, in fact, lies behind it, and is formed of the back front of the palace of the Government, and the buildings whose other fronts face the water. The winged lion, the two columns, the flagstaffs, &c., are in the Piacetta, the Doge's Palace—the Bridge of Sighs—the Prison. Saw all, examined none. The arsenal now under repair. Many hundred workmen employed for six months in pumping out the water of the dock, and performing the office of one steam-engine.

Coals brought here from England; port going to be opened. This will have no effect save that of spoiling Trieste; but, as a new and magnificent road is opening direct into the Tyrol, Bavaria, &c., it is hoped that that will tempt trade. It is not a road that is wanting, but capital, and the principle of free trade. The work in gold chains here still remains. Glass is quite gone. Steel is very much improving, and will soon rival ours, or, at least, displace us. They cry very loud upon England to interfere and stop the Turkish and Russian war.

Came home and dined. In the evening went out again. A gondola the most luxurious boat in the world.

17th. Passed in viewing as much as the heat would allow. Thermometer never less than 85° in the shade. St. Mark's Church; gates from Constantinople—pillars supporting altar-piece from the Mosque of St. Sophia. Pavement mosaic, constantly undulating from the foundation on piles. The French destroyed an ancient church at the extremity of the Place of St. Mark, which corresponded with the great church, and finished the square, with architecture corresponding nearly with that

of one of the sides, but, in fact, resembling neither. Coffee-houses under the piazzas. Ladies and all the society go there in the evening, and eat ices, &c. The gloomy grandeur of the church very fine. The Giant's Staircase, ornamented and carved on every step — so called from the gigantic statues on the top, one of Neptune, the other, I suspect, Mercury.

Two truncated conical pillars below mark the place where the execution of the Doges who were beheaded took place, although Faliero is stated to have been beheaded on the top of the stairs. The stairs descend into a small inner court of the Doge's Palace.

St. Mark's pigeons. Quantities fly about and roost in all parts of the building: objects of veneration. In old times of the Republic never touched; even now protected and fed by the devout. An old gondolier of the time of the Republic was mourning over departed days to me. "Even," said he, "St. Mark's pigeons are no longer safe — even they are sometimes stolen now!" Curious groups of armed figures in porphyry built in the angle of the wall of the church nearest the Giant's Staircase. Marble lions on the other side.

Persons mistake who fancy that it is impossible to pass through Venice except in a gondola. It is full of blind alleys and narrow ways, along many of which two persons cannot pass abreast; but a skilful geographer may traverse Venice all day without ever seeing water. So, on the other hand, he may in a gondola pass to any part without touching land. The smaller canals very filthy and stinking; obliged to be cleared out every four or five years. Men bathing in all directions, in all the congregation of filth.

By way of employing many idle hands now unem-

ployed, the Austrian Government has been raising out of the waves a new world, about a mile round, out of the ruins of demolished houses, and the filth out of the canals, and are forming upon it a Champ de Mars, as they say, for horse-races (*vide* gambado), with a mount at one end of it. This mud-flat is planted with trees, and in the course of years will form a pleasant promenade. At all events, it will be the newest geological formation extant, and, hereafter, its stratification and component substances may furnish food for much scientific guess-work amongst the geologists of future ages.

The Jesuits' Church, and Island of Lido, where are some trees and gardens, amongst which Lord Byron rode every day, and where he kept his horses. But his favourite way of going from house to house was by swimming. When he left the house where he passed his evenings, he usually pulled off his coat and waistcoat, threw them into his gondola, which followed him, and swam home. His strength in the water was very great. He one day swam to Lido and back, and altogether swam eleven miles without stopping.

The detestation in which the French are universally held here is excessive. The remembrance of their plunders and extortions will never die, and the old gondoliers never fail to tell you how they were betrayed and sacrificed by their Government; and that, if they had been permitted to act, not a Frenchman should have survived twenty-four hours in Venice—and they were quite capable of executing their threat.

Armenian convent in the Island of St. Lazaro, near Lido. Passed a most interesting morning there, examining the library of Armenian manuscripts, and in

conversation with the Fathers, some of whom speak English. A most excellent establishment for the education of young Armenians in the Christian religion, principally supported by English subscriptions.

General the Marchese Palucci, commanding the Marine here, showed me the arsenal—carried me all over it through the most intense heat I ever experienced—held a levée for me of all the officers and authorities of his department, presented them all to me, and would not be persuaded that I was not a relation of the King of England's—calling me "altezza" at every turn, and making an unfortunate marine band play "God save the King" wherever I appeared. Added to this, he launched a 10-gun schooner, a giant of the Austrian navy, in my honour. The arsenal interesting, from ancient remembrances. The model of the Bucentaur: the French wantonly destroyed the remains of this vessel. The armoury curious, filled with arms of all kinds captured from the Turks, &c.; horse-tails, standards taken at Lepanto; Henry IV. armour, which Louis XVIII. claimed, but which the cowardly Republic, trembling under the nod of the French Republic, refused, and sent a bullying, insolent message to the exiled Sovereign.

Horrid instruments of torture. An iron helmet, put upon the wretched sufferer's head, who was sunk up to the shoulders in the earth, the head-piece perforated in many places, through which pointed, and sometimes heated, irons were introduced. If he confessed, a small aperture was left for him to breathe his confession. If not, he was gradually stifled to death in torture. A curious instrument of female torture and severity. Many curious pieces of old artillery—leathern mortars, throw-

ing stone shot. Man swimming in the Grand Canal with his hat on, smoking a pipe. Theatre—Alfieri's tragedy. Curious illustrations of old Venetian story to be seen in some of the crumbling courts of the ruined palaces. Trophies of Turkish swords, and lantherns of Turkish ships; an immense one of three lanthorns, forming the entire stern of a Turkish admiral, in the courtyard of the Pisani Palace. All memory of the action gone by; but the sword of the captured Turk hangs under it still, although more than half devoured by rust, and the stump of a horse-tail shows the trophy to have been won of a Pacha.

Rialto quite disappoints me. In size it appears nothing. The superincumbent houses and shops completely spoil its proportions, and in no point is it placed direct across the canal. It always appears askew.

Nugent only able to come for a few hours from Padua, owing to disputes between the students and the military. One of the officers, Count N——, son of Marie Louisa's husband, gave a box in the ear to a student who refused to fight him. The fray began about some young lady at the theatre.

Marquis Palucci, an Italian, who talks much about his wars and feats; and well he may. He served under Napoleon—against him; under Eugene—against him; under Murat—against him; even was opposed to Nugent, and is now under his command. At all events, if variety in service has charms like variety in love, the Marquis Palucci has had much enjoyment. Was prisoner in England, and companion of General Pillet; but he professes to hold the latter in great abhorrence, on account of his writings.

Lord Byron, to avoid being run down at night, during

his swimming excursions, by the gondolas, used to have a small lanthern fastened to a cap in which he swam.

"I stood on the Bridge of Sighs.
A palace and a prison on each hand."

Upon the whole, Venice very interesting for a short time, but a most *triste* residence.

Heavy thunder and lightning. In the arsenal a large figure-head of the "Cæsar" line-of-battle ship, which was cut to resemble Buonaparte, and is now carved and cut so as to make it look like the Emperor of Austria.—*Vide Spectator.* Sir Roger de Coverley's head changed into the Saracen's head. A 74-gun ship, three-quarters built up, on the stocks, found here by the Austrians. Not intended to be finished, but to be broken up, and the timbers made available for other purposes. One has been already thus disposed of. Two more were destroyed by a fire, said to be accidental, but believed to have been the work of some galley-slaves. Three steam-vessels, two gun-boats, and a brig-of-war or two, now constitute the entire naval force.

CHAPTER XI.

Palace of the Doges—The Dungeons—Festa—Squalls on the Lagunes—Vicenza—Antiquities at Verona—Lac di Garda—Ancient Temple at Brescia—Excavations—Milan—The Duomo—Napoleon's Improvements—Colonel Campana—Chevalier Longhi—Stolen Books—Maria Louisa—Cathedral at Monza—Como and its Lake—Chiavenza—Ascent of the Splugen.

JULY 18th. Passed the day in the Doge's palace, &c. A most interesting morning. The head librarian accompanied me through the whole. A doubt had arisen whether Falieri was beheaded on the top of the Giant's Stairs or between the pillars below. I have now ascertained that he suffered on the top step, where the Doge first makes his appearance to the people when crowned. The pillars were brought from St. Jean d'Acre. The Scala d'Ora beautiful in stucco work and gilding. The apartments in which the Council of Ten, the Senate, the Inquisition, &c., assembled, beautiful—the walls and ceilings covered with the most splendid paintings of Paul Veroneza, Titian, Tintoretto, Palma, &c., &c., in such profusion as to astonish an English eye. Most of these represent scenes of Venetian history, her battles,

&c.; and every step and apartment are still redolent of vestiges of the ancient Republic. Portraits of all the Doges, except of Falieri. A black space, with an inscription, stands in the place. The hall of the library in which the marbles are collected is one of the most magnificent apartments I ever saw. Some of the marbles very fine—two fighting gladiators, a dead warrior, two alto-relievos, bust of Minerva—and all of finest Greek sculpture. But the finest is the Ganymede. It is a small statue, representing him being carried off by the eagle. The whole is suspended by two iron brackets from the wall, and hangs in air. The illusion perfect. Leda and the Swan. The manuscripts very fine; returned from Paris. Copy of Homer. First edition on vellum. In the corridor the three lions' mouths for secret denunciations still remain. In this palace the whole system of government, in all its departments, all its tribunals, its state councils, its secret discussions, its doge, its senators, its judges, executioners, prisons, and prisoners, all under one roof, and all communicating. I never saw a palace denoting so strongly a tyrannical Republic.

The wretch who once entered its corridors was lost sight of, if it were thought fit, for ever. He was conducted from tribunal to tribunal, all in adjoining rooms, until at last he was ushered into the small, gloomy, dreaded apartments, where sat the Inquisition of the state. Here still is affixed the pulley to which he was affixed for torture; and out of it, through two small gloomy corridors, are two strong doors: one conducting to Le Piombi—of which one has heard so much—or the lead roof prisons, above on the roof; the other to the dungeons below, into all of which I went. Decidedly the dungeons are the worst.

I was in the Piombi in the middle of the hottest day, and decidedly they were not such heated residences as they have been described. On the contrary, the windows, which open into the corridors, open upon the sea, and, from their height, always receive a breeze. I do not recommend them as residences, because they were prisons, small in dimension, and lit and aired only by reflected light and air; but when you talk of tyrannical places of torture, they are not that.

Not so the dungeons, which appear to be the most horrible places of confinement ever invented by the barbarity of man, yielding only to the famous prisons in Sicily. Those in Ceuta, now used by Spain, are far worse than the Piombi. The dungeons consist of two rows—one just on a level with, the other quite below, the level of the water. The latter are walled up, and cannot be seen. The former are, some of them, used for purposes belonging to the Boursa, which occupies the lower range of the palace. The dungeons are about eight feet long, vaulted, about six feet over, and about eight feet high. The entrance is through a very small, low door, over which is a round hole about the size of a saucer. This was the poor wretch's only supply of air; light he had none. The whole is in eternal darkness, and the damp chill of the air dreadful. In some of them the irons in the wall are still visible. Also, in one, inscriptions by the wretched prisoners. Priests were confined here in the controversy between the Pope and the Republic. One inscription purports to say,

"Trust to no one here, for you are surrounded by spies. Bear your sufferings with patience, for patience thus becomes an act of valour!"

When the French entered Venice they did not find a

single prisoner here; and in the Piombi only one, an Illyrian, who had been guilty of eleven desperate murders, and other horrid crimes, without end or number, such as ought to have sent him to a dozen deaths, if deaths could be multiplied. Him the French took, and of him they made a martyr in the cause of liberty, parading him about the streets, and then turning him loose to starve, if he did not repeat his crimes for bread.

There is at Giorno del Festa—a great bridge of boats, constructed across the arm of the sea, from the city to the Guidecca, where all the common people pass the evening supping and singing, the gondolas lit up with large painted paper globes containing lamps. These are suspended to a rope, which reaches from stem to stern of the gondola; and at night the grand canal and the sea, covered with these boats, full of wavering variegated lights reflected in the waters, had a beautiful effect. A great deal of gaiety, lasting all night; but no nobility or gentry being here, whose gondolas always filled up, in the days of the Republic, the magnificence of the show, the gondolieri shake their heads and groan over its diminished splendour.

19th. The heat of the weather so great that I could not stir out until the evening. Crept out and saw some palazzi. The evening a repetition of the fête of yesterday, and the Lagune covered with boats. Walked in the garden of the Palace of the Government, and in the Piazza di St. Marco.

20th. By daybreak went to see the Academia delle belle Arti. The Secretary attended me round. New buildings are erecting to enlarge the Academy, which is established by Government as a school for design, painting, and statuary. The collection of paintings very

strong in Tintoretto, and the Venetian school. Some fine Titians; many beautiful Paul Veronezas, Palmas, &c. At present there are four large halls filled; others are fitting up. Very fine casts from the antique of all the best statues, including ours from the Parthenon; in short, the establishment is a very magnificent one.

Went in my gondola and made a tour through the parts of the city which I had not seen, and through the Lagune, again visiting St. Marco. Dined early, and at five o'clock, P.M., took leave of Venice, which has given me much interesting amusement. The day was very fine, but the wind came in very heavy puffs across the Adriatic, and the state of the clouds over the Alps denoted bad weather. To shew how deceitful the climate is here, the weather in the city, and on the canals, was beautiful and hot, on the Lagune stormy and cold. Just as we came opposite the little isle of St. Georgio, we saw a large flat boat, which is used to bring water from the Brenta to Venice, sunk, but kept buoyant by the casks, of which the cargo consisted. We bore down to her. One man was in her, up to his waist in the water. His companion had sunk, and was lost. A boat passing by for Venice, the survivor was put into her; the sunken barge was towed to St. Georgio, and we proceeded on to Fusina.

The squalls were very heavy, and our large gondola had a sail; but the men were so frightened for themselves with what they had seen, that they held the sheet in their hands, and were extremely cautious (as well they might, as there was some danger, and many lives are thus annually lost between Venice and the terra firma). I was not sorry when an hour's sail brought us to Fusina, where my carriage waited for me, and Nugent's

horses and my own brought me back at night to Padua.

22nd. Set off for Vicenza. The country rich, and full of vines, but flat and uninteresting. The Trentine Alps form a fine rugged outline, separating the Tyrol from Italy to my right; and, as I approached Vicenza, the Vicentine Hills, a curious mixture of calcareous and volcanic deposit, had a good appearance. Vicenza, the birth-place of Palladio, bears witness to his architecture. It is one of the handsomest towns I have seen in Italy, of its size and importance. The river which traverses the town is the Bacchiglione. Palladio's House is still shown, plain and unadorned. The great piazza handsome. A handsome gate leads to the Campo Marzo. The Olympic Theatre, the chef d'œuvre of Palladio, is upon the proportions of Vitruvius.

23rd. This morning, at daybreak, set off for Verona. In the neighbourhood of Vicenza, to the Rotunda of the Casa Copri, a fine specimen of Palladio architecture. The road is of the same rich uninteresting character as yesterday, rather more so because it leads to the left, and leaves the Alps at a distance to the right. The little town of Montebello lies in a picturesque valley, and a castle is romantically situated on a steep hill to the right. Soon after, the old walls of Verona appear, crowning a range of heights in front and to the right, whilst the Adige sweeping to the left is picturesque. The old fortifications and gateways of Verona are fine, as you enter the town; and so is the view of the river from the bridge. The market for vegetables is a fine square; and the Town-House or Palace, forming one side of it, is singularly handsome. It is built by San Savino.

In the evening visited the remains of the Roman amphitheatre. The inside walls alone remain, except on one part where the outside coating still exists. There are two rows of arches quite entire in the whole circumference of the circle; the seats are perfect throughout the interior, having been at different times restored by the Venetians, the French, and the present Government. Two marble gateways give admittance to this very beautiful ruin, which is the colisseum in miniature. It was constructed to hold 25,000 spectators. The ancient fortified bridge over the Adige a beautiful object, battlemented in the latter ages. A wooden theatre is constructed in the middle of the arena, the boxes are covered in, the parterre is open, and the gallery consists of part of the seats of the ancient amphitheatre. Here a set of Italian actors act Goldoni's comedies by daylight. I saw the "Donne Gelose" acted there, and the double entendres of the Venetian dialect were highly relished by the polished audience of Verona.

24th. Left Verona. The country flat and uninteresting, until at length the distant view of the Lac de Garda opened amidst its mountains, and the road led on its borders to the fortress of Peschiera; this is built on the Mincio, which forms the outlet from the lake, and through which the road runs. The Emperor makes all travellers pay for rattling over the drawbridges and passing through the fortress. The lake lies at the foot of the Tyrolese Alps and the Monte Baldo, that runs in a very high ridge, and forms a deep, narrow gorge in which the lake lies, is a very fine object. The road leads to the little and beautiful town of Dorenzano, situated close to the borders of the

lake. The lake is thirty-five miles in length, and fourteen wide at its widest part. A steamboat plies from hence to the further end of it, from the extremity of which roads branch into the Tyrol. There is no road along the banks except for mules. A good deal of commerce is carried on here between Italy and the Tyrol, and the communication is an important one. The scenery at the further end of the lake is fine and romantic, the mountains coming sheer down into the lake, the waters of which are beautifully blue and clear.

Breakfasted, got a boat, and passed the day on the lake. I went to the point of Sermio, where is a town of that name. The point is, in fact, an island well wooded with olive woods. Here are ruins of Roman buildings, said to have formed the villa of Catullus. They are picturesque. About six miles distant from the little town of Dorenzano. At the further extremity of the lake runs the high mountain ridge of Monte Baldo, once famous for its woods, now bare, and craggy and precipitous. The lake was beautifully clear, and, as the boatmen tell you, in parts unfathomable. The body of water that forms it must be very large, as no river flows into it, and the Mincio, which issues from it, is a deep and rapid stream.

25th. Early this morning left Dorenzano. During the night the wind rose and came down the long gorge of the Alps with considerable strength. The waves of the lake roared like a little sea, and broke into small waves and spray under my window. In the winter the strength of the wind must be very great. Passed through Lonato, an ancient fortress commanding the road to the lake. Crossed the river Chiari, which runs out of Il Lago d'Idro. The country then becomes un-

interesting until you approach Brescia, where the ridge of calcareous mountain called Pie de Monte, under which the city stands, breaks the monotony of the scene, and is a fine feature. Over Brescia, and halfway up the mountain, stands the ancient citadel, strong in former days of Brescian wars. Brescia stands at the conflux of two streams, which pour their clear waters from out the calcareous mountains, the Mela and the Garza. Such is the luxury of beautiful springs in the town, that there are upwards of seventy public fountains and two hundred private ones. The city is handsome, presenting many of the features of its ancient beauty, with many fine palaces and modern buildings. A very handsome new market. The cathedral, with a beautiful dome and cupola not yet finished, but they are rapidly proceeding with them. The palace of the municipality is a fine building. The tower which holds the clock high and handsome. Two large bronze statues strike the hour, as at St. Mark's in Venice, and the clock, an old one, exhibits all sorts of astronomical diagrams.

Here have lately been excavated the beautiful ruins of the temple of Hercules, built by Vespasian. One Corinthian fluted column of the portico remains entire. The other columns are broken, but all partially standing. By the remains of frieze, pediment, cornice, &c., which have been discovered, the temple must have been one of the most magnificent specimens of art in Italy. The Austrian Government is most judiciously restoring the temple as it stood in the days of Vespasian, leaving the columns of the portico as they were found, but building in the portions of frieze, &c., in their original places in the new building. The temple consisted of three com-

partments, a centre and two wings. The altar of the centre is perfect, and remains in its place. It was fronted with giello antico and other rare marbles. The pavement still remains of the same marbles. The altar is of immense length and height, not less than nine feet high and thirty long. On it a whole holocaust could have been sacrificed.

In the excavations they have been most fortunate. A beautiful statue, as large as life, of historic Victory, in bronze gilt, inscribes the deeds of Vespasian on a brazen shield. This statue is perfect, and is in the most finished style of Grecian art. Four other busts of bronze gilt, of emperors, and ditto of Faustina, evidently must have ornamented the frieze. Parts of a colossal marble statue, parts of another bronze gilt statue standing in a Biga, parts of which and of the ornaments of the horses are found—a beautiful gilt-bronze statue of a captive monarch, which formed part of the ornament of the carriage, and many beautiful pieces of gilt bronze mouldings which adorned the interior of the temple and the pedestals of the statues, prove the extraordinary richness of the building as well as the beauty of its parts. All the antiquities, altars, inscriptions, &c., which have been found here and in Brescia, are to be collected here as in a museum. Much still remains to be found. There exists also the ruins of an amphitheatre, of which many of the steps are perfect. Brescia is famous for its works in iron, and especially of firearms.

Left Brescia in the evening and came on to Chiari, where I slept.

26th. Left Chiari, through a beautifully irrigated and cultivated, but flat country; and, passing the Orlio,

which flows out of the Lago d'Irco, came to Cassano, upon the Adda, where I breakfasted. In the evening proceeded to Milan. Nothing recommends the country except its extraordinary richness and cultivation. The quantity of water which on all sides descends from the lakes at the foot of the Alps renders irrigation so easy, that the whole country is enriched by its application. In fact, the entire district is one unvaried garden.

As we approach Milan we follow the banks of a navigable canal, on which are villas, not going or fallen into decay like those on the banks of the Brenta, but thriving and well-kept, and denoting a country rising into wealth by agriculture and good government. Everybody is employed. The towns are alive with industry; all are busy, bustling, and laborious. The consequence is, that the houses of the rich partake of the prosperity of the poor.

Milan makes no show at its first appearance. The entire flatness of the country, and the quantity of trees that cover it, prevent anything being seen of the city until you enter it; but at once you find yourself in the heart of the bustle of an industrious, and the rattle of a luxurious capital. The Corso, which I found full of carriages and equipages—it being a Sunday evening—is a very fine, broad, and beautiful street. We drove to the Albergo Reale.

27th. I drove to the Duomo, so celebrated for its beauty. It is difficult to say whether it disappoints or not. As a specimen of architecture it is decidedly faulty. It is architecture of no age—Gothic of no style. The taste of different architects has been employed, under different auspices, to destroy each other's work. Grecian

has superseded Gothic, and Gothic Grecian. But when the new architect came, he did not destroy—he only spoilt his predecessor's work, forgetting that by so doing he also spoilt his own; and the consequence is, that you see little bits of Grecian work scattered throughout a mass of Gothic fretwork, forming a mixture of architecture very like a mass of Brescia rock or pudding-stone. Yet, as a mass it is imposing; and its material—white marble throughout—cannot but be beautiful, when carved in tracery and lace-work as this is. The quantity of insulated pinnacles offends the eye. They stand up pointed, slender, and unmeaning, like upright pins on a great pincushion, with each a statue in its front, that looks very much as if the saint there represented wondered how he got there, and was very much afraid of falling. Of these pinnacles there are 133. The mass and diversity of ornament defy description. They appear as if they were worked with the finest instruments by the assistance of magnifying glasses.

The inside is not yet completed; and here it is melancholy to see the mixture of green-house Gothic, Saracenic Gothic, and Grecian architecture—of the finest ancient painted glass, and modern faded stained windows. The form of the interior is light and airy. The shape is that of a Latin cross. It consists of one great centre and four lateral aisles. The lanthorn is fine, and the tracery of the roof is beautifully and elaborately pierced and worked in lace-work. But the remainder of the roof is painted, in imitation of the lanthorn, and although beautifully executed, it is but painted. The columns are octagon, and at the spring of the arches are eight niches with painted canopies, each niche holding a statue. In short, statues are stuck so thick

throughout the building that, within and without, when finished, there will be 3,500 statues.

The choir is formed of an octagon temple of marble, the architecture of which is more Grecian than anything else. The sides are ornamented with bas-reliefs representing the life of the Virgin. The fronts of the two organs are fine specimens of bronze-work, and on each side of the choir is a splendid pulpit of bronze gilt, supported by bronze statues of Apostles and Doctors of the Church. Over the choir is preserved a relic of a nail of the True Cross, a most venerable bit of iron. Beneath the choir is a sub-pavement chapel, in which is preserved the body of St. Charles Borromeo. Above his body is a grating, surrounded by a gilt railing and bronze lamps, and the altar of the crypt is placed immediately under the high altar of the cathedral above, but illuminated by windows in each face of the octagon, which open into the body of the cathedral above; so that when service is performing below, the people in the church above can see what is going on and assist in it. In one of the side-chapels is a fine old bronze candelabrum holding seven branches. Monuments, *vide* guide-book. The Ambrosian Liturgy, which differs in some points from the Roman Liturgy, is still kept up here, as well as the ceremony of baptism by immersion.

August 1st. At Milan. The heat very oppressive. The town certainly beautiful as a whole. The drive and Corso very pleasant. Villa Buonaparté, where Napoleon lived when here; where Eugene, his Viceroy, lived; and where the Viceroy, the Arch-Duke now lives—still retains its name. The Champ de Mars is an extent of exercising ground, on which 6,000 men can change their front with ease. The ap-

proach to it is through the gates of the old Castle of Milan, the only strength which it now possesses—and this against the town, not against an enemy. A fine mass of old building—the garrison about 5,000 men. Directly opposite to the gate of the castle, on the other side of the Champ de Mars, is the great arch and road of the Simplon, began by Napoleon. His intention was a splendid one. The road, intended to join that across the mountain, was to proceed in a straight line through the arch across the Champ de Mars, through the Citadel, and in a direct line through the city to the Place del Duomo. The Austrian Government is now completing the work—of course, altering the devices on the arch, all of which were originally framed against the Austrian authority. The arch is of white marble. On the summit was to have been the effigy of Napoleon in a car, drawn by four horses. The car and horses and effigy are still to be placed, but the head changed.

On the right hand of the Champ de Mars, looking to the gate of the Simplon, is a great cassino, built by Napoleon, from the balcony of which he reviewed his troops. In the rear of this cassino is an immense arena, which he built in imitation of the ancients, with all the seats, &c., of white marble. It is calculated to hold 40,000 spectators. Down the centre is a regular spina, and here he had (which still are continued) horse and foot races, and races of bigæ, that very much resemble children's gocarts, which are always overturned, and generally occasion the loss of some lives and the fracture of some limbs. This part of the show is extremely absurd, as the drivers are dressed à l'antique in opera-house dresses. The arena is surrounded by a stream of water, which, by means of sluices, can inundate the

arena, so that naumachiæ can be represented upon it. Two years ago, a body of gondolieri, from Venice, brought their gondolas all the way here, and had regattas, &c. The work is one of tremendous expense, and of no real magnificence. However, the Austrian Government keeps it up to gratify the people, and use the stream to flood the arena with, in order to form a bathing-place for the garrison, for which it answers admirably.

Call upon Colonel Campana at the Bureau Topografique, of which he is at the head. The place during the days of the Kingdom of Italy was the Hôtel des Payes. It is now turned to a much better purpose. The establishment is a very fine one; and the topographical works carried on there are the finest in Europe. Saw the whole in detail, and purchased maps, &c. Campana very kindly assisted me in forming my course through Switzerland, &c., and gave me letters to the Government engineers on the roads of the Splugen and Bernardino, and on the lakes.

Went with him to visit the workshops of the Cavaliero Longhi, now the first engraver in Europe. He is beginning an immense work, the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel. Half of the immense plate is in aquafortis.[1] Palace of the Arts: a

[1] Guiseppe Longhi, one of the last and ablest of the Italian engravers. His works are deservedly held in high repute, particularly those he produced under the patronage of Napoleon I., including the Emperor's portrait, after Gros, his contributions to the unfinished "Fasti di Napoleone il Grande," and to the series of portraits published at Milan as "Vite e Retrati di Illustri Italiani." He also executed many fine engravings from pictures by the old masters, such as the Magdalen, after Corregio; the Galatea of Albano; Madonna del Lago, of Leonardo da Vinci;

fine collection of casts from the antique, &c.; schools of design and sculpture; exhibition of the works of living artists (like ours at Somerset House, and nearly as bad), and a very fine collection of pictures of old masters—Guido, Leonardi da Vinci, &c.; the Ambrosian library; the original cartoons of Raphael—school of Athens—original drawings by him, and of Leonardo da Vinci, and other old masters—some very fine pictures by the former; a great many good Breughels; a fine crucifixion, by Guido; Titians; two miniatures, by Julio Clovio. In the library fine MSS., many of which were plundered by the French, and some are still retained by the French Government — for example, the famous twelve volumes, full of original drawings, by Leonardo da Vinci, were stolen by Napoleon. In 1814, when they ought to have been restored, they were not to be found in the royal library. One volume only was forthcoming, the least interesting, and that is returned. The other volumes had been privately removed into the library of the Institute, where they now are; but as that library did not come within the confines of the order of search for stolen goods, the legitimate Government of France took advantage of the oversight, and now enjoy, consequently, the profits of Napoleon's robbery. Virgil, in Petrarch's handwriting; ancient Greek MSS., in letters, without points and illuminations, of the third century; MSS. on papyrus of the fourth century, written on both sides.

the Holy Family, the Marriage of the Virgin, and the Vision of Ezekiel, of Raphael; and several heads by Rembrandt. He survived till 1831, when he died at the age of sixty-five. The Duke of Buckingham was a great collector of fine engravings; they were all dispersed by auction.

I regret to find the censorship of the press most oppressively and unnecessarily severe here—more so than even in Rome and Naples. Every work received here must be sent for examination to the censor at Vienna; and the decisions there are so vexatious and capricious, that many are prohibited which are allowed at Vienna, and many allowed here which are prohibited at Vienna; whilst at Turin all are equally to be sold and bought freely, and without censorship, except such as are against decency and religion. The theatre of La Scala is shut; the two others open every night. The ballet detestable.

Marie Louise[1] came here on her way to Switzerland. Went twice to the opera—much applauded—Viceroy with her. She is very much altered, and worn to a skeleton. She is said to be very ill. Much tracasserie about the children which she has had by Nieperg, and much question what they are to be considered—whether legitimate or not, and what is to become of them. Archduke Rainier appears above sixty; in fact, he is not more than forty-five years old. His Archduchess, sister of the Prince Carignano, is in a shocking state of mental health; and as he is much attached to her, he is worn down by grief.

2nd. Went to Menza, a town of 10,000 inhabitants, about eight miles from Milan, where is the country-seat

[1] The second wife of Napoleon I. After the Emperor's death, though holding a sort of royalty as Duchess of Parma, her character rapidly deteriorated; and she not only forgot her high position, as an Empress Dowager of France, but equally disgraced that of Archduchess of Austria. She married an obscure Austrian General, whose personal recommendations sufficed to render her thoroughly careless of her reputation. In every way she proved a poor substitute for the wronged Josephine.

of the Viceroy. It was Napoleon's and Eugene's. The house is large and vast, but without anything to see. The park, ten miles round, has no beauty or trees—merely underwood, vines, and Indian corn, with menageries for pheasants, deer, &c. The gardens rather pretty and picturesque. The botanical and kitchen garden establishments good. The cathedral is old and worth seeing. Here is reserved, incased in the head of a large silver crucifix, the famous Iron Crown of Lombardy with which Napoleon crowned himself. It is a plain circle of iron, surrounded by a broad fillet of gold set in precious stones. The church keeps this relic, together with the blood of our crucified Saviour, the relic of the true cross, two of the spines of the crown of thorns, a nail of the cross, &c., &c., &c., above the altar in the sacristy, and only produces them with great state and ceremony, incense and genuflexion. The Viceroy had ordered them all to be shewn to me.

The high altar, generally covered up, is a magnificent piece of chased silver gilt, worked in the most splendid manner, and most elaborately, as they tell you in England. It appears to be work of the twelfth century. The sacristy is extremely rich in St. Ampoules, &c., in silver gilt, set with precious stones; a Mass in the handwriting of St. Gregory, &c. The sanctuary behind the great altar beautiful with lapis lazuli, marble, and gilt bronzes.

An immense crowd in the church to see me, besides a dead man, who wanted to be buried, but was obliged to wait until the priests had handed mia altezza about the whole church, and shewed me all the relics, besides the skeleton of a certain great General, of the Viscomti family, whom they keep merely, I suppose, to show that

Generals have bones like other people, which can be broken, as his left leg is shattered by a harquebus bullet. His sword survives his leg, and is shut up with him. Then they let me go, and buried their dead man. I returned to Milan.

3rd. Left Milan for Como. The road through a deep, rich, plain country, until within a few miles of Como. Gradually we had been approaching the line of hills which, in common parlance, is called the Alps, although in fact they constitute but the outposts of that immense mountain barrier. They are the Bergamesque hills, in the bosom of which rests the Lake of Como, and which cover the Valteline. The real Alps are not yet to be seen, being hid behind this great counterscarp. However, the ground commences to swell and heave into hillocks, covered with woods and vines, until at length, after passing a tower picturesquely situated on the pointed summit of a conical hill, we descend upon Como and its fairy harbour, forming the extremity of one of the horns—Lecco forming the other—of this beautiful lake.

4th. At eight o'clock this morning my carriage and I were embarked on the steamboat which plies on the Lake of Como, between Como and Domaso. The lake is very narrow until we come to Bellagio, which is at the promontory forming the two horns of the lake; but the banks are beautifully studded with villages and villas—the sides of the mountains with chapels, perched upon crags apparently inaccessible, châlets, and farm-houses. To our left lay the Villa d'Este, famous for being the scene of the Queen of England's freaks with Bergamo. It was left to the latter, who has sold it to Torlonia. It is, however, so large and so hot that it cannot be let.

An English gentleman of the name of Lynch, Madame Pasta, the opera singer, Marquis de Somania, and others, have villas on the edge of the lake to the right hand, also Villa Plinniana, the ancient villa of Pliny the elder. Buonaparte said he was the heir to the republic of Italy, having plundered it of fifteen millions.

The promontory of Bellagio beautiful. The lake extremely deep—in some places 600 fathoms. Quantities of very large trout, pike, as well as a small fish esteemed a great luxury, like our whitebait, which is so delicate it cannot be transported.

The mountains become extremely high and Alpine, rising sheer from the edge of the water until their summits become streaked with eternal snow.

The Austrian Government forming a splendid work of a road through galleries cut in the micaceous schistose granite, and primitive limestone rock, on the eastern side of the lake, from Chiavenna to Riva. An immense part of the galleries is already finished, and two years more will complete the work.

At Riva the banks get marshy, and the air unwholesome. The Spaniards built a fort, called Fuenta, at this junction of the two lakes, the garrison of which regularly died every summer.

At Riva disembarked and proceeded to Chiavenna, along the valley of the Maira. Here are the quarries of the beautiful white granite with which all Milan is paved. The valley gets narrow, and the mountains very craggy and fine. The bases are covered with mulberries and chestnuts, then come vines, beautifully luxuriant, then pines and firs, and then the eternal snow. Chiavenna lies at the foot of the Splugen mountain, where the two

vallies join—one leading to the eastward to the Monte del Oro and the Valtelline, the other into the Splugen and the Rienthal. The mountains which overhang the town are streaked with eternal snow—and grapes, mulberries, figs, and chestnuts clothe their sides. The view from the ruined citadel very fine. Caverns with cold winds forming cellars. Monte delle Diosche rising high in snowy peaks above the town. Fresh snow fell three days ago.

5th. The mountain forming the base of the Splugen commences as soon as you leave Chiavenna. I had great difficulty in getting post-horses, as the innkeeper and postmaster were in league to keep me at Chiavenna, but the governor of the province being luckily in the house on a tour of inspection, I appealed to him and he set all things right in a twinkling. The road mounts through magnificent chestnut woods and pretty villages, following the course of the Lira, an impetuous torrent which, rising in the valley of Isola, comes running down to Chiavenna, forming beautiful cascades all the way. At length the mountains seem to close, the chestnuts cease, and forests of fir take their place. From the height of, I should judge, two thousand feet, the river falls from the summit of the mountain to the right in one unbroken sheet of water, creating one of the finest cataracts I have seen. The first view of it over a wood of pines, with a bridge at the foot of it, is beautiful.

From hence the road mounts rapidly, still following the torrent, or rather meeting it, as it comes tumbling down apparently in many places upon the road. The gorge appears to close, and at length there is but barely room for the torrent and the road winding along the

edges of the precipices, which, however, are well protected, along what is called the Pass della Vardinella. Into this gorge the sun scarcely ever can enter. Nothing can be more tremendous, and in the autumn and winter more dangerous, owing to the *tourmentes* which blow and drift the snow with irresistible violence. Here in the spring, when the snow begins to melt, the traveller must proceed with caution, for the avalanches tremble over his head.

Now there was nothing to apprehend; the scenery was magnificent, but the tops of the highest mountains were only partially streaked and patched with snow. Here the road forms the first gallery, which, like all the galleries on the road, very much put me in mind of those formed in the rock of Gibraltar. They are lit and aired by embouchures broken through the rock upon the face of the precipice, and are very fine specimens of engineering. From this dark gorge where the road keeps winding up in short traverses, we emerged on the little fertile plain embosomed in the tremendous peaks of the Splugen and the Bernardino; where, surrounded by pastures, stands the romantic little village of Isola, which you enter to change horses, but return out of again in order to commence the ascent of the Splugen mountain. The pastoral scenery below, the châlets dotted about along the mountain's sides, the dark forest of pines, and the eternal snow above all, formed a beautiful prospect, especially when looking back into the gorge which you have left, the eye plunges into Italy. After winding thus for a considerable time the road breaks into a line of galleries cut in the precipice, the communication between which, where the road breaks out on the precipice, is maintained by strong arches and

a roof of beams thrown over them, to shoot off the snow into the country below. There are four of these galleries, and, I think, 130 embouchures which give them light and air.

Although we are, in fact, in the Grison country, the whole road across the Splugen was made, and is kept up, by Austria. The Grisons have a strong party in favour of the Bernardino passage, and for a long while very much objected to the Splugen road; and because the Austrian Government had formed the road four feet wider than the treaty specified the Grisons considered it a grievance and the treaty broken, and at first insisted on the road being destroyed again.

After emerging from these galleries on a line of barren mountain, above the growth of the pine forests, and amidst the snow, the Dogana appears at the extremity of a dreary plain, at the foot of the highest peak of the Splugen, 5,080 feet above the level of the lake of Geneva. Over this highest peak the way winds amidst short traverses, the wind very cold, and the clouds flying across the snowy waste with frightful rapidity. At length the ascent is crowned, and the road descends the same sort of corkscrew staircase amongst fir forests into the village of Splugen, about 2,000 feet lower. The torrent which accompanies you in the descent is one of the sources of the Rhine. On this great river, now a mountain torrent, and in the valley of the Rhinewald, stands Splugen, at the junction of the two roads across the Bernardino and the Splugen mountains. The village is very picturesquely situated. You cross the torrent over a wooden bridge, covered in with a wooden gallery; and here the houses built of wood, with outside

galleries, first introduced us to the architecture of a Swiss town.

The road from the summit was lovely, amidst precipices and fir woods. Here we slept. This road was began in the year 1819, and finished in less than two years. Before there was only a mule path over the Splugen, and another over the Bernardino. The former is now a great highway for mercantile carriages. The road which is making from Belinzona over Mont St. Gothard, which will be finished this year, it is expected may injure that over the Splugen. The thermometer where we slept was at 47° F. during the night.

6th. We took horses at the village of Splugen, and followed the course of the Rhine. We crossed and recrossed the river, here a mountain torrent, several times, and could not help contemplating the fates of empires—the waste of millions of money and oceans of blood which had for ages attended the same operation further down, which we executed with so much ease. The Rhine kept bustling on, perfectly unconscious of the mighty interests that it carried upon its waters along its course. The river, deeply encased in a narrow gorge between tremendous mountains, forms splendid cataracts and falls, whilst the road is carried along precipices and cornices sometimes 1,000 feet above the level of the torrent. The sides of the mountains are clothed with forests of pine and larch, which are annually cut, and the logs sawn on the spot thrown down the sides of the mountain into the torrent, which in the course of time floats them down into the flatter country. Great quantities of charcoal are made upon the banks. A village opens into a very pastoral, beautiful valley, which closes again into a horrid gorge, called

La Via Mala, which is very dangerous in winter, on account of the avalanches. In some parts the river is quite concealed from sight, the rocks closing literally over it. In one, it roars and foams below, but the height of the road above the river is such, that all sound of its ravings is lost in the depth of the chasm, and it can only be seen at intervals gleaming amongst the black rocks below. The road passes through two grottoes, overhanging these chasms, into which the sun can never enter, until we arrived where the other river joins the Rhine, and their combined streams pass on to the neighbouring town. We stopped, baited our horses, and returned to Splugen, where we slept. Fresh snow fell on the Splugen this night.

CHAPTER XII.

Source of the Rhine—Lago Maggiore—Isola Bella—Alpine Scenery —Road of the Simplon—Briez—Valley of the Rhone—Terrific Inundation—Lake of Geneva—Fête de la Navigation—Mont Blanc—Sunset seen from the Lake.

AUGUST 7th. Set out to pass the Bernardine. This pass to the Lago Maggiore, like that across the Splugen from the Lac de Como, was begun in the year 1819, at the expense of the Austrian Government. From the village of Splugen the road runs along the valley of the infant Rhine, one of the sources of which lies in a gorge of the mountain to the left of the road. The valley is open and picturesque, but nothing very remarkable. The views of the peaks of the Splugen and Bernardino to the left, and of the Spitzhorn to the right, are very fine.

After passing the village of Rheinwald, we crossed the little stream which forms the source of the Upper Rhine by a bridge, and began to ascend the Bernardino by short traverses, like a cork-screw staircase, without any

barriers except at the turnings. The sight did not please the eyes of my leading horse, who turned short round on the edge of the precipice, and seemed much better inclined to throw us down it than to mount it himself. This did for once; but, when he repeated it, I thought it too serious, and, in defiance of the arguments, and even resistance, of the postilion, I took off the leader, and, turning him loose on the mountain, insisted on proceeding with a pair, declaring that I would not pay for a third horse which was employed only to break my neck.

Nothing could be more sublime than the views of the immense mountain ridge, with the Moschelhorn and Mount Adula lifting up their snowy heads into the skies to our right, and Mount Bernardino before us.

At length we reached the lake on the summit, where, also, is the Hospice. This lake, which is small and dreary, has two small islands upon it, and is 5,990 feet above the level of the sea. From hence we descend the Italian side of the mountain through the village of St. Bernardino, where are mineral waters, much resorted to. They are ferruginous. As we passed, the whole water-drinking society turned out to stare at us.

The entire range is primitive limestone, schist, and mica, strongly stratified and inclining from the south-east to north-west. Over the town is the range of the Pizzo del Ferro. The pine forests were beautiful, and the cataracts, which burst down the mountain's side in every direction amongst the forests, were very fine. In this manner, descending, as we ascended, by zig-zag staircases, down which our postilions trotted as fast as they could go without remorse or feeling, we passed through the Val Mesocco to Belinzona. The change in

climate was almost magical. At the village of Splugen the temperature is too severe even for vegetables or the commonest fruits to grow. On the whole range of mountains fresh snow had fallen in the night, and at St. Bernardino only two hours before we passed. In the valley, as we approached Belinzona, the heat began to be oppressive, and we were glad to protect ourselves from the sun. The first view of Belinzona, with its old walls and castles crowning the heights above the town, was very beautiful. But the town is dirty, the streets narrow, and the inn detestable.

8th. From Belinzona — where I parted from the Governor of Lombardy, in whose society I had travelled from Cómo—I proceeded at three o'clock in the morning to Magordino, on the Lago Maggiore. Here is a clean, comfortable inn, the existence of which was denied at Belinzona, in order to make me the prey of Belinzona fleas and dirt. Here the steam-boat took me down the whole lake as far as Avona, where I landed. The views of the lake are grand and vast, but not near so picturesque as those of Como.

On two small islands are Il Castelli del Canero, which belong to the family of Boroméo, and are now inhabited only by fishermen. Soon after we had passed them the snowy peaks of the Simplon appeared at a distance. The steamboat did not enter the Bay of Baveno, where are the Isole Boroméo, but merely lay-to for passengers. Proceeded to Avona. As we approached the latter place, the two heights on each side of the lake appeared, with the ruins on their summits of castles and defences, strong in their day, and which gave the French some trouble last war, and were destroyed by them; and near a large building, forming a seminary, stands, overtopping

the woods which hang down the mountain's side, the huge statue of Sir Charles Boroméo. It is of bronze, and, including the base, is 112 feet high. The base is of granite, forty-six feet high. The attitude is fine and simple. It was cast in 1697, at the expense of the inhabitants of the borders of the lake, and the family of Boroméo. They wanted me to mount up into Sir Charles's nose, where are seats for the curious; but as there was room in the world for the fly which buzzed round Uncle Toby's nose and Uncle Toby, so I thought there was room in the world for Sir Charles's nose and me, without cramming one into the other, and I declined.

9th. I took a boat and visited the Boromean Islands. I cannot say that my expectations were realised. There is nothing picturesque in their appearance from the water; and when I say that the orange and lemon trees, that are planted against the terraces, are covered up in wooden boxes all the autumn, winter, and spring, the reader may judge of the truth of the stories told of citron groves, and forests of orange trees. The plants are very fine and large, but do not appear very surprising in the eyes of those who have passed through Sicily and Italy. The first island of St. Giovanni has a church, and about 200 fishermen's families upon it. About 100 yards from it is l'Isola Bella, built partly on the rock, but the greater part on piles, on which stand a series of arcades supporting ten terraces, with depth of earth sufficient upon them to grow the largest trees—the finest laurels in the world. On the largest, Buonaparte, when Consul, and who passed a day on l'Isola Bella, wrote the word "Battaglia." It is still distinguishable, notwithstanding the ingenious efforts made by strangers,

principally English, who must needs punch out bits of the bark of the tree on which Buonaparte had written. In their enthusiasm, therefore, they have nearly destroyed the monument; but the Simplon, as yet, remains.

The views of the lake are magnificent. The terraces, which are filled with bad statues, and squirting fountains (mostly dry), finish in a pyramidical point, on which stands a floundering Pegasus. The collection of exotic plants is good, and they flourish; but require as much care as in England. The lake is subject to dreadful hailstorms. One happened fifteen days ago, which has destroyed the vines upon a very large extent of country. The palace contains some fine rooms; but the collection of pictures is mediocre; some Luca Giordarnos and Procacinis are the best. Tempesta the painter was banished to this island for murdering his wife, and painted many pictures here. Two pictures by Callot, curious. Beautiful cabinets. Lower range of rooms, vaulted and ornamented as grottoes, and used during the hot weather. About 100 souls inhabit this island, who gain their bread by fishing, spinning silk, and working in Count Boroméo's domains. Isola Madré has a gardener's house upon it, and the pleasure-gardens are picturesque; but the great beauty of the whole is, certainly, the mass of views of the mountains, and the villages and towns on the borders of the lake. Isola Madre has seven terraces of the same sort as Isola Bella.

After dinner, proceeded along the valley of the Toca to Domo d'Ossola. The Toca is a fine river—navigable for boats. Just out of Baveno fine quarry of red granite. The valley, at first, open and pastoral; but closes

by degrees into a beautiful Alpine gorge, along which the river flows amidst meadows and chestnut trees; whilst gradually the immense chains of mountains, which form the barrier between Switzerland and Italy, close all round you, until, after crossing the Toca by a handsome bridge, you come to Domo d'Ossola, situated at the foot of Il Monte d'Oro, celebrated for its gold mines. To the left, as you approach Domo d'Ossola, a gorge opens into the Alps, closed by the immense chain ending with the peak of Monte Rosa, the rival of Mont Blanc.

10th. Left Domo d'Ossola, to pass the Simplon. The first part of the road has nothing remarkable in it until I reached Crevola, where we crossed the Taglio by a magnificent bridge, and, turning to the left, the mountains close in upon the road, which wound up amongst chestnut woods, vines, and meadows. The first gallery is that of Crevola; and as we got higher out of the road of vegetation, of forest trees, and rose into the region of firs and larches, I was disappointed in the comparative want of trees, compared with the mass of forest I had seen in the Rheinwald. As we proceeded, however, the mountains became more imposing in height —the line of Monte Brentone in particular—and the Torrente d'Iverca raged below in a deeper and a narrower channel, in a line of froth and foam—but the sound could not be heard from below. The views back, looking into the gulfs of the Valle de Vedro, were very fine. The weather was tremendously hot; and the rays of the sun, reflected across the narrow gorge against the perpendicular cliffs, overpowering; but I recollected that it was the last sun of Italy which I should ever feel,

and I regretted its loss too much to repine at the strength of its beams.

At Iselle we passed another gallery of smaller importance, but the cascades began to be very fine. Here we crossed the confines of Piedmont, and I took my leave of Italy for ever. The douaniers particularly civil. A picturesque village, and an extraordinary high tower of seven stories, once a stronghold in Swiss and Piedmontese warfare, appeared to close the pass; but the road turned to the right and wound up amongst the precipices, guarded only very partially with posts of granite, at the distance of six feet from each other, but in many places without even that protection against the precipice. The glaciers began to appear to our left, and at some distance on the road we beheld the foam and dash of an immense cataract, which seemed to rush across the road, and behind it was the dark opening of the gallery of Gondou. Immediately under the opening of the gallery was an Alpine bridge of one arch, through which the river, which fell in foam, forced its passage into the gulph below. The effect was extremely striking and grand.

When we came to the bridge we stopped to enjoy the scene, and refresh our horses. My servant descended a slippery rock to get us some water from the cataract. It was white as milk, and cold as the glaciers from which it issued. For aught I know I may have swallowed gold, as this stream carries gold along its course, there having been a gold vein discovered in the valley through which the river flows, particles from which constantly are borne down by the water. The scene from the top of the bridge was absolutely terrific, the cascade appearing literally to dash across it, passing under it, and thunder-

ing into an immense abyss below, the depth of which cannot be discerned from above. The gallery of Gondou is a magnificent work, cut in the living rock, and illuminated by three chasms blown out upon the face of the precipice. The views of the torrent, and the gulph through which it rages, through these openings, and after we passed through the gallery, were sublime. The glaciers descending from Monte Moscera, Monte Crescia, and down the Val Varia, began to appear to our left in splendid brightness, shewing their beautiful blue transparent tints amongst the snows which overtopped them. The Ponte Alto exhibited a fine specimen of Alpine architecture and Alpine scenery.

After passing through the Galleria d'All Gabio, and crossing another torrent, which here takes the name of the Trumbach, the road rises rapidly, the scenery becomes wilder and more savage, even pines and larches become scarcer, until, turning to the right, and leaving to our left the highest peak of the Simplon glittering amidst its snow and blue glaciers, we passed through a forest of ancient larches into the miserable village, and to the detestable ale-house calling itself an inn, of the Simplon. Here, amidst dirt of all kinds, impertinence, and fraudulent demands and exactions, I passed the night. The great drawback from the scenery hitherto has been the colour of the water, which has uniformly been that of coffee and cream.

11th. Left our miserable cut-throat ale-house, and the road still mounted, whilst the glaciers descended lower nearer the road, until we came in sight of a house with a chapel and tower attached to it, situated in a dell to our left, which is the ancient Hospice of the mountain; and shortly after, turning to the right, a huge unfinished

house marked the highest point of the Simplon road, and the new Hospice, planned by Napoleon, and now finishing by the King of Sardinia. Another gallery afforded a singular scene. Four cascades fell across the road in magnificent splendour, issuing from the vast glaciers of Guzzinau, over which hung the highest peak of the Simplon; and one of the cascades literally passes under the gallery cut in the rock. The sound of the roaring waters in the obscurity of the gallery was singularly fine. On opening out of the gallery, the glaciers literally appeared to hang over the road. The four cascades uniting in one torrent, sweep down the precipice. Along this whole line of road the fall of avalanches, during the winter and spring, must be tremendous. The mischief they have done this last spring is very great. Yesterday we passed by a bridge swept away by one, together with a large portion of the road. A temporary succedaneum only had been made, which never can survive another winter; and not a soul appeared to be working on the road. To-day much had been swept away, especially near the summit and the gallery d'All Gabia; but many workmen appeared to be employed in repairing and widening the road.

Perhaps the only critique which we can allow ourselves to make upon this great effort of human industry is, that Napoleon made the road along a line of such crumbling schistose mountains, that the annual repairs must always have been a great burthen upon his states, and the kingdom of Italy, without the chance of the cost being repaid by any commerce. In fact, there is none along the line. Travellers of curiosity alone view it. Napoleon considered it only in a military point of view, as the means of enabling him to pour down a mass of troops

from France into Italy; and perhaps never calculated much upon being at peace, for in peace the road of the Simplon never could have been of much use to him. In the present state of Europe it never can be of much use to the King of Sardinia, and is certain of being a great burthen upon him. He has made the little St. Bernard passable by carriages. The passage by Nice, the Mont Cenis, the great and little St. Bernard, all open his dominions to France through Savoy; and the Simplon passes through so narrow a corner of his dominions as to be quite useless to him. I fear, therefore, that there is every probability, as there certainly is every appearance, that this road will not last many years. It has, however, done its duty, by setting the example to other powers, as certainly the great works of the Splugen, the Bernardino, the Mont St. Gothard, and, above all, the new road by Inspruch, would not have been thought of had it not been for the Simplon.

From the gallery last mentioned the road begins to descend, and the whole valley of the Rhone, with the line of Alps and all their glaciers and snows, and the Jungfrau towering over all, open before your eyes in most magnificent scenery. The town of Briez, with the Rhone wandering in a line of silver through the Valais, lay at our feet, and glaciers with their torrents swept down the mountain sides in all directions.

The scenery of this side of the Simplon is much more sublime and picturesque than that on the other. The forests of pine and larch through which the road is carried are very magnificent. Many of the trees most enormous in size and venerable in age. I regret to say that the avalanches annually sweep down great quantities, and the axe carries away many more, the timber

being floated down the torrent of the Saltina, which descends from the Simplon and joins the Rhone at Brieg, into that river, so on to Geneva. The road runs in many windings and turnings, down and through the valley of Granthal and the forest of Rheinwald, topped by vast glaciers, until the little town of Briez received us below, and thus completed my passage of the Simplon.

Briez is situated on the Rhone. The French occupied it at the beginning of the last war; it was the scene of much fighting when they and the Austrians contended for the possession of the Simplon, and finally remained in the possession of the former when Massena beat the Russians at Zurich under Suwarrow. But, like all other places which under similar circumstances fell into their hands, it suffered severely. The Rhone passes through it from its cradle, its sources lying in the glaciers at the head of the valley in which Briez stands.

12th. The Rhone rapidly increases in size from the torrents which on all sides the glaciers turn into its stream. But although a noble river, its colour spoils its beauty. The valley wide and pastoral, and the distant views of the line of glaciers to the right sweeping down amongst the firs and larches, overtopping the orchards and villages on the side of the mountains, produce a magnificent effect. The scene, however, did not much vary, although it did not diminish in beauty, until, as I approached Sion, the snowy heights and glaciered, furrowed sides of Monte Rosa, the mighty rival of Mont Blanc, and as yet inaccessible to mortal foot, appeared in majestic perspective at the end of a long mountain vista to my left.

The approach to Sion is fine. It closes the valley of the Rhone, and stands upon the torrent of Sitten, which, rising amidst the glaciers of the Geltenhorn, falls into that river. A ridge of mountain comes down from the right hand into the valley, and must at one time have nearly intersected it; but it is now broken into distinct conical summits, which, castle-crowned, defend the town beneath and the passage of the valley. The castles are three in number. The lowest is the residence of the bishop, and the place of meeting of the deputies of the Valais. The town is romantic, but clean and well-built. A current of water deeply imbedded in some places, in others level with the street, runs through the town; and the pavement, if such it may be called, is partly wood and partly stone—the former over the water currents to facilitate the getting at it, either in case of fire, or to clean the streets. This town forms the boundary between the upper and lower Valais.

13th. Left Sion. The valley diminishes in width; the mountains which overhang it increase in size, and the glaciers glitter down their sides in the sun in greater variety. The principal glacier is that to the left of the road, where it crosses the Rhone at Rives, called the Glaciere de Getroz, and that of Corbaicheres, until, as the road approaches Martigny the eye is exclusively occuped by the snowy peaks, the tremendous precipices, and the deep glaciers of Le Grand St. Bernard, at the foot of which the town stands, and from whence is the commencement of the pass over that mountain into the Valé d'Aost. Over Martigny, on the summit of the mountain which overhangs it, is its ancient castle, which once defended the opening of the pass of the great St. Bernard into the Valais.

In the year 1818 Martigny was the scene of a horrible calamity. A tremendous avalanche had fallen and closed up with a barrier of ice and snow a valley through which came down the torrent from one of the vast glaciers that furrow the sides of the chain of the Alps forming the Grand St. Bernard. The valley became a vast lake, of great depth. The danger was imminent and evident. Immense numbers of workmen were employed to drive an adit through the ice, whereby it was hoped the water might have been drawn off into the different rivers and watercourses. But the lake rose faster than the efforts of man could get rid of its waters. The inhabitants of Martigny were luckily aware of the impending danger, and collected on the mountain above their dwellings. At last the barrier of ice gave way, and the immense body of water rushed down in one tremendous deluge through the gorge of the mountain, which forms the ascent up the Grand St. Bernard. The inundation flowed eighteen miles in a minute of time, and the houses of the town and everything in them were swept away in one common ruin. Many remains of the town were swept through the lake as far as Geneva. Also thirty souls perished in the deluge.

Passing on towards St. Maurice, a great torrent called the Trient comes rushing down through the high mountains which overhang the road. At first the eye cannot discern from whence this vast and rapid stream emerges out of the mountains, and it is not until you go to the spot that you discern a narrow cleft, encased on all sides by immense precipices, coming sheer down to the river's edges, through which it forces its way. The chasm is unapproachable, and the precipices above the river unattainable. The course of the river can only, therefore,

be generally known to come from the great St. Bernard. A little further on, a celebrated cascade seems to fall into the road. The river Salenche here drops three hundred feet in one unbroken fall. Further on the curiously formed mountain called Le Dent du Midi rises to the left, and Le Dent de Morales, its rival, to the right. Cretins abundant. Goitres very common. Arrive at St. Maurice, the boundary of the Valais and Le Pays du Vaud. The valley so narrow that it used to be closed at night by a chain.

14th. The journey of to-day was not very interesting, as the valley widened and the scenery became more tame, until the Lake of Geneva opened, and we arrived at St. Gingolf, with the fine scenery of the Swiss border of the lake opening before us. The colour of the lake quite equalled, in depth of blue, the brightest tints I have ever witnessed in the Mediterranean. From thence, coasting along the edge of the lake to Evian, where there are mineral waters, to Thonon, where there are other mineral waters of the same kind as those of Evian, but stronger. They are much resorted to: they consist of nothing but a little iron and lime. The view from the terrace of this town is magnificent. Lausanne before you, Chillon, Clarens, Vevay, &c., all glittering in the sunshine. Here were the hermitage and Castle of Ripaille, the scene of the voluntary retirement of Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, after his abdication of his duchy. The extraordinary thing is, that he should again consent to be drawn into public life after having quitted it, and enjoyed the happiness and tranquillity of a home, to gain which he had made such sacrifices.

The whole country round Ripaille is lovely, and the scenery romantic. The Castle stands to the left of the

road on an eminence, beautifully rising above tufted woods.

15th. From Ripaille we soon gained the point of Meillarie, which possesses no recommendation except that of having been rendered sentimentally classical by the stupidest and most mischievous work that ever was written by atheistical philosopher, wishing to leave the world worse than he found it, or read by boarding-school miss, who wished to make herself believe that mawkish immorality meant love.

The approach to Geneva is not picturesque. The basin of the Rhone extends to too great a size, and the mountains diminish. The country is so flat that for a long while you do not see the lake, much less Geneva, which, however, at length bursts upon the view, reflected in the blue waters of the Rhone, that rush roaring through the town. It is curious to observe how immediately the Rhone loses its turbid colour upon reaching the lake. What becomes of the immense mass of detritus which that great river is constantly pouring into its bosom and leaving there?

Before we left the Piedmontese territory and entered that of the Republic, it was curious to observe the strong frontier of crucifixes, Calvaries, Madonnas, &c., erected to oppose the dangerous vicinity of Calvin. Geneva has nothing to recommend it as to appearance, and its hôtels have nothing to recommend them but extravagance.

16th. This is the great fête in Geneva called the Fête de la Navigation. A club of all persons of all countries, established here, annually has a regatta—steamboating, dining, cruising about the lake, and burning the lake with fireworks at night. All the boats in

Geneva are in requisition. I took one, and passed the evening on the lake.

The outlet of the Rhone and the approach to the town is defended by a double row of piles with strong chains, which are raised to the edge of the water, and above it every night, so that no boat can pass, and let down again every morning. I said that I wished for apartments looking on the lake, so they placed me in a miserable little room looking out upon a large stage made close under my window, where all the foul linen of the Calvinists is washed at all hours of every day. So my sentimental feelings are soothed by the thumping of flat boards on dirty shirts, the smell of soap, and the squalling and scolding of washerwomen all day.

Mont Blanc had been hid all day, but the clouds dispersed, so as to let me see the sunset on the majestic snowy pinnacles, and smooth summit of this giant of European mountains. All the mountains that I have seen mounting into the range of eternal snow have some streaks or furrows down their sides; but this great Chieftain raises his broad brows in one smooth expanse "of wastes which slumber in eternal snow."

The hues and the tints of the setting sun on this great mass, resting long after the rest of the hemisphere is enveloped in the sober grey hue of evening, and even till the larger stars appear—the gradual shifting and disappearance of the tints, until nothing is left but the great, awful repose of unbroken snowy summits, white and dreary, backed by the dark night-sky—furnish a scene which cannot be described.

This evening it was more than usually striking, by the flash of the rockets and fireworks that lit up the lake, and the roar of cannon from the vessels engaged in the

fête, rousing all the echoes from the Jura round the lake, and amongst the distant recesses of the Alps.

[Here ends the Diary. The remainder of the Duke's travels was over well-trodden ground, and a few weeks later he arrived in England. His subsequent proceedings have been narrated in the "Memoirs of the Court of George IV.," and in the "Memoirs of the Courts of William IV. and Victoria."]

POEMS

WRITTEN BY

RICHARD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS, K.G.,

IN HIS

PRIVATE DIARY.

I.—THE ZITZA.

NEAR Palermo, in the valley called Il Concho d'Oro, or the Golden Shell, and so denominated from its beauty, is n[illegible]n a mansion of Saracenic architecture, called [illegible]e Zitza." It was built by the Saracens, when they occupied Sicily, and still continues a beautiful model of their style. The lower hall is paved with marble; its walls are adorned with mosaics, like those in the chapel of Il Palazzo Reale, in Palermo, built at the same period, and with verses from the Koran. The fountain still plays within the hall, and throws up its pure waters amongst the Saracenic pillars and arches which adorn it. The name is derived from that of the daughter of the Saracen chieftain who inhabited the

mansion, and who, tradition says, was confined in its upper chambers, to prevent her intercourse with a favoured lover. She is reported to have died of a broken heart.

On the summit of the high mountain which overlooks, on one side, the valley and hill on which stand the town and cathedral of Monreale, and, on the other, that in which is the splendid and magnificent monastery of St. Martino, belonging to the order of St. Benedict, are still to be seen the massive and frowning ruins of a castle, built by the Saracens, and occupied afterwards by the Romans, when they drove the former out of the country.

'Twas eve, and o'er Palermo's glassy bay
Blushed the last rosy tints of parting day;
The purple veil on ocean's heaving breast
Seemed as though spread to woo the sun to rest.
Far up the vale his level rays he threw,
As loth to set and bid the scene adieu.
A muleteer, who toiled throughout the day,
As slowly home he bent his weary way,
Sang; whilst his mules before him paced along,
And their sweet bells chimed cadence to his song.

"Where is the Saracen, Hassan, gone
In haste from his Infidel home?
And why does fair Zitza sit alone
Within yon lonely dome?

"Why droops the maid like a broken flower?
Why heaves with grief her swelling breast?
Why fall her tears like an autumn's shower—
Why on her lap do her white arms rest?

"The perfume of the orange flower
Presses upon her sense in vain;
And the varied sweets which deck her bower
Waft on their balmy pinions pain.

"The mountain breeze, the mid-day's glow,
Unfelt alike by her, pass by;
And the cool fountain's bubbling flow
Murmurs, unheard, its melody.

"Hassan is gone to yon Saracen hold,
Which crowns the mountain's craggy brow,

Where dwells Zemzeddin, the chieftain bold,
Lord of the Golden Vale below.

"His daughter's grief he scorns to feel;
Rough as the winter's stormy breath,
With head of fire and heart of steel,
His word is law—resistance death.

"Zemzeddin has sought fair Zitza's hand;
But deeply detested by Zitza is he;
He thought that his money, his jewels, and land,
Would tempt her his bride to be.

"That land he rules with an iron rod;
And he plunders by night and by day.
He dwells in yon tower, supreme as a god,
Like a lion that lurks for his prey.

"The virgin's scream, and the matron's wail,
Alike will fall dead on his ear;
And oft from his walls has the sighing gale
Wafted groans of despair and of fear.

"The flames of the peasant's cot below
Illumines his savage eyes;
And nought can unbend his gloomy brow,
Like a tortured victim's cries.

"What a bridegroom is this for Zitza the fair!
Yet, Hassan has sworn by his life,
That the next new moon shall see Zitza prepare
To become great Zemzeddin's wife.

"Deep grief arose in Sadi's breast;
For the youth loved fair Zitza well;
And the maiden's dark eye-balls had long confessed
What her tongue had refused to tell.

"In the pure morning air of love they had passed
Their hours of sweet rosy delight;
And they fancied their sky would ne'er be o'ercast,
Nor their garland be withered by blight.

"But the hand of death chilled fair Zitza's heart,
And she fell, like an early flower,

Struck by the east wind's iron dart,
Winged by the freezing shower.

" Her dying look was on Sadi cast;
His name passed her lingering breath;
An angel's smile o'er her features then passed,
As she sunk in the arms of death.

" Hassan loud raved and tore his hair,
And called on his prophet's name;
But from the unbeliever's prayer
To his lorn heart no comfort came.

" No frantic rage, no boiling blood
On Sadi their influence shed—
Pale, stern, and with glazy eyes he stood,
Brooding o'er grief for the dead!

" Next morn upon Monreale's height
Zemzeddin's stiff corpse was found,
And the deep dints of a bloody fight,
In mortal struggle, had ploughed the ground.

"Zemzeddin's steed, with broken rein,
Madly scoured o'er the mountain's brow—
None rued the deed, none mourned the slain,
None asked whose hand had struck the blow.

"But where is Sadi? O'er the surge,
'Midst boiling foam and tossing spray,
That morn a man was seen to urge
A boat across Palermo's bay—

"And sink! His funeral song was sung
By the wild winds in Triton's shell,
And with deep clang the waves among
The green-haired mermaids rang his knell.

"At midnight's hour, o'er Zitza's grave,
A shadowy form is seen to hover,
And a white arm appears to wave
Fair Zitza's welcome to her lover.

"And they wander along the Saracen hall
Each dreary gallery and room,

And they shriek whilst on Hassan's name they call,
A curse on the cause of their doom.

"With noiseless step they glide along,
With eyes that gleam most darkly bright;
And the fountain which plays the cloister among
Casts up a blue and paly light.

"Far from Zitza's haunted walls
Speed! speed! my mule, whilst yet 'tis day;
Hark! 'tis the bell to vespers calls—
Ave Maria! Let us pray!"

II.—THE SONG OF THE CATANIAN FISHERMEN.

I WROTE the following lines to suit one of the Sicilian airs, which I harmonized for three voices, as in the original it was set for the guitar and one voice alone :—

Eve sinks upon Catania's wave,
The fisherman's boat now glides along—
Old Cyclops'[1] rock and Aci's[2] cave
Repeating his vesper song—
Virgo et martyr, Agatha,[3]
Ora pro nobis, beata!

The sun now sets on Etna's brow,
And hangs his last rosy[4] wreath there,
Whilst the Angelus,[5] chiming below,
Calls each Christian to evening prayer.
Virgo et martyr, Agatha,
Ora pro nobis, beata!

The distant Levanter's[6] roar
On the wings of the east wind comes in,
And the desolate lava-bound[7] shore
Resounds with the surge's din!
Virgo et martyr, Agatha,
Ora pro nobis, beata!

The Cyclops are working amain,
The clang of their hammers[8] ring round—
Behold how the fishermen strain
To row clear of the ominous sound!
Virgo et martyr, Agatha,
Ora pro nobis, beata!

Yon flickering[9] beam, through the night,
Now guides the lone fisherman's way;

Whilst the city, resplendent with light,
Flings her white arms[10] around the bay!
Virgo et martyr, Agatha,
Ora pro nobis, beata!

It's the home of all those whom we love—
Oh! waft us in safety there!
Blessed Saint, look down from above,
And list to the fisherman's prayer.
Virgo et martyr, Agatha!
Ora pro nobis, beata!

NOTES.

[1] The Cyclops' Rocks are masses of basaltic columnar formation, off the coast of Catania, about a mile from the shore. They are the *pebbles* which Polyphemus is said to have cast at Ulysses' fleet as it passed along. The largest is about 400 feet high.

[2] The Cave of Aci is a basaltic cavern near the town of Aci Reale, just beyond the Cyclops' Rocks.

[3] Santa Agatha, virgin and martyr, who suffered and lies buried in Catania, is the patroness of that city, and the object of its adoration and prayers.

[4] The last rosy tints cast by the sun, the moment before it rests, forms a feature of peculiar brilliancy and beauty in Sicilian landscape, and those who have seen the sun set on Etna never can forget it.

[5] The moment of sunset is the signal for the chime

called the "Angelus" being rung from every steeple, tower, and convent throughout Sicily; and every one who hears it suspends his occupation, whilst a silent prayer is breathed to close the day. I have seen people go down on their knees in the street at that moment. All stop and pull off their hats.

[6] The Levanter is the storm most dreaded by the fishermen on the coast of Sicily, and in the wide open bay of Catania the sea gets up in an instant. Ships at anchor before the city, there being no mole except for small craft, have nothing for it but to get under weigh instantly and stand out to sea. If they hesitate, the chances are very much against their getting away at all.

[7] The whole shore from Catania to beyond Aci is a mass of rugged black lava, the accumulation of ages of fire. This coast is full of caverns, into which the surf tumbles, as the wind rises, with horrid din.

[8] The Cavern of the Cyclops, deep-seated in one of the ancient lavas of Etna, is still shown on the rugged coast of Catania; and, previous to a storm, the clang of their anvil and hammers is still, as the fishermen believe, to be heard, and is an object of great dread.

[9] The light-house of Catania, one of the worst-served and least luminous of the many execrable lights on the coast of Sicily.

[10] The city of Catania is built on the margin of the sea, and its palaces of white marble and stone, strangely contrasting in colour with the black lava on which the city stands, spread and sweep to the right and left round the bay. The effect at night is beautiful.

THE END.

R. BORN, PRINTER, GLOUCESTER STREET, REGENT'S PARK.



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